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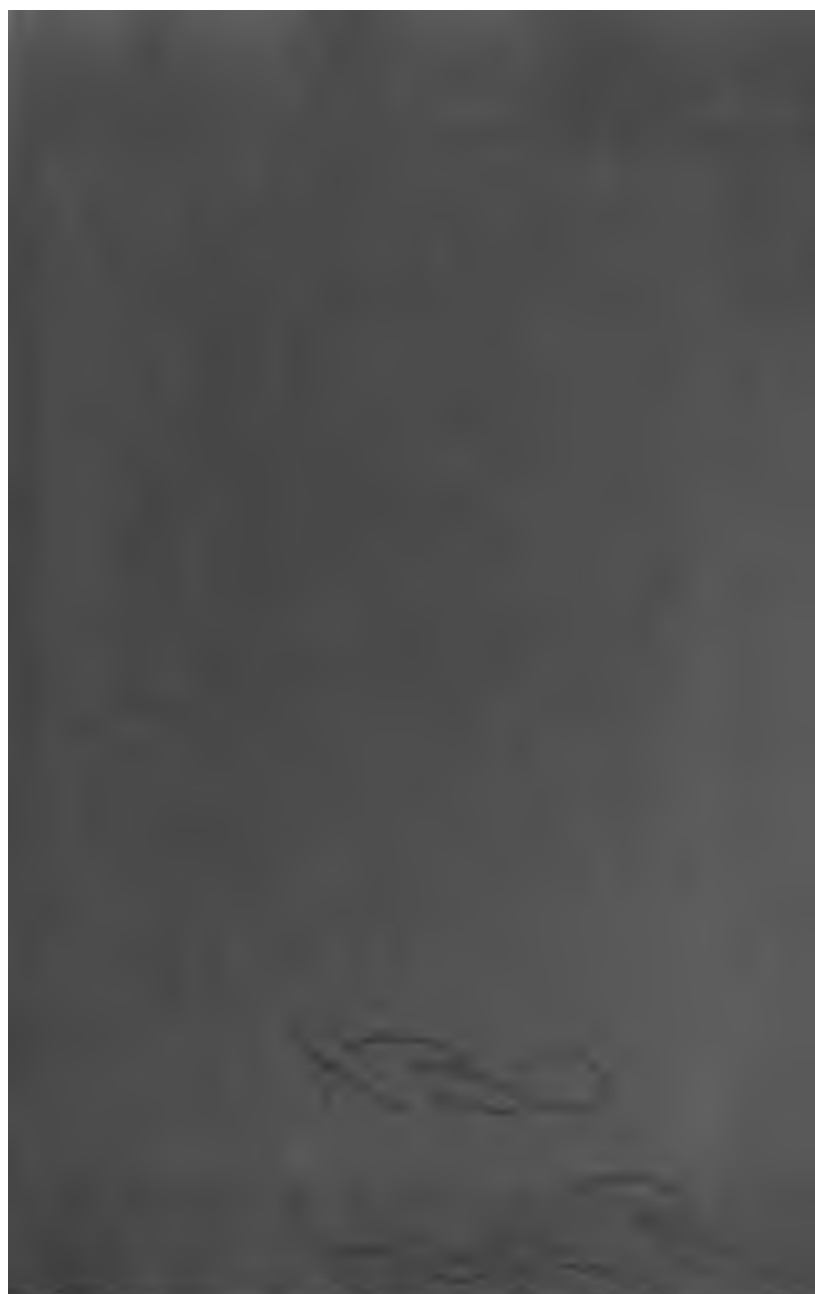
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STANDISH THE PURITAN.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

BY ELDRED GRAYSON, ESQ.

Excerpt of Standish the Puritan

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TO

LEWIS GAYLORD CLARKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

First and foremost, let me thank you for your kind permission to dedicate this effort in the way of literature to you, and particularly for the kind manner in which that permission was expressed. As you have never seen the manuscript, I hope, should the work prove a failure, that the public will attribute the interest you felt for its success rather to a desire for the cause of literature generally, than from any mistaken merit that you may have supposed that these volumes possessed.

Many years ago, when engaged in an arduous and slavish profession, my mind often became oppressed in investigating the affairs of others. I was wont, at such times, to disenthral myself by employing my pen upon subjects more congenial to my tastes. Crude and undigested as they were, you gave them a consequence by publishing them in your valuable periodical, which otherwise they never would have attained. The kind manner in which their imperfections were overlooked, and the encomiums you were pleased to bestow upon them, are the chief inducement that prompted me to write a work more in detail, and at least with an endeavor to render it more worthy the attention of the public. My first recollections are fixed upon scenes of our Rev-

olution, as recounted by a grand-parent who served in the war, and whose two brothers were killed at the battle of Wyoming. There were certain characters that he was in the habit of describing who became important personages in my memory, and I have long felt that I would like to have the time, that I might be enabled to group them in the vesture I saw them in in my youth. I commenced the following pages during a short sojourn with my connections at their rural abode in Georgia, and have written the remainder at different periods and at various places, and I should not at all be surprised if a want of succinctness should be the consequence. The history of those times, and the various actors engaged therein, belong to the public, and to them I bequeath them—the latter to be dealt with according to their deserts; and as they have long since passed away, I must ask that charity be extended to such of them as would seem to merit disapprobation, for, after all, perhaps I may have done them injustice.

With sentiments of great respect, your and the public's obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

New York, January, 1850.

STANDISH THE PURITAN.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is no period in early life when sensations occur so varied in their character, so painful, yet so pleasing, so full of hopes and fears, as when kindred spirits, in a senior class at college, meet together for the last time prior to going into the world and entering into its busy scenes.

The ties of friendship which are formed in four years in the same pursuits—the investigation of the same sciences, and the continued interchange of thought and sentiment, interweave, as it were, the affections upon our natures which endure as long as we live; and if it so happen that they become dimmed in the pursuit of fame or fortune, yet there are seasons in our lives when they return back to us in their original freshness, and we yearn after those friends of early life with a subdued and religious feeling, that shows how much purer and nobler they are than any friendships which are formed thereafter.

Just before the breaking out of the American war, a few friends of the senior class of *** College met to take their final leave of each other. The anticipations of going back to their parents, the meeting of brothers and sisters whom they would find there, the bright eyes that would glance upon them at the village church upon the coming Sabbath, and perhaps, too, from one whose heart had been wont to beat quicker than usual when in his presence—all

aided in dispelling the gloom for the moment that awaited the last "God bless you."

George De l'Eur had received the first honors of the college, and had a discerning eye seen him with his fellows, though a stranger, he would have been selected as intellectually superior to the rest. His compact forehead, quick, clear, hazel eye, shaded by brown hair, with a student-like carelessness in the arrangement, with an erect and manly person of five feet ten, stamped him with a superiority, the force of which most of his fellows acknowledged.

As George De l'Eur was confessedly at the head of his class, morally as well as intellectually, so was Julius Cæsar Sniffling at its foot, physically, mentally, and morally. Small in stature, with little, quick, and serpent-like eyes, denoting a degree of low cunning and hypocrisy, and, at the same time, an incapacity for friendship or any of the nobler instincts of man, he fancied De l'Eur, or, rather, he followed him, the same as inferior animals are found in the track of the more noble. So long as there was any thing to gain, he would cringe and fawn; yet De l'Eur owned the influence of nature: he had tolerated him, aided him in his studies, and when others were disposed to pass him by, his influence would insure him at least a decent reception. Even Sniffling's nature had relaxed from its natural selfishness by a long association with nobler minds in the pursuit of a liberalizing education; and he, too, felt, to some extent, the desolating effects of breaking up the social compact, inferior as he felt himself to be to the master spirits which reigned in the halls of "Alma Mater."

William Standish was another of the graduates, and he was De l'Eur's friend, and would have been his peer had he had his friend's application. He was the son of a wealthy farmer, and as he was an only son, and intended to succeed him in his rural pursuits, he did not see why he should spend all his time over the Latin and Greek authors, the *more especially* as they had been already rendered into far

better English than he could ever hope to accomplish. He was almost intuitively a mathematician, and quite the equal of De l'Eur with half the study; and though Standish was gay, and sometimes almost reckless, yet kindness was his essential characteristic. Saxon blood was traceable in every line of his features: light hair, florid complexion, sanguineous in his temperament, as brave as a lion in his wrath, but with a heart like a child's when misfortune claimed his attention; and, though De l'Eur's temper in the main was the opposite of his, dignified in deportment, reserved in conversation, fond of retirement, yet at times there was an outbreak of the same impassioned and intense feelings in common with the two upon an exciting subject, mingling their two characters together as if derived from the same fountain of intellect. There were times in their disputations when a word would escape that could be construed as sinister, and then it was fearful to see the blood mount upon the cheek of the other as he rose to repel it. The tremor of the lips, and the agitated, yet equal beauty and harmony of the voice, the person drawn to its utmost height, and the eye piercing its victim with the keen rebuke of injured friendship, were scenes that often occurred, and which proved that, though very different in their every-day attire, their elements were the same. But the sun never was suffered to set with ill feelings to the other: it would have been a sacrifice that neither would have submitted to at so cheap a rate. It is true, that, the dearer one is to us, whether it be from ties of blood, or of marriage, or old habits of friendship, the more sensitive we are to real or imaginary injury. But the heart, if a good one, with a few involuntary throbs, will throw off the acids which would soon canker it if left alone to the animal passions.

The three personages named had met in the evening prior to the day of their separation in a path which led to a wood a mile or so from the college, a favorite retreat for the students on a hot day. The broken hills, the deep forest, and the singing of birds, are only really appreciated when

the mind, either by study or deep contemplation, is withdrawn from artificial objects. Man is rarely wicked when surrounded by Nature's works, and rarely good when subservient to conventional rules and arbitrary etiquette. In the one, his influences are all new from his Maker; in the other, from the cruel influences of man. In the one, he is in his natural state from the hands of his Creator, and partakes of his character; in the other, a perversion of his destiny, a dressing-up of a hecatomb of infirmities, pleasing, perhaps, to the eye at a distance, but, upon inspection, the depravity becomes visible through the scanty folds which were intended to hide it.

"There," said Standish to his friend, "is poor Sniffling, making his way to us. I pity the poor creature. I do not know what he will do when he loses you, and goes into the world with his natural propensities to look after. That he will become morally degraded is certain. His disposition to traffic may make him rich, but his selfishness must make him despised." "I fear so too," replied De l'Eur; and, with a smile, continued, "he has already made me an offer for a number of articles pertaining to my toilet." "Good-morning, Mr. De l'Eur! good-morning, Mr. Standish!" said Sniffling, as he joined them, with averted eyes, and who really seemed to feel the dreariness of his situation. "I can hardly realize," continued he, "that this is the last time that we, in all human probability, are ever to meet again—at all events, never in the character of students. I have heard you say, De l'Eur, that your father has destined you for the law, and intends that you shall practice in New York. I hope it is so; for, as my mind is bent on merchandise, I intend to go there too, and shall have the opportunity of seeing you often, and we may be of mutual advantage to each other."

"For Heaven's sake, Sniffling," said Standish, interrupting him, "do not profane the sanctity of this place by making it the grave-yard of disinterested affection. It is time *enough to sacrifice to Mammon* when we are fairly launched

into the vortex of business, where the frozen bosom of selfishness is only thawed by a *quid pro quo* in exchange for its charities." George de l'Eur took the arm of Standish and walked on. "You ought not," said he, "to hurt the feelings of Sniffling. He really looks more subdued than I have ever seen him. Besides, he has been with us for four years, and I can not but think his feeling is that of kindness for us, especially when he contrasts our treatment of him with that of others. He certainly would be ungrateful if it were not so." "Grateful!" repeated Standish, catching up half of the word; "why, he has no more idea of gratitude than a wolf has of humanity. I would not trust him with my house sooner than I would with my purse, and" (laughingly) "sooner than I would with your chattels personal that you spoke of."

Sniffling was seen gazing vacantly upon scenes that even to him had had their charms. He thought to himself, "Is this the last time I shall ever see this old oak, under whose branches I have so often listened to the gay robin, or yonder path that winds down the hill to the brook where the speckled trout disports himself under the shade of the broad cedar?" But his thoughts could not be long occupied with the past; and, as he contemplated the future, store-houses and merchandise of every hue and texture soon drove realities of the past out of his mind, to be occupied with visions that were fast to become realities. He had sense enough to know that money, in that money-loving age, would cure a number, not only of his mental, but physical defects. The thought inspired the poor little creature with a momentary importance in his own estimation, and he felt impatient for his career to begin.

"I am off," halloed he, to the two friends, impatiently, who seemed a little smitten in conscience at the neglect they had showed to their mercenary friend. "Stop, Sniffling, stop!" called they, simultaneously; "don't go without a farewell." Sniffling's hopes for the future had quite erased his sentiment for the past, and each moment now

seemed to him as so much lost time. "Good-by! good-by!" answered he, with more animation than he had ever shown before. "I'll cross over the Styx with Charon, and pay you a visit one of these days, provided he is not too extravagant in his ferriage," and he hurriedly walked away and disappeared in the distance.

"Well," said De l'Eur to his friend, "I did not know Sniffling had accomplished so much knowledge of the classics as to make a reference to so ugly a place. The truth is, he has but one wish in the world, and that is, to get money; and get it he will. There is no difficulty in obtaining it; the only question is its price. I mean by that, how many of the nobler faculties are to be sacrificed for it; how much of the food of old age, or virtuous, honorable, and useful life is to be bartered away. These are considerations that should be well weighed."

"Pshaw!" replied Standish, "what noble faculties has he to exchange? What kind of a store-house is his to garner up knowledge or virtue for old age? He is made to traffic, and if he should not succeed in that, it is quite certain that he would succeed in nothing. I think he knows enough to get money, and if so, his conscience will never be in the way; but I doubt much if he knows enough to keep it. A grasping desire to accumulate requires a good judgment for its success, or the very means made use of in the adventure may be the cause of wrecking the ship which was to bear to the warehouse its treasure; a little too much freight, and she may founder."

De l'Eur and Standish now found themselves alone upon what, to them, was truly classic ground. Sniffling had gone. The students could be seen in the distance, hurrying to and fro, in preparation for their departure. Fathers and mothers were in waiting, to receive the pride of their lives and the hopes of their old age. Carriages were rolling onward with their happy freight. Yet still they lingered. The wood was deserted; the very birds had ceased their carols, and the two were silent. They could not depart; a

kind of spell bound them to the place—that wonderful agent which attracts kindred souls together—that something which influences, controls, and assures us of the existence of the immaterial world.

De l'Eur broke silence by addressing Mr. Standish as follows: "Since soon we part, and perhaps forever, I am solicitous to know your opinion in relation to the troubles at Boston. High-handed measures have been taken there by its inhabitants in resisting the public authorities, and government is bound to punish those acts, or it will be a *quasi* admission of their own wrong. A discussion here of political subjects has been prohibited, and very properly too; but now we are before the world, and the time, I think, is fast coming when sides must be taken. It will be an unnatural contest, and, I fear, a bloody one. Give me your views, Standish; and if we disagree in judgment, the solemnity of the hour, and our long communion, are a sufficient guarantee of our sincerity, and where *it* forms the basis of our conduct, it excuses a thousand errors of the head. Come, Standish, give me your views. But stay! this is unfair. I have no right to call for yours without, in the first place, giving you mine, and I will frankly tell you that there is abundant at home to condemn; yet still, I think I see the old leaven at work that has divided Old England politically and religiously in fact, and which cost Charles his head. I have a great horror of a religious war. I do not believe in a Bible in one hand and a dagger in the other. The truth is, the Pilgrims always hated the Established Church as much as Cromwell did. Besides, the descendants of the first settlers have been taught to dislike the mother country, and the cruelties exercised by the Malignants, as they yet term the communicants of the Established Church, are learned as nursery tales. With such an education, the people can hardly be supposed to weigh with an even balance the merits or demerits of the existing matters in difference. What say you, Standish, do you agree with me or not?"

Standish looked at his friend with regret, and replied, "An honest difference of opinion shall, I trust, in after life, have nothing to do with our friendship; but it will require watching. The pride of opinion is a furnace few can face. Empires have been dissolved in it, and from its fountains seas of blood have flowed. We differ, De l'Eur, and, depend upon it, it will require all our philosophy to avoid the contagion. There is truth, much truth, in what you say; yet there are other causes which conspire with those you name which have a more immediate effect in dissolving the natural ties which should bind us to our kinsmen at home. Whether it be climate, the manner of living, or our insulated situation in regard to Europe, which has not only changed our manners and habits, but our very physical appearance, I am at a loss to determine; but true it is, there are no two people more unlike under the sun than the people at home and those here. Our simple habits are ridiculed by persons with fair exteriors, assuming a consequence which they are not entitled to either by habit or education. They manage to leave behind them an unfavorable impression, magnified by an assumed importance, and the really respectable at home suffer in reputation by this class of persons. They are, for the most part, shopmen, or needy adventurers, who make up in pretension what they really want in respectability. These unworthy representatives have not only made themselves odious, but hated; and I am sorry to say that the same spirit of bravado is to be observed in the higher classes, although not so offensive;" and coloring up to the eyes, and with a raised voice, Standish exclaimed, "Hang me, De l'Eur, if I do not ache to thrash them!" and then laughingly continued, "Father's old sword, which he used in the French war, shall not be made a pruning-hook of as long as I can use it as it is."

"It is true, Standish," said De l'Eur, "that the phenomena you mention have often occurred to me: that we should lose the habits, manners, and appearance of our kinsmen, experience shows, and a knowledge of physics teaches us.

Climate has much to do in our organization and temper; and as our country, in all its appliances, is different from the home of our ancestors, it follows, as a natural consequence, that our habits and manners should be different; and although the English are indiscreet in giving way to their ever-grumbling propensities, yet I can well understand that, in a new country like our own, they see and feel many discomforts peculiar to a new-settled country which habit has not only reconciled us to, but, in many instances, have become sources of pleasure. We should not commit a great wrong to remedy a small evil, nor endeavor to make individual indiscretions national ones. Time will correct many evils, but can never call from the ground the blood which a murderous war will shed. You must remember that the world has only begun to be liberalized; that the chain of darkness has hardly been severed from the car of superstition; that yesterday, as it were, the inquisition was smoking with the blood of its victims, and the fire is hardly quenched that consumed the martyr for opinion's sake; and in our own land, the gibbet is fresh in the memory of those who live which put an end to dealers in supernatural agencies. War is not the time to heal such diseases; our fathers have labored too hard to free us from error, and our institutions are too well formed to be thrown back into chaos, to gratify an instinctive predilection for war. Instinctive, I admit, with savages, but which I deny in civilized and refined life; and the time, I believe, is at hand, when the promoter of a war will be looked at as a monster not fit to live upon the earth, or a lunatic whose freedom should be controlled by sanitary laws."

"Yes, De l'Eur," replied Standish, "you say truly; but the millennium is not at hand, or, at least, it is not yet. To avoid misanthropy, we must take the world as we find it. Nature has provided all animals with a means of defense, which presupposes that at some time they will be objects of attack, and which also presupposes a contest. Here is an instinctive or natural war to begin with, and as Great

Britain has begun it by taxing us without representation, and forcing commodities upon us which we do not want, I, for one, will resist, and they shall receive blow for blow."

"Stay, Standish, stay," replied De l'Eur; "I am sorry to find you compelled to resort to a parallel between man and beast in proving a theory which, I admit, is in consonance with our inclinations in a natural state; but God has given us the means and the ability to divest ourselves of the baser passions, and assume that which I truly believe will be the destiny of man—to live in charity with the world." The two friends saw the necessity of hastening back, as it was getting dark. They had said enough to be convinced that further discussion would be of no avail, and each in his heart hoped that the disputes would be passed over, and that the struggle would end in a war of words only. Standish accepted an invitation to spend a few days at Oakford, the residence of De l'Eur's father, in a distant section of the colony.

CHAPTER II.

THE father of George De l'Eur was a fine sample of an English gentleman, and had settled in the colony of Connecticut in early life. *His* father was one of the English gentry, but, having a large family, the son preferred coming to the New World, with what could be spared him, to remaining at home, which would be poverty in the one case, and affluence in the other; besides, he had married a young lady selected by himself and not by his parents. They had loved each other so much better than they loved the rest of the world, that their happiness seemed only full when they were away from it, in some nook where nature could be

seen apart from the haunts of men : their passions and their vices were described by both of them, and only necessary to render their happiness supreme ; and, without regret, they bade adieu to their native shore.

As De l'Eur and his friend rolled onward in the stage-coach to Oakford, the conversation turned on an unfortunate love affair that had been broken off between a student and a young lady of the neighborhood, and had terminated in the dissipated habits of the gentleman. "I regret, De l'Eur," said Standish, "that Egerton should have no more strength of mind than to pursue such a course, especially for a lady for whom he never showed much attachment until he found he could not get her."

"This was a redeeming trait in poor Egerton's character," said De l'Eur ; "I mean, his fondness for ladies' society ; and no one regrets, more than I do, that his disappointment should affect him in the manner it does. This passion is a mysterious one. It embodies in it all that is worth living for. In its purity it ceases to be sensual, and elevates man beyond his condition here. Wickedness never intrudes upon its altar. Charity is its handmaid. It would love parent, and brother, and sister ; but it is too far removed from earthly ties, and can commune but with nature and nature's God. What is this divine agency that is so unlike the rest of life ? and why so evanescent ? Why is it that, when we cease to love nature and its works, the tender passion leaves with it ? Is it not, then, in proof, that the affections are ingrafted upon this love of nature, and the more intense our admiration for it, the deeper the former lies buried in the heart ? Had Egerton been true to her, she probably would have loved him. A female has but one passion that can conquer affection, and that is, the indignation which is engendered by trifling with it. When she really bestows her love upon a man, she surrenders all of self—nay, her very name is blotted out ; and when her life is over, her history is briefly told upon the tombstone : her age, her death—no, not *her* death, but that the wife of

somebody is dead ; and when a woman has so much to surrender in the sacrifice she makes, it should never be treated lightly."

"I agree with you, De l'Eur," replied Standish ; " Egerton has many good points, and much manly beauty ; he has relied upon it too much, and I do not regret that his conceit has received a blow which I had hoped would be of service to him. Vanity is bad enough in a woman, but intolerable in a man, and yet, of the two, there is more of that concomitant in the latter than in the former ; perhaps the man has a little more address in concealing it, but that such is the fact is in accordance with all of my experience. I am told," continued he, " that the Indian chief, generally known as King Philip, was the greatest coxcomb of all his tribe ; but I never yet heard of a coquette among the savages, and I doubt if there would be any in civilized life if the men did not make them so."

The stage-coach, about ten in the evening, drove through a copse, then emerged into an open plain, then through a private way lined with sycamore and elm, and drew up before a large house. A reverend-looking gentleman, and a matron who bore the impress of one of the olden time, and a young lady who had seen some sixteen summers, suddenly threw themselves into the arms of George De l'Eur. " My son, how do you do ?" said the father ; the mother sobbed her hearty welcome, and Edith kissed her brother as she lustily pulled him toward the door. As soon as the first transport of welcome was over, George introduced his friend ; they all gave him a hearty welcome, and Edith said, " You must stay with us several days ; we have pleasant drives to the village, and the road to the mountain is beautiful."

" Stay, Edith !" said her father ; " young gentlemen are apt to take too much for granted when invitations proceed from young ladies."

" Perhaps," said she, a little vexed, " Mr. Standish may *think so*, since you have suggested it." But it was said so

archly and playfully that it was impossible for her father to take offense.

"Well, little gipsy," replied he, "call the cook. George," said he to his son, "you and your friend must be hungry after so long and tedious a drive."

The cook made his appearance, and soon followed a supper that would have satisfied an epicure. Mrs. De l'Eur sat by her son in silence; she looked with an eloquence that words can not express upon his pale features, her pride, her chief hope in this life.

The group that surrounded the board was such as was rarely seen in the country in those days. The elder De l'Eur might have been fifty; his dress was silk small clothes; large silver buckles in his shoes; his waistcoat came to his loins; and his coat of black, of the most ample dimensions; his hair tastefully powdered, and arranged after the fashion of the day. His wife was not only dressed with neatness, but elegance: her hair frizzed, powdered, and thrown up and backward; a plain gauze handkerchief arranged about her neck, as the Friends' arrange theirs at the present day; diamond rings ornamented her fingers. She might have been five years the junior of her husband; but Edith was too young to dress other than a girl who had yet her task to perform. She was at that period in life that may be assimilated to a rose-bud, whose leaves are yet sheltered from the eye, but sufficiently expanded for the imagination to realize the beauty of the advent. Her eyes were large and blue, dark brown hair, fair complexion, and the prettiest little hand and foot in the world. She would drop a word now and then, and look to her mother for approval; she would constantly take courage, until a glance from *her* or her father would hold her in check; but it was all done with so much love and kindness, that even this continued caution embodied in it so much affection and good nature, that the little Edith—if a young lady five feet three can be called little—would almost naughtily say something to ensure attention. She had been entirely educated by her

mother, and was uncontaminated by the vulgarity and falsity that so generally attend a boarding-school education. Fresh and beautiful as the first blush of the morning, she had yet seen naught to love save her parents and brother; they, to her, were the whole world, and she, to them, the bright star upon which they delighted to gaze. The instinct of the very birds taught them that with her there was protection, and they would flit by her and around her when she wandered into the meadow, that showed that even they could understand and appreciate innocence.

After supper the family separated, and Mr. Standish was shown to his room. It overlooked a lawn, through which were interspersed the tall elm, the branches towering into the clear sky; the wind slightly touched the leaves; all else was silent. Standish seated himself by the wainscot, his head upon his hand. It was new to him; he felt himself surrounded by a refinement, an elegance, and an aristocratic tone, different, far different from what he was accustomed to at his own home.

His father was wealthy, though a plain, simple Puritan; but now the unaccustomed sight of heraldic devices, and family pictures of armed knights and stately dames, surrounded him on all sides. He remarked that the silver bore the impress of the family crest; and when he was dismissed to his room by Mr. De l'Eur, it was with a grace and good-breeding that assured him of his hearty welcome. While thus musing in pleasing soberness, his transit from the bustle of college to this peaceful place seemed to him a kind of magic that he could not realize—Miss De l'Eur a phantom that he could not understand, a dream, a taste of the spiritual, a reflection of a being who dwells in a purer and better world. Excited and feverish, he threw himself upon the bed; he dreamed of battling armies, of the wounded, the dead; and he dreamed of the De l'Eurs, persecuted for opinion's sake, and of Miss De l'Eur fleeing in terror from the savages. Morning came to his relief, but he was *feverish and agitated*. He felt that he was doing his father and

sister injustice by not proceeding at once home. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. De l'Eur and his son accompanied him, at his request, to the village, a couple of miles off, where, after promising them to repeat his visit, he bade them adieu. He occupied himself at his father's house in rural sports and rural pursuits for some months, occasionally engaging in political discussions, and in corresponding with his friend George, and he began to suspect himself of being more punctual in such correspondence than he would have been if he, Mr. De l'Eur, was the only party at Oakford in whom he felt an interest.

CHAPTER III.

IN Hanover Square, in the city of New York, among the smaller shops was one of Dutch origin. Its steep roof and gable end to the street were sufficient proofs of its legitimacy. Its window—for it had but one in front—was filled with a medley in the way of merchandise: jack-knives, ginger, marbles, pipes and tobacco, and real nutmegs, and over which was a sign in yellow paint, "Julius Cæsar Sniffling & Co.'s wholesale and retail store." The stock in trade was chiefly in the window, and if there were many partners which formed the *house*, the capital of each must have been limited. Sniffling, upon going home, had borrowed a little money from his father, and had forthwith started for New York and rented the premises in question. "Time is money," said Dr. Franklin, and so thought Sniffling, and he determined to lose as little of it as possible.

A little barefooted negress was seen to enter the store with something wrapped in a paper. "Missus says," said the girl, "that she wants ginger, and this here you guv me is Injun meel, and she won't hab it, and so I must hab my

money." This was a poser to poor Snifling. His store had been opened that morning for the first time, and the ginger was the first sale made by Snifling & Co. It may be premised that the "Co." were imaginary personages, created by him to give importance to the establishment. His cupidity had been so excessive in the admixture of the meal with the ginger, that the fraud was too apparent; and to get rid of the imputation, something must be done, or the firm would be a very unstable affair; so he pretended that he himself was the injured man, and by an itinerant rogue had been imposed upon; and the first time "The Weekly Journal and Advertiser" was issued, the following advertisement made its appearance:

"£1 REWARD.

"The above reward will be paid for the apprehension and conviction of the fellow who sold us a keg of spurious ginger. He is about six feet high. His hair is long, light, and lank; small gray eyes, sharp nose, and when walking his knees are always bent. His speech is slow, and marked by a strong nasal twang, and he is evidently from Yorkshire or Massachusetts.

"SNIFLING & Co., Hanover Square."

That day, and the next, and the next after that of the aforesaid sale, the women of Duke-street were at war with the house of Snifling & Co. Not a pennyworth did he sell. The fraud was echoed from housewife to housewife, and the firm were declared to be cheats, and unworthy the patronage of an unsuspecting and generous community. The star of Snifling was inauspicious, and something must be done, or his commercial prospects were blighted forever. At last the paper was issued and the advertisement appeared. One pound reward! Generous offer! The neighborhood was agog, and the direst vengeance was threatened upon the cheat, if detected.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and Mr. Snifling could be seen in his store. A tallow candle threw its

dim light from the window, but deep shadows covered the empty boxes which tempt people sometimes to believe that all is gold that glitters. His mind was agitated, not on account of the fraud, but its want of success. In the midst of his ruminations, a noise was heard at the other end of the street; a mob; a confusion of tongues. It appeared nearer. The windows over the shops were thrown open in rapid succession, and in a moment appeared in the front of the store—ushered by two strong fellows, and followed by the mob—an individual answering the above advertisement. He was lean and tall, with small light eyes, and long thin hair down to his shoulders, and with a nasal twang of unmistakable origin. No sooner had Sniffling seen how nearly he answered the description contained in the advertisement, than he felt himself in a dilemma. Should he accuse him, he, of course, would be acquitted, and his own ruin would be the consequence. Should he declare him not to be the individual, then his own conscience told him that he would be suspected of being the rogue himself; so, for further reflection, he ordered him to be put in prison for the night. The culprit's name was Zimri Freeborn. He lived near the confines of the line which divided the colony of Connecticut from that of New York, and this was his first adventure into the great city. At the time of his apprehension, he had come to town to procure a patent for a perpetual motion, which he asserted he had then recently discovered. His model had a diversity of machinery within it, consisting of wheels, elliptics, and springs, rigged to the handle of a churn, in order to prove to the world how much labor had been lost prior to his discovery. But the damning evidence of his guilt consisted not only of his remarkable appearance, as described in the advertisement, but his churn was filled with yellow meal; and a handful of which being shown to Mrs. Tweaks—thus far the only customer of Sniffling & Co.—she declared that it was of the same color and musty smell as that of her late purchase.

If matters could have rested here, and Zimri's mouth

closed forever, the reputation of Sniffling could have been repaired ; but, alas ! one piece of roguery leads to another, and the sin of selling Indian meal for ginger was aggravated by perhaps blighting the mechanical genius of a modern Archimedes by confining it in extremely narrow apartments.

Sniffling's sleep "at the witching hour of night" was interrupted by sad forebodings. The dilemma in proving his case was the trouble ; and if a man ever felt the necessity of legal consolation, and to have imparted the "*modus operandi*" of getting out of his difficulty, it was the senior partner in the aforesaid firm. At that time there were but five lawyers in the city, and the astutest among them was Gabriel Dexter, Esq., late of Gray's Inn, London, although his dubious compeers reported that the inn he graduated from was a tavern. This, however, was scandal ; and the only ground for such a construction was his habit of spending an evening occasionally over his glass at an inn in the neighborhood. The whole town considered these reports to proceed from envy ; and Gabriel Dexter and the King of England were by litigants supposed to be the greatest men of the age, the names of whom always appearing side by side in *mesne process*. Sniffling, pale and trembling, arose from his bed at an early hour ; but he was somewhat consoled when he made up his mind to see Mr. Dexter ; he felt himself relieved by even walking to and fro past his office. Hour after hour passed before the great man came. At length he was seen statelily and steadily crossing from his house to his office. Sniffling was now to "state his case" to the man who held the even scales of justice in his right hand, and who from day to day expounded the wisdom of past ages to a delighted and wondering multitude. Mr. Dexter was a portly gentleman of fifty, and perhaps would have been a little more had he not been a widower. His clean linen, polished shoes, and well-made breeches gave him a consequence to the ill-conditioned that fully compensated for such extra expenditure.

Mr. Sniffling put on all the assurance that he was master of as he entered the office, and looked the victim in the most satisfactory manner. After a few preliminaries, Mr. Dexter cautioned him to state the truth; "for," said he, "it is dangerous putting your legal adviser on a wrong *scent*. We are cautioned in the Scriptures against the blind leading the blind, lest they fall into the pit. There is no reason," continued he, as he looked at him steadily through his spectacles, "why a client should cheat his counsel. My Lord Coke, and, after him, Sir William Blackstone, have declared that what is not reason is not law; you therefore," said he, "see the danger of misleading us. I wish to ask you a few questions, and I want direct answers. No equivocation—no evasion, Mr. Sniffling. I go for my clients, right or wrong," continued Mr. Dexter; "for, if they are wrong, it is my duty to set them right before the world. Did you, Mr. Sniffling, ever buy any ginger of the defendant?" A severe rebuke at his hesitation brought out an emphatic "No, sir!" The barrister looked for a moment at his client with professional admiration, took from his pocket a cambric handkerchief, then from his nose his gold spectacles, wiped them carefully, and then returned them to their place. At last he remarked, with great kindness, "My friend, you are one among the few sincere men that I have found in thirty years' practice at the bar. Where did you become acquainted with the defendant?"

Taking courage by the favor found in his former answer, Sniffling replied, "I never saw him until the night before, in my life."

"Very good! very good, Mr. Sniffling! we are coming to the point; a fair issue for the country to pass upon; but, pray, Mr. Sniffling, from whom did you purchase the ginger?"

"I purchased," he replied, "one pound of pure ginger of Spicer & Co., and added twenty pounds of Indian meal."

"This," said the barrister, "is usually done, I presume,

to make it merchantable; although it strikes me that ten pounds of meal to one of ginger would have made it stronger. I generally disapprove of stimulants," said he, "and have but little doubt, if we consulted our health, that the admixture of yours would be more conducive to longevity than when taken in its raw state. Pray, sir," inquired Mr. Dexter, "upon what cause of action have you imprisoned Mr. Freeborn?"

"I do not know," was the reply. "I think," said Sniffling, "I heard one of the men who took him say that they would procure a warrant for obtaining the money under false pretenses, and put him in Bridewell; I think I heard subsequently that they had done so."

Mr. Dexter made a "hem!" when he said, with great gravity, "That will never do; that is a misdemeanor, and you will subject yourself to be made a witness of, and, to insure conviction, you would be compelled to commit perjury; though I hold, Mr. Sniffling, that man, being a creature of circumstances, he is at all times controlled by them. Perjury," he continued, "becomes inevitable under peculiar, and, I am happy to say, rare circumstances; and under that true and old adage, that 'self-preservation is the first law of Nature,' it is, under such circumstances, if not justifiable, excusable;" and then rising, with much indignation and earnestness, exclaimed, "Mr. Sniffling! I consider the man who will stand by and see his poor client commit willful and corrupt perjury, when there is no necessity for it, as an exhibition of depravity that is disgraceful!" Mr. Dexter sat down, much exhausted at the outpourings of his honest convictions; but as soon as his indignation had a little subsided at the thoughts of the depravity of man, he resumed his counsel: "I shall immediately," said he, "order a *nolle prosequi* to be entered as to the misdemeanor, and shall direct my partner to issue a *capias adiesperandum*, and hold the defendant to bail in the sum of £500, in a special action on the case. This form of action," said he, "excludes you from being a witness; and, as you have

an abundance of circumstances to prove the fraud, you come within the rule I have laid down, and which I have just repeated;" to all of which Mr. Snifling expressed, not only his assent, but thanks for the judicious advice of his counsel, and, more than all, for the truth and wisdom of his logic, which satisfied him that he was justifiable in the course he had taken; for, thought he, although this may put Mr. Freeborn to a temporary inconvenience, it might be the means of putting himself upon a fair mercantile footing, and the lesser evil must give way to the greater good. "It is all right!" ejaculated he, in an ecstasy, as he left the office.

It was soon rumored about town of the interview between Mr. Dexter and his client, and that the former, after carefully ascertaining the merits of the case, had decided that the "firm" had been sadly aggrieved, and that he had generously come to their aid, and was determined to punish villainy through the aid of twelve honest and intelligent jurors. Sympathy now began to turn in favor of the aggrieved Mr. Snifling, and several sales were made the day succeeding the interview: two pounds of tenpenny nails, a gridiron, and a corkscrew were among the articles sold and delivered by the aforesaid firm. At night he was in raptures with his success, and golden visions now floated before his warmed imagination. If Zimri could be convicted, he felt that the world was his debtor, and from whom he would exact prompt payment. The balance of happiness was certainly in his favor; he counted the money over and over again which he received during the day; and, if there was no falling off in trade, he should not only clear enough to pay Mr. Dexter's fee of ten guineas, but also the court expenses in convicting the accused.

Zimri was a strange genius. He would as soon have been in jail as any where else, provided he had proper opportunities of experimenting upon his favorite discovery, the perpetual motion, to the perfecting of which he had given the greater portion of his time for the last ten years;

and it was as plain, he said, as a man's nose, that upon all scientific principles the thing ought to go, whether or no; that the whole machine was perfect, except that the wheel within the main wheel did not go, as yet, as well as he had expected.

Zimri was certainly of the genus homo, but in thought and looks assimilated as little to his species as it were possible for a man to do. He was never known to laugh, but there was something in the twinkle of his little gray eyes that showed he was willing to amuse others, although he would not take the trouble to be amused himself.

The architecture of the old jail, as most people may recollect, was of olden times. The eternal darkness which reigned upon the first floor—the massive chain attached to the huge door—convinced the prisoner, at first sight, of the folly of breaking jail in that quarter. The desolation of the second floor, divided off into huge compartments, the windows triple barred with massive iron bars, and the hooks which lined the outside of the building, admonished all who were dissatisfied with even-handed justice the danger of proceeding that way. Its rude and cold exterior made it an object that few would forget who had ever seen it. Zimri Freeborn and his machine were imprisoned in one of the upper wards, having for his brotherhood some forty others who had sinned contrary to law. There were to be seen there painters, poets, gentlemen, and politicians, so that Zimri had no reason to complain for the want of society or the absence of genius. Day after day passed, and he cared little how his law-suit went, provided his machine would go, upon which he tinkered from early dawn until night; nor would he have stopped then, had not a rebellion broken out with the prisoners, occasioned by his disturbing their nocturnal rest.

Mr. Dexter was occupied, during the vacation, with preparing his briefs, and Snifling was engaged in his merchandise, the former congratulating himself upon the hold he had in the confidence of the people, and the latter upon

the profits of his trade, enhanced, as they were, by the sympathy of the public. Occasionally, however, a cloud would come over his prospects in case Freeborn should be acquitted—and how he was to be found guilty was more than he could make out—and at times he was almost inclined to doubt Mr. Dexter's sincerity; and then, again, when he took into account his excellent moral character, enhanced, as it recently had been, by his being run for a vestry-man, and by being beat by only three votes, he would not do him the injustice to doubt his sincerity. Indeed, it had been observed of late that Mr. Dexter had almost, if not entirely, abandoned the taverns, and that he was always found in his seat at church on Sundays. His finely-made and neatly-dressed person, his large signet-ring upon the last finger of his left hand, and his richly-bound books, made him not only an example in his attendance at church, but this evidence of his taste, and his heraldic devices, rendered the solemnity of the occasion the more apparent. So Mr. Sniffling came to the conclusion to abandon doubts so unjust to Mr. Dexter, and so clearly in derogation to his apparent sincerity. He went to his office, in all the consciousness of injured innocence, to inquire of him when the cause would come on; but Mr. Thurwood, the partner of Mr. Dexter, as usual, was out making his morning calls—the extent of the business of the office did not allow Mr. Dexter to attend at all to the attorney's department—so he said he would call again in the afternoon, Mr. Dexter comforting his seeming anxiety by assuring him of the abundant evidence that existed in the advertisement not only to insure a conviction, but exemplary damages. Sniffling had heard of "the glorious uncertainty of the law," and he could not reconcile the maxim to the certainty of the legal advice, the more especially when he took into consideration that the defendant might get up some evidence as a rebutter to the advertisement, the only evidence relied on by Mr. Dexter.

Mr. Sniffling was successful in finding Mr. Thurwood in

in the afternoon, who assured him that the cause was at issue, and would unquestionably be tried the coming term; that he coincided with his partner as to the merits of the case, and that it rarely occurred in their practice when circumstantial evidence was so conclusive as that of the present, and his only fear was, that Mr. Freeborn would not be able to respond to the amount of damages laid in the declaration. "Well," said Sniffling to himself, "it is queer that both the attorney and counsel should feel so much confidence in a case the merits of which they knew all about. But, Mr. Thurwood," inquired Sniffling, "suppose Mr. Freeborn should apply to a court of equity for relief: I am fearful that a difficult rule of justice might prevail, and in that case I should be lost."

"Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Thurwood, with a half-impatient air. "The difference, and the only difference, in a court of equity and one of law is, that in exceedingly obscure cases we deem it safer to proceed in chancery, for it is the business of that court to investigate cases which may properly be termed the phenomena of the law; and, strange as it may seem, all experience has shown, from Lord Hardwick down to the present time, that decisions made upon logical inferences, assumed for the occasion, have always given great satisfaction to litigants, without reference to the facts of the case. But, Mr. Sniffling," continued Mr. Thurwood, "I am engaged out, and you must excuse me." Mr. Thurwood suddenly withdrew one way, while his client withdrew the other, the latter scratching his head in his perplexity in trying to comprehend the labyrinth in which he found himself placed.

Mr. Thurwood was a young English gentleman, who had united himself in practice with Mr. Dexter, and, since the rapid increase of the business of the office, had given his attention solely to the attorney's department. He was young in years, but a decided genius. He had never been known to open a law-book or to investigate a case; though it was said in the neighborhood that it must be that he

studied at night, when others were asleep, or it were impossible that any thing short of inspiration could familiarize him so thoroughly with texts, promulgated by oracles of the law a thousand years ago. He was also a fashionable man, tenaciously observant of every rule of etiquette, and his case was frequently cited as negating the absurd idea that fashion and folly were inseparable companions.

- He was connected at home to some of the most respectable of the aristocracy, which might have been one of the reasons that gave a charm to all he did, and supplied excuses for his omissions. The character, or, rather, habits of these two law partners had in a very short space assimilated them much, both of them being naturally affable and generous; and while neither seemed to feel or understand the pecuniary embarrassments of their clients, yet they were quite indifferent of what became of their money when they got it; and no man's heart was sooner melted than Mr. Dexter's toward misfortune, provided that misfortune did not present itself in the shape of a client.

Mr. Snifling had been engaged in his store attending to his merchandise for some time past, and he felt himself in a fair way to fortune, and perhaps to fame. His equanimity was a little disturbed, however, from receiving a note from the office, announcing that the case of *Snifling vs. Freeborn* was No. 4 on the calendar, and would be tried the coming week.

"Very well," said he; "any thing is better than suspense;" and he said to himself that it would be far better to get beat than to remain so any longer. His first flush of happiness, upon being informed of the certainty of his success, had given way to misgivings, and he revolved over and over again the old saw, "The law's uncertainty and the law's delay." As for the delay, the longer the better, provided it could be delayed long enough; but to be expecting trouble daily was too much for his nerves.

At last came the day of trial, and Mr. Snifling was in attendance long before the appointed hour. He was nerv-

ous and fidgety; he looked wistfully at the crier and at the clerk, and then to the comers-in, as they seated themselves upon the long row of benches near the bar. Although the Dutch are a working people, and good husbands of their time, yet they do not so far depart from the instincts of the rest of the human family as not to have, in common with them, a little of idle curiosity; and as Yankeedom was then making some inroads upon their long-established customs, they were prepared, with a hearty good-will, to visit the statute, in such case made and provided, upon the most of them, whether they came within it or not; and as the freeholders and their descendants were for the most part Dutch or of Dutch origin, the jury which had been impaneled were mainly, if not entirely, made up of that interesting class of people. Had it been a question merely between the plaintiff and the defendant, they would, had it been possible, have convicted both of them; but as the customers of the plaintiff were the real sufferers consequent upon the fraud, it produced a little sympathy in favor of the "firm."

The judge at length arrived, and soon afterward the room was filled with the stanch, rubicund-faced yeomen of the neighborhood. Sniffing looked upon the multitude with awe; but if his misgivings were great upon looking at them, what must they have been when Mr. Zimri Freeborn and his machine were ushered into court between two athletic officers, each of whom could as easily and as irretrievably have embraced the prisoner at the bar as a Norwegian bear could an infant? But his nerves were somewhat quieted upon discovering Mr. Dexter slowly and with measured step approach the bar: he bowed to the bench and then to the bar, and occupied some time in passing around and affectionately taking by the hand all of those whom he supposed were summoned as jurors. This was an honor which fell to their lot on no other occasion, and, consequently, they appreciated it the more. "Too much familiarity breeds contempt." This maxim they had heard of, and they there-

fore put it down to his credit, explanatory of the neglect he showed them on all other occasions.

The crier opened the court by the calling out at the top of his voice, "O yez," &c. ; but, either way, the court always considered itself opened and ready to proceed to business. After the panel had been called and sworn in, several inquests were taken, and at length No. 4 was called. A cold shiver came over Mr. Snifling. "If I get through this short of the whipping-post," said he to himself, "I shall be careful hereafter how I get into law-suits."

Mr. Dexter, after carefully searching through a mass of papers in his green bag, gravely handed up the record. The judge glanced hastily through it, and remarked, "It appears that the default of the defendant has been taken."

"Yes, your lordship, such is the case," said the counsel for the plaintiff. "His guilt is too apparent even for a knave like himself to deny."

"Mr. Freeborn," said the judge, "have you counsel to cross-examine the witnesses of the plaintiff?"

"No!" said Zimri, in a shrill, squeaking tone; "I didn't sell ginger; I am an engineer."

The judge named a young gentleman who had recently been "called to the bar" to see that the trial proceeded with regularity. "Mr. Dexter," said the judge, "proceed with the case."

Mr. Dexter arose and bowed to the court, and then to the jury. "May it please your lordship," said he, "it is true that the present case will be but an inquest; but as the damages are unliquidated, and the cause one of so aggravated and wicked a character, I think that you, gentlemen, will agree with me, when you hear the testimony, in saying that the defendant should be made an example of. It is true, gentlemen, that the evidence which we rely on is circumstantial; and when you shall hear it, you will at once see the hand of Providence interposed in sending to justice a cheat, who, if he had but half of his deserts, would

have been whipped naked through the world long ago, as better men than himself have been."

Here one of the jurors, among other oaths, was heard to utter the significant "donner und blitzen," at the same time shaking his head at Zimri; another inquired of his right-hand neighbor "vich vas de scheat?"

Mr. Dexter, after pausing for a moment, continued: "Gentlemen, I said to you a moment ago that the testimony in this case was made up of circumstances; now, mark me, gentlemen, it has been said by that inspired jurisprudent, my Lord Coke, when he was attorney general, that 'men may lie, but circumstances can not.' This remark, gentlemen, from the day of its utterance to the present time, has become part and parcel of the common law of England; and many a culprit in doubtful cases would have escaped the halter had not this precept been fastened upon the minds of jurors, who, virtuous themselves, are often disposed to acquit the accused, judging the standard of the honesty of the world by the virtue they feel to exist in their own pure bosoms."

Here several of the jurors, much excited, arose from their seats and exchanged places with each other; and two of the number, still more desperate than the rest, made signs to Mr. Dexter, denoting that they wished to retire. The counsel made known to the court the request of the two jurors, remarking that "necessity has no law" has always been deemed a sound maxim, and, upon this view of their case, they were permitted to retire. The cause was suspended, as is customary in such cases, until the absentees returned.

Mr. Dexter resumed: "Gentlemen," said he, "though an Englishman, Saxon blood runs in my veins, and I can fully appreciate the indignation that fill your bosoms. We are of the same blood; our ancestry were the same. Integrity marked their progress."

Here one of the jurors had quieted his excitement by getting into a doze; but as there were eleven who had not, Mr. Dexter was about to proceed; but the judge, who was

annoyed at his labored respiration, caused him to be awakened, and admonished him that he must keep awake and hear the cause.

"Vy musht I keep awake? my mind ish made up!" said the juror.

"But, sir," said the judge, "you must hear the testimony, and not make up your mind until the defense is through; besides, the learned counsel has not touched upon the merits of the case."

"Vat!" said the juror, looking incredulous; "vat! not touched de cashe?"

Mr. Dexter proceeded: "It is true, as his lordship says, I have not specified his fraud; but I perceive you have anticipated me; your penetrating minds have enabled you to lay hold of the sin, and drag it from its hiding-place."

Here a murmur of approbation ran through the room.

"Gentlemen, suffice it to say that Mr. Snifling is a young merchant just setting out in the world. He purchased, as he supposed, a quantity of ginger from the defendant; it proved to be of a very inferior quality. Nay! can you believe it? the greater part of it was Indian meal! He, of course, sold it to his neighbors. They declared him to be a cheat. He lost his character, and then his customers."

Mr. Snifling sat beside Mr. Dexter, with his head resting upon his hand, his face toward the jurors; the tears ran perfectly natural; he was melted at the eloquence of his counsel; the advertisement was produced, and there was Zimri and his machine; the Indian meal found in the tub; and the testimony of Mrs. Tweaks was given, to wit, that the said Indian meal had the same musty smell as that she purchased of Mr. Snifling, &c.

The case was now submitted under the charge of the judge, who merely said that he did not see that any evidence had been given to commit the defendant. "It was true," he said, "a default was entered, and that entitled the plaintiff to nominal damages; but it was merely nom-

inal. It was true," he further said, "that the advertisement described some *one* who answered the appearance of the defendant. Any body could be convicted, if such testimony should have any weight. The testimony of Mrs. Tweaks may have a little bearing in the case. She says the ginger she bought of Mr. Sniffling smelled like the meal found with the defendant; but," said the judge, "I suppose all musty meal smells alike. The cause is with you, gentlemen."

The clerk called an officer, who was sworn "to keep the jury in some safe and convenient place; to suffer them to have neither meat nor drink; to permit no one to speak to them, nor to speak to them himself—unless it was to ask them if they had agreed upon their verdict—until they had agreed." The jurors were, accordingly, taken to an adjoining apartment and locked up.

The juror who was selected as foreman was exceedingly short and fat, and, phrenologically considered, had more reverence than perception, and more combativeness than either. He entered upon the discharge of his duty by a short exordium: "Thish cashe," said he, "ish for us to conschider fedder de meal vash chinger or fedder de chinger vash meal. 'Tish mine opinion 'tish meal, and de prishener musht be vipped."

The foreman now called to the officer for fire to light their pipes, each juror carrying one under his hat-band to meet emergencies like the present. Being furnished with the means of ignition, they, silently and thoughtfully, smoked till the little room in which they were locked was filled with it; and one, emptying his pipe sooner than the rest, was the first to break silence:

"I have conschidered de cashe," said he; "he musht be vipped one hundred spblows;" and each man, as he emptied his pipe, broke silence accordingly, and all agreed he must be whipped, but all differing as to the number of lashes to be inflicted. They sat in a row upon a large bench, their hands in their breeches pockets, their legs

stretched to their utmost tension, their cheeks inordinately protruding and red, and their pipes placed under their respective hat-bands as before, presented a uniformity equal to so many painted warriors, but not so ferocious.

After sitting for upward of an hour in this manner without breaking silence, the officer came in and asked them if they had agreed. "Mind your bishness!" said one and all; then every thing was still again. After remaining so until late in the afternoon, the foreman said, "We musht agree as to the spblows;" and after he had called each one by name, and asked him if he would agree to any other number, was most emphatically answered "Shno!" by one and all of them.

The court had now tried the last case upon the day's calendar, night was coming on, and Mr. Sniffling was very uneasy. He thought to himself, this does not look like the recovering £500; and even £10 would be better than nothing—just enough to convince people of his innocence. He began to doubt, also, Mr. Dexter's sincerity—nay, almost his humanity—for he had gone on with his other business before the court just as calmly as if his (the plaintiff's) character—his very fortune, in fact—was not at stake. The court finally adjourned, and the jury were still out. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," saith the proverb, and Mr. Sniffling was a living witness to certify its truth.

This headstrong jury might never have agreed had not a bright thought occurred to the foreman the next day, which was favorably received by his brethren. As it was, they sat moodily upon the before-mentioned bench; as for retracting or altering one iota, it was quite out of the question. At length one went to sleep, then another, and another, until Hans Van Tripe, the foreman, was the only one left awake. Hans was a man of good feelings, and some romance of character. As he looked out of the window of his room upon the bright stars sleeping upon the bay, and the pebbly shore going down to the water as a lover would to his mistress, he thought of his boyhood—of some

pleasing, but many sad occurrences which had happened; and of the latter, his robbing a roost of its inhabitants was one which gave him great concern.

"Vat!" said he, talking aloud—an innate rogue never muses aloud—"I had no fadder, no mudder. I vash a boor poy, and shno vun do tell me var I vash right or var I vash wrong. Vun could push, and annudder could push, and say, 'Get avay, you poor fedder! vat bishness you to come in my vay?' So I vent about, and vash in every podie's vay; and I couldn't keep out of de vay. Santa Cloosh never come daun de shimney to me; and ven he did, he would put a vip to schwitch me in my stocking. So I would go to de river ven de poys who had fadder and mudder vash gone, and see de little vishes swim, and look so happy ven de big vishes was after them; and de little pirds in de pushes sung, and I vent ashleep. I dreemed my boor mudder came to me, and said, 'Hans, my boor poy, be happy. If you be hungry, you mushtn't shteal; but be a goot poy, and you'll have enough to eat. A little time, Hans, and you'll pe old, and if you are goot, you'll come to vere heffery pody is happy and heffery pody is goot.'"

Poor Hans sobbed, for all he knew of father or mother was in his dreams; but this was a consolation to him; and in the morning he would go bravely out among the boys, and talk of his mother as well as the best of them. And Hans grew on, and waxed strong and fat, and no one knew how who had not a good conscience like himself; for it was out of mere hunger he had made an onslaught on the roost; and although his enemies never found it out, yet, after he had been admonished by his mother in his dreams, he would not, for the world, have been dishonest. He had taken up the trade of a cobbler, and upon it he throve. Early and late the hammer was heard upon the lap-stone; and the more he hammered, the more thirsty he was, and the more beer he drank, until but few of his compeers required more cloth for a waistcoat than himself. And after thus running on through early life, he also went to sleep, and he snored

like the rest of them ; and as dishonest men never talk aloud in their musings, so unamiable men seldom snore, as any one can witness who has seen their equanimity when found fault with on such occasions. Hans was stubborn, however, for all that.

Morning at last threw its light upon the twelve jurors through a window which looked to the east, and their chorus was not yet ended ; but had they, and could they at all have anticipated the excitement which had existed throughout the town, and particularly through Duke-street, as to the result of their dubitations, they would have been astonished at their own importance. As it was, upon being fairly roused, the great object of their concern was the keen demands of appetite ; and although this was a point of attack on which they felt themselves the most vulnerable, yet, with all its terrors, it was of little importance when contrasted with their ruling passion—the disinclination of yielding when beaten. It was a sublime sight to see in them the workings of that passion—to see their eyes rolling at each other—not deigning to speak, nor to enlighten, nor be enlightened : as much as to say, “I like this place ; I would rather be here than not ; I am not hungry, nor expect to be ; every thing is going on well at home ; and if it isn’t, I don’t care.” At last Hans spoke :

“I dushent think we shall agree as to de number of spblows, and I proposhe to leave that to de chudge ;” and upon putting the question, and after a long pause, they, each in turn, replied “Ya !” This settled the question ; and after waiting till the judge came, they were conducted by the officer into court. Their names were all called and noted ; and when asked by the clerk if they had agreed upon their verdict, Hans answered “Ya !”

“How find you, gentlemen ? for the plaintiff or the defendant ?”

“That de defendant be vipped, and de chudge to tell them ven to stop !”

“What did he say ?” inquired the judge.

The clerk could hardly keep his gravity. "Sir," said he, "they say he is to be whipped, and you are to tell the executioner when to stop!"

The judge was quite as much disposed to laugh as the clerk, but his station would not allow of any external sign of his inclination. He, with great gravity, told the jury that the case before them was a civil action, and that their verdict should have been for a sum of money, if they supposed that the evidence could have warranted it; if not, then their verdict should have been under the default, sixpence; but, as the court would adjourn that day, he would discharge them from any further consideration of the case, and would continue it over to the next term of the court, each party to pay his own costs.

Zimri and his machine were compelled to occupy their old quarters. If the costs that had accrued, in consequence of the cause going off for the term, had been the only consideration, it would have mattered little—these mishaps being frequent, and, therefore, to be expected—but it was said that the gentlemen composing the jury never spoke to each other after, and that the feuds that subsequently became frequent in the neighborhood, and about Hanover and Duke streets, had their origin the night the jurors were out, each one blaming the other for not paying more attention to the address of Mr. Dexter in the opening of the case.

CHAPTER IV.

On the side of a hill, and probably the spot on the Connecticut River where the regicides, Major-general Whalley, Major-general Goffe, and Brigadier-general Dixwell found shelter in the time of the second Charles, with the aid of a little art, a room of considerable dimensions had been made

in the midst of huge rocks which formed its irregular sides, and, roofed by a bowlder projecting out of the hill, the whole was sheltered by primeval trees and surrounded by thick brambles, and its only approach was the upper side of the hill, by a narrow and circuitous path which led partly to the cave or apartment.

The moon was in its second quarter, and was near the western horizon, as footsteps were heard cautiously approaching the door or aperture formed by the irregularity of the rocks which composed one of its sides. At length a light was seen to emanate from the spot. A tall figure, wrapped in a gray cloak, rapidly advanced to the door, where he entered, and the aperture was immediately closed, and all was still and hushed but the rustling of the leaves and the barking of the fox. It was a fitting place for deeds of daring or conceiving them. Shut out from the world and its passions, the mind was untrammelled by excitement and unbiased from the prejudices of others; and as the matters to be discussed, if revealed to the world, would be highly treasonable, the nature of the place not only fitted the mind for cool discussion, but sheltered the occupants from the ear of the Royalists.

The person who entered the cave last sat in one corner silent and moody. A sigh escaped him so deep that it attracted the attention of the others, which caused the remark to be made, that "if there was any member who at all doubted or regretted the propriety of the meeting, he had the privilege of retiring as soon as the members were sworn." The gentleman who had caused the remark drew his cloak tighter around him, and, by a nod, recognized the intimation as being made to himself. The members were called to order, and a presiding officer selected. After this had been done, every thing was still. Each member, as the time of action approached, seemed to quail under the responsibility of committing an overt act of treason.

The force of education with many had rendered the prerogative of the king inviolate; and, with the Episcopalians,

his holy office as head of the Church had rendered his cause sacred. For a few moments silence reigned within, and the winds whistled drearily through the crevices of the rocks which contained some of the master spirits of the bloody scenes that followed.

There were there that night many gallant men who would have sacrificed their lives freely for their king in a good cause, as their fathers before them had done; and now to sever themselves from him—one whom they had been taught to love and revere—from the glory of England, and many friends of their youth, were reflections which burst upon them in all their force at a moment when George the Third was about to be declared guilty of acts which justified them in withdrawing their allegiance. Not until the others refused to respond did the personage in the gray cloak arise for that purpose. In a steady and clear tone, he addressed the chairman as follows:

“The history of colonizing the provinces of New England is too well known for me to spend time in repeating. Our ancestors had hoped to have obtained here a resting-place for themselves and their posterity, after being hunted from England for differing in their creed from the Established Church. Their blood had hardly ceased to flow from the assaults of the savages, when they were plunged into a war with the French and their Indian allies, which thinned the population and demoralized their habits; and when the demand for blood had ceased, the acquisitions of our labor are called for to pay expenses which we never created, and merchandise is thrust upon us that we do not want, and, in the opinion of many, things which are unwholesome as a diet, and too expensive for the simple habits of our people and the means which they have to pay with. To coerce us to submission, we are now hunted as wild beasts, with fire and sword, by a mercenary soldiery, whenever we resist the vassalage that is attempted to be forced upon us. Without going,” continued he, “into the details of our wrongs, it seems evident that we are recognized by England, not as

part of herself, but as a dependent owing service to her, inflicting upon us all the evils of feudal exactions, without the sympathy of the master or the privilege of obtaining the royal ear. I therefore," said he, "for your concurrence, propose that, in the opinion of those here assembled, there are ample causes for these provinces to repel force by force, until they shall have ceded to them privileges and immunities equal to those enjoyed at home."

The question was put to each member separately, and an emphatic "Ay!" was given. They then took each other by the hand, and appealed to the God of battles for their sincerity and their readiness, with life and fortune, to assert the rights that Nature had given them. Each member undertook to go into different sections of the country, to ascertain as nearly as possible the sentiments of the people, and to enroll secretly the names of those who were willing to take up arms. They adjourned, to meet at the same place at a future time. The members silently withdrew into the shade of the hill and dispersed, each to perform the task, fearlessly and manfully, expected from him.

Some weeks after the occurrences stated above, as Mrs. and Miss De l'Eur were sitting near the window which overlooked the lawn, listening to the songs of the birds which were flitting from bough to bough, and, at the end of each song, turning their heads this way and that way, seeming as if they were looking for an approval from their young mistress, a singular-looking creature, with a machine upon his back, slowly approached the house.

"Mother," said Edith, "see that poor creature, with something on his back. How uneasy he is. I hope he will stop and rest himself."

The words were hardly spoken ere he approached, and asked the privilege of staying all night. In those primitive days there were but few houses of public entertainment, and nothing was more common than for itinerants to ask such favors, and, when asked, were never rejected. The request was, therefore, readily granted; and Mrs. De

l'Eur, with very natural curiosity, asked of the stranger the nature of the burden he bore upon his back.

The individual answered in a most effeminate voice, "It's a perpetual motion, marm."

"A what?" inquired she.

"A perpetual motion, marm," answered the man, whom the reader will now recognize as Zimri Freeborn, formerly near the confines of Connecticut, but more lately of the jail of the city of New York.

Just before the cause of Sniffling *vs.* Freeborn was reached upon the docket, news had been received of the contest which had taken place at Lexington, and the whole country was in a blaze. Several houses of the Tories had been attacked, the prisoners in the jail had been turned loose, with divers other acts of aggression, which showed that almost the entire of the lower classes were ready for the fray. Secret meetings were held nightly, and the effects were seen from day to day in the total disregard which the populace showed the public authorities.

The elder Mr. De l'Eur and his son soon joined his wife and daughter, who very naturally inquired of the stranger "where he was last from."

"A jail," he replied.

"A jail?" feelingly inquired Mr. De l'Eur; "and may I inquire the cause of your imprisonment?"

"I don't know," feebly answered Zimri.

"Don't know!" exclaimed Mr. De l'Eur; "and, pray, who put you there?"

"Mr. Sniffling," was the answer.

"Mr. Sniffling!" said the younger De l'Eur, with astonishment. "Pray," said he, "do you recollect his Christian name?"

"Julius Cæsar," was the response.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed George, "what is Sniffling about now? You will excuse me," said he, "but Mr. Sniffling was a school-fellow of mine for many years. It is hardly six months since we left school together, and I am

interested in all my late companions. I hope you will not deem me inquisitive."

"Jist so," said Zimri.

"Then will you allow me to ask what business Mr. Snifling is engaged in in New York?"

"He's a merchant."

"But why did he imprison you?"

"It was something about ginger or Indian meal, I don't know which," he solemnly answered.

"Ginger or Indian meal? Did you ever deal with Mr. Snifling?"

"No, sir," he replied.

"Then do I understand you to say that Mr. Snifling caused you to be imprisoned without any cause of action?"

"Jist so," he answered, patiently.

George turned to his parents and said, "I believe it; he is a strange man, and, knowing him as I do, I can believe any thing he may attempt, if the end which he has in view is gain. How strangely," continued he, "is the character of man diversified."

"Yes," said his father; "and if there be any thing which I have fervently prayed for, it is that you may remain free from many of the blemishes which deform so great a portion of the human race; blemishes which nature seems so indelibly to have fixed upon them, that it appears part of their natures; a curse which God has stamped upon them in his wisdom for some great end which we poor finite creatures are not permitted to understand."

"How did you get released from prison?" inquired the elder Mr. De l'Eur.

"I don't know," he replied; "but the Liberty-men helped me, I suppose, seeing as how we were all Liberty-men inside."

"That is to say," said the elder Mr. De l'Eur, smilingly, "you all preferred being outside of the prison to being inside."

"Exactly so," said Zimri, accompanied with a twinkle

of his little gray eyes. "Mr. Standish made a speech about tea and liberty—that did the business."

The whole family seemed confounded at the mention of Standish's name. "Is it possible," said the elder De l'Eur, "that he has been guilty of treason to his king and impiety to his God, and that he is trying to create a rebellion against his anointed? Did you ever suspect him," said he, "of being infected with treasonable intentions?"

"I know," replied his son, "that he bore our people at home* no good will, but I was not prepared to find him in open rebellion. We have discussed the matter to some extent, and, to do him justice, I believe he is sincere in believing that the government is pursuing an unnecessarily harsh course toward us."

Mrs. De l'Eur had stepped out into the garden for a few moments, and, on her return, told her husband that Edith was there and in tears.

"Poor little thing!" said he; "she dislikes to see her father's friend jeoparding his character, and perhaps his life, in a cause that will bring ruin upon himself and disgrace to his family."

The day waxed on, but the De l'Eurs were sad. They had lived mostly to themselves, and the few friends which they recognized as such they took to their hearts and loved as themselves; and although they felt and knew the folly of what the world calls exclusiveness, yet they, at the same time, fully understood the violence which cultivated and refined intellects are subjected to, when brought into too near contact with the coarse and vulgar. They would far rather have lived entirely alone, than to have subjected themselves, not only to the pain, but the disgust that coarseness inflicts.

The charm of society consists in, as nearly as may be, an equality of education and a similarity of pursuits; and the philanthropist may talk of equality, and of bringing the

* It is the practice, even at the present day, with many New England people, to speak of England as "home."

different classes into one great household, but he will learn, before he gets through, that the admixture of oil and water is just as natural as the reformation he would force upon the world.

And it is well that it should be so. The struggle of ascendancy is not without its beneficial effects; and although it may create a smile to see an irredeemably vulgar man pretend to taste and refinement, yet its course is not without its good results. If he begin too late in life himself, or is naturally unfitted for the society he aspires to, he would be very apt to cultivate and refine his children, or at least do what education could for them.

The tendency of a very considerable portion of the community is downward, not only of the plebeian, but of the aristocrat; and if this tendency were not counteracted by an opposite impulse with another portion of the same community, the earth would soon be filled with savages. An aristocracy of intellect and refinement will always exist, when that of power and position, founded on money alone, shall be scouted at, and be made to feel its nothingness.

When aristocracy ceases to be founded on the former, he who claims it will find very few so abject as to follow in the wake of those who are a jest and a by-word with the vulgar, and of pity and contempt to those who possess the merit of seeming what they really are. The De l'Eurs felt and understood this. They were proud of their family escutcheon, because there was no crime connected with it, whose motto had been the watchword of a dozen generations, and whose conduct in life had been squared by it. But allegiance to their king they considered their first duty; and had they known that all their broad acres would have been forfeited by it, it would not have weighed with them one atom.

After they had recovered a little from their astonishment as to the course pursued by Mr. Standish, Mr. De l'Eur remarked to his son that they had a high duty to perform, and, if it should become necessary, the latter must draw

his sword in defense of the government. "And should you," he continued, "be sacrificed in the struggle, I shall have the consolation of knowing that the last of my race has ended life as the first began it."

A hammering and bending of wires in the yard attracted the attention of the family. "What is the traveler doing with that machine?" said Mr. De l'Eur to a servant.

"He says, sir, that he is regulating his perpetual motion," was the reply.

"Is the man crazy?" inquired Mr. De l'Eur of his son. "He may be a genius in his way, but he will never discover a self-moving agent in perpetuity until some of the laws of nature are reversed."

"He is a singular being," replied his son, "but his mania is not uncommon in this land of invention. He certainly seems satisfied with the results of his labors, and if he is happy in the deception, the object of life seems to be accomplished."

"I understand," said the elder De l'Eur to him, as he advanced to the yard where he was hammering, "that you have got a perpetual motion there?"

"Jist so," said Zimri.

"But I fear," said Mr. De l'Eur, "that it will never go. It is contrary to all the known laws of motion."

"No it ain't," said he; and he continued hammering and sawing at his machine, without ever raising his eyes to his interrogator. Mr. De l'Eur withdrew from the contest, and told his wife that he could not make the traveler out, but was fearful that he was a little demented upon the subject that seemed to engross his entire time and attention.

A horseman was now seen winding his way rapidly through the trees toward the house, and before any time had elapsed for comment upon who it could be, Mr. Standish sprang from his saddle and knocked at the door. Mr. De l'Eur, perceiving who it was from the window, directed a servant to inform Mr. Standish "that he was not in the habit of receiving rebels, and that he would greatly oblige

him in the future by not intruding upon his privacy;" but, before the message was delivered, George begged of his father "to suspend it until they were satisfied that he intended to commit some overt act. Perhaps he did not intend it."

"I can not see him. I will withdraw. You can do as you please," replied his father.

Standish, accordingly, was admitted. They approached each other. George's manner was warm, but Standish was pale and broken down with grief, and he trembled in every limb. "George," said he, "I would not have intruded upon you, in these times, under any circumstances that could have occurred to myself. I know and respect your feelings. You have been taught that the king can do no wrong; I, that he rarely does any thing right. The schoolmaster is an arbitrary being: he rules the body in its youth, and ingrafts his prejudices upon the young shoot, and it blossoms on, and controls the parent stem; and if, perchance, a shoot from the latter should put out, and bloom in its native truth, yet the intruder will soon overshadow it. Its petals will close, and it is seen no more. So error stalks on through the world, dazzling the eyes of the beholder with splendor not its own;" and then, with a deep sigh, he continued, "I have sworn over the corpse of a murdered father and a dishonored sister to pursue the minions of England until this arm shall be nerveless, and my father's fate be mine, or the accursed throng be expelled from our fair land. George," said he, "I am here to save you from a fate like my own. Your father's politics are known about our district, and the destruction the Tories have caused has excited our people beyond all control. I had secret intelligence that they were to come this way in force, and, although I am their nominal commander, they are yet acting in detachments, and can not be controlled until they have some discipline."

Standish's eyes were red, and his face looked feverish. "Where," continued he, "is your sister? I wish to see

her. I have nothing else left. I am here to save her from harm." He sank upon a chair. "I am ill, I am ill, George," said he. "Nature has never made me for scenes of blood, yet still I feel that such is my destiny."

"My friend," said George, at the same time affectionately taking his hand, "what fearful tale is this you relate? Did I understand you to speak of the murder of your father—of your sister? What does all this mean? You are feverish, my friend."

"Oh yes! I am. Yet, still, you have the truth. The legions of England have murdered, burned, destroyed. Oh, my sister! would to God that British steel had saved the poisoned cup from your lips!"

George became alarmed, and sent for his father, informing him that Mr. Standish was ill, and required his attendance. This put a new feature upon the visit. Mr. Standish was ill. He was at the home of a Christian and a man who feared God. Mr. De l'Eur therefore came to his assistance, as Standish had swooned. He grasped his hand, and with calm but deep emotion, inquired the cause of his illness. His son briefly related to him what had fallen from his lips. "I hope," said he, "God in his mercy may show this to be a mistake. My son," said he, kindly addressing Mr. Standish, "you are ill and feverish. You must remain quiet under my roof until it shall please God to restore you to your family."

"My family!" repeated Standish; "my family! I have none. I had; but the assassin in his cruel might has slaughtered the hoary and the innocent. The one was slain; the other could not, nay, she should not live. She inherited none of the blandishments of life to shield her memory, and has sought the cold grave to hide her from the shame the world would have heaped upon her." He sank again, exhausted. It was now seen that he was wounded in the arm. The blood came dripping upon his hand.

"You are wounded," said Mr. and Mrs. De l'Eur, in the same breath.

"Yes," he faintly replied, "I am. I bled much yesterday, but I thought the bandage had stopped it."

"You must go to bed, Mr. Standish," said they.

"Yes, I feel that it is necessary," he responded. "Where is Edith? I wish to see something innocent in this cruel world."

Miss De l'Eur had stood in the piazza, agitated, afraid, amazed at what was going on. She felt a natural impulse to be with Standish, yet an instinctive delicacy in doing so. The request of her mother, however, was obeyed, and she stood by his side as a spiritual being. The pulsation of the blue vein upon her temple was rapid. A tear drop stood upon her clear blue eye, and she gave him her tiny white hand as he extended his to her.

"Edith," said he, "I have no sister now. I had; but she was not as beautiful as you. Yet she was my guardian angel. I never was near her but I felt myself a purer, a better man. I felt that no ill could betide me while she yet lived; for she was so like what I have supposed angels to be, that she seemed my intercessor;" and he groaned in his agony. "Oh, God! she is gone, and there is none left to intercede for me!"

"Yes, Mr. Standish," said Edith, rising above herself, as woman always does when men most despair, "my brother's friend is mine. Could my unworthy prayers prevail, your pathway in life would have many flowers to cheer you on your way. My parents have taught me, and I am old enough to know, that our friends are daily called from us. This is a world of tears and disappointments, but the first tears I have shed in sorrow I have shed for you, believing, as my parents teach me, that the cause you have taken against our king is wrong and wicked; and I never retire but I pray to my Father in heaven that he will show you the true path, which will lead you safe through this life, and then to everlasting happiness."

"Edith," said he, interrupting her, "I am weak. You

pain me, too. My father and sister thought as I do. Oh, do not censure them through me."

"I do not," she replied, "censure you or yours. I only censure the cause you are engaged in. I know it is wrong, for my father says it is. Besides, have we not been happy as we are? The fields yield to us their bounty, and our peace is secured against the world, and what do we want more? I recollect, in my infancy, visiting our friends in England, and seeing their parks, their castles, and their dependents; but I am sure that I am far happier, separated as we are from the world, and even our kinsmen, in looking at our primeval forests, and the birds which inhabit them, fresh from the hand of their Maker. I read of wickedness that exists in the Old World that I am sure does not exist here. Do not, oh do not!" she continued, as she timidly glanced her eyes at him, "do not further bring down the wrath of God upon our beautiful land!"

Mr. Standish sighed heavily as he said, "Edith, I am faint, yet comforted; miserable, yet consoled."

"To-morrow," said she, as she withdrew, "with my mother's consent, I will see you again;" and, as she turned to leave the room, this innocent child, who had known before no sorrow, groaned from the depths of her heart. She had never before seen one afflicted, and did not expect to see one so young suffering from the loss of connections; but in her judgment it was retributive justice.

Every care was taken of Mr. Standish. Upon an examination of his arm, it was found to be but a flesh wound, and had proceeded from a musket ball. As they were closing the door upon his chamber, he reminded them that, if they heard any noise about the house in the night, they had better awaken him, as the patrolling parties might commit some act of aggression.

After Mr. Standish had retired, the family gathered together. "Is it come to this," said Mr. De l'Eur, "that we are in danger of an enemy in our quiet abode, and that our lives are threatened for expressing sentiments which seem

to me every honest man must feel?" and he then exclaimed, "God's will be done!" He affectionately drew his daughter to him, and kissed her tenderly, and, as he gazed upon her, exclaimed, "No! no! man is a fallen being; he is guilty of almost every vice, treachery and falsehood, cruelty and revenge, but surely he is not fallen so low as to injure this poor child."

The family, after commending themselves to Heaven, retired to their several apartments.

The whole country was in a state of alarm. Blood had been spilled, and the struggle had now fairly begun. The term "rebel" associated with it all that was bad, and aroused in the adverse side the bitterest elements of revenge. The term "Tory" conveyed with it all that was cruel and accursed, and the houses of the vanquished were seen in a blaze throughout the land. "Death to the tyrants!" "Death to the rebels!" were the watchwords which seemed to actuate either party.

The elder Mr. Standish and his family had been attacked by the Tories. He lustily defended himself and them until he was slain, and then all which had been intimated by young Standish occurred but too truly.

The night waned on, and the cricket was chanting merrily away upon the hearth, and the stars looked down upon earth, as bright and serene as if smiling upon a world that knew no sin. The winds were hushed, and the silvery music of the spheres floated on the air as the heavenly choir rolled on in the eternal depths of space.

When we look abroad upon this beautiful world, and the millions of worlds beside that go on in their ceaseless round, and see and feel their sublimity, does it not seem miraculous that man, in his intelligence, will allow the baser passions of envy, malice, and revenge to find a resting-place in his bosom? And, oh! the contrast—the sublimity of nature; the utter littleness of the heart where dwells such passions. Yet the mass of men possess them, and, possessing them, go on in their mad career, and affix upon a goal

the world calls fame; while the truly great look upon it as the abode of a day, and that day sacred to thought and meditation, in fitting themselves for a higher estate when they shall leave this.

Such was the turn of mind of Mr. De l'Eur, and he had strongly imbued his philosophy into the minds of his children. His highest pleasure was to teach them the religion of nature—to dwell upon its vast sublimity. This, perhaps, had given a tinge of soberness to their character; but it was the soberness of truth—the soberness of divine aspirations—a confidence in their virtue, and a satisfaction in its contemplation, that none but the righteous feel or can understand. In his latter years he had never laid his head upon his pillow but that he felt that he was in the arms of his God—a confidence in his power and will that could not be mistaken; and if he had known that that night was to have been his last, he would have closed his eyes as calmly upon the world as if his sleep had been but for an hour.

The old oaken clock in the library went clicking on, in the distinctness that night gave it, and, as it struck four, a bugle was heard in the distance, so soft and sweet that it seemed an echo to the tones of the lute; then all was still. Again it sounded in the stillness of the night—it came upon the ear as the summer's breeze upon the *Æolian* harp—and again the silence was deep and fearful, and the clock ticked, and the cricket chirped on as before.

Mr. De l'Eur arose from his bed, and a little way from the door, upon the lawn, he perceived a soldier in the British uniform, with measured step carefully pacing to and fro; and as he drew near, the man presented his musket, and demanded him to stand.

"Who and what are you?" said Mr. De l'Eur.

"A private in his majesty's —th infantry," was the reply.

"Who sent you, and upon what errand?" inquired Mr. De l'Eur.

"The officer of the guard," responded the soldier, re-

spectfully. "It is supposed," added he, "that an attempt will be made upon this house to-night, and a body of men are encamped in the grove yonder to repel them, should such be the case. My orders were not to disturb you, sir, unless it should be necessary; and, if I've got ears, I heard a bugle away yonder in the hills. I shouldn't wonder if they be here 'fore long."

Mr. De l'Eur withdrew, and the sentinel continued on his weary round. He had slept until his usual hour, and when he arose, had lighted a candle, as he was in the habit of doing, and was reading his allotted portion of the Scriptures. He read and weighed them liberally; and that portion which to him seemed historic, he treated as such, and that portion which appeared allegoric, he gave to it a construction consistent with the times, and the condition of the people for whose rule of conduct it was given; but that portion which suited all times and all people he adopted as his infallible guide, regulating and bringing down any asperities which he found rising in his breast to the admonitions and requirements met with there. But he would not yield up the talent that God had given him by treating allegory as fact, or history as inspiration. He knew well that language, when new, is made up of signs and comparisons, and that, in its most perfect state, it is only divested of them because those signs and comparisons are forgotten; and while he, with reverential awe, looked to revelation as his sheet-anchor of hope, yet he claimed the privilege, as an intelligent and responsible being, of judging for himself; responsible, because he was created to know good from evil, truth from falsehood, virtue from vice; and he claimed to exercise that very intelligence for the reason that *he was* responsible, should he err in a passive obedience to the teaching of feebler intellects than his own. After carefully weighing in his mind the chapter which he had read, he went to the room of Mr. Standish. He found him sleeping soundly; and as the waning moon reflected its light upon the head of the bed, and exposed his high, in-

tellectual forehead, the light curl upon his temple, and his muscular and well-adjusted shoulders, combining symmetry with strength, and the light flush upon his cheek, he felt that he was cast in nature's noblest mold. There was something in his features which told of generosity—of honesty of purpose; yet his lofty brow denoted that pride, independence, and a proper estimate of his own character controlled all these. He saw a man before him that, in a natural state of society, could own no superior.

The sound of the bugle was now again heard, and nearer than before; and as Mr. De l'Eur looked to the course from whence it came, he heard the tramp of horses rapidly approaching the house but a short distance from it, and in a few moments after, several discharges of fire-arms in rapid succession. For a moment all was again still, except what appeared to be the groans of wounded men, and the quick flight of horses without their riders; then cheers, all at once, rang through the wood, as if uttered by the victorious party.

The sentinel, however, without relaxing his pace, moved on in the same mechanical way as before. Mr. De l'Eur went to the door, and questioned the man as to the meaning of the firing.

"Ambushed the rebels, sir," was the reply.

"I fear," said Mr. De l'Eur, "that some of them are slain."

"No doubt, sir," replied the sentinel.

"How many men are there in the grove?" inquired Mr. De l'Eur.

"One full company, sir, rank and file."

"How long are you to stay here?"

"Until relieved," he replied.

"Who will relieve you?" was Mr. De l'Eur's next inquiry, not understanding the military expression.

"The officer of the guard," was the reply.

Zimri, upon the first alarm, had made off with his machine; not that he had any fear for his own safety only,

but he was not altogether unambitious of leaving behind him a monument of his ingenuity, as well as other men of perhaps less merit. Besides, the smell of gunpowder had, on several occasions, brought on a turn of asthma, an affliction to which he was subject. He applied saltpeter sometimes to cure it, and it was he who first used the unrefined saying "that it was the hair of the same dog that cured the disease," but which, in modern times, has been rendered into "like cures like."

Mr. De l'Eur hurried back to the room, and there he found Mr. Standish dressed, and busy in repriming his pistols. He was surprised when he had been informed of what had happened, and that a sentinel was before the door. He suspected that the Tories had received information of his "whereabouts," as they certainly had of the movements of the party which had been repulsed. He was very anxious to ascertain whether it was a detachment of his own men. They had, as yet, little or no discipline, and acted more upon impulse originating among themselves than by any orders.

Mr. Standish had been appointed a colonel, but had not been assigned to any particular command. His bearing, however, in several affairs, and particularly the last, where he was wounded, had made him conspicuous as a leader, and one whose capture would have been a point gained, by striking dismay into the daring and turbulent spirits which seemed to rise up on every side. Mr. Standish now asked Mr. De l'Eur whether he intended to give him up to the British; "for," said he, "if such is your intention, I shall endeavor at once to make my escape, and, if unsuccessful, will sell my life dearly rather than be captured." Mr. De l'Eur assured him that, as he had received his hospitality, it should continue until he could get safely away; and the more especially as he came to protect himself and family, he had no option, and would, therefore, do all in his power to secrete him. "Daylight," he added, "is now approaching. A demand may be made for you. You had better,

therefore, go in the shadow of the house to the barn. It is filled with hay and grain. You can easily shelter yourself there until a favorable moment shall arrive to leave. It is my desire, after that, for you to leave us to our fate, whatever it may be."

Upon looking out of his chamber window, he perceived several officers in British uniform advancing toward the house. Mr. De l'Eur then rapidly withdrew, accompanied by Mr. Standish, and, showing him a back door, pointed a way to his exit.

In a few moments after the latter had made good his retreat, the officers approached, and, as they came up to the sentinel, he made them the customary salute by presenting arms. They inquired of him if he had seen any one about the house, to which he replied, "No one but the elderly gentleman, whom he suspected of being the proprietor."

Shortly afterward, a sergeant came from the grove with a file of men, and stationed them at several points commanding the entire grounds around the house. The three officers, at the head of whom was a Captain Millbank, then introduced themselves to Mr. De l'Eur.

Captain Millbank was a gentleman of perhaps thirty-eight, with polished manners, and, at different periods, had been stationed in almost every portion of his majesty's dominions; but the life of fashion which he had led, and the somewhat dissipated career which, almost necessarily, had followed, gave him an older appearance, and a ruddiness of complexion incompatible with a life of study and thought. Much blood in the face is sure to pale the heart. A coroner's jury should never bring in a verdict of death from over-affection of one whose blushes have arisen from such causes.

Captain Millbank, however, was every inch a soldier. Tall and athletic, his black hair contrasted well with his ruddy complexion, and, with his self-satisfied air, and his general appreciation of the sex, he was a dangerous competitor in a love affair. It is one of the misfortunes of a

lover, in the start, that he invests the object of his affections with so many superhuman attributes, and encumbers himself with such a surplus of heart, without any regard for the necessity of a head. Though the captain had but little of either, yet they were so well apportioned that the alliance had rendered them, on more than one occasion, very effective.

"I hope," said the captain, addressing Mr. De l'Eur, "that the firing has not disturbed your sleep. I do not know what the rascals would *not* have done if they had had their own way. As it is," continued he, "I think they will hardly blow their bugles again in a hurry, when they intend a surprise. Fine tactics, those! fine tactics, indeed!" muttered the captain, as if displeased at so un-military an indiscretion. "Yet," continued he, "if the dogs had discipline, and a Cromwell, their psalmody might be as effective as poor Charles found it." He then added, "We have intelligence, sir, that a fellow the rebels call Colonel Standish is in your house, and we therefore require him of you as our prisoner. I am also further directed by my colonel to express his astonishment that you should harbor a notorious rebel; one too, sir, who has given us much trouble, and who, with the curs about him, has slain some of our best men. Be pleased, sir, to direct us to his chamber, if I may so far ask it of you."

"Mr. Standish is not in my house," replied Mr. De l'Eur, "and if he were, I should hope that its hospitalities would be sacred." He then continued: "Mr. Standish, sir, has for a long time been a friend of my son—indeed, has been his companion during his college term. He is a high-minded and educated gentleman; and allow me to tell you, sir, that the course the king's servants are taking is ill-advised, and shows their ignorance of a people comprising so large and flourishing a portion of the British colonial possessions. I have heard with pain," he continued, "that the elder Mr. Standish has been murdered by our men, and that his daughter has committed suicide rather than live dishonor-

ed. The brothers, husbands, and children of such women are not easily conquered."

"As to what you have related," said Captain Millbank, "I know nothing, for I was not there; but I understand that *this* Mr. Standish is a prominent man in the rebellion, and it has been thought best to make an example of him; and, if I catch him, I will hang the would-be colonel on a limb of the first tree. As for the outrage upon Miss Standish, it is denied; and, although the doctors say she took poison, it is supposed that it was through grief for the death of her father, and the alleged death of her brother, who was known to have been wounded in a charge he made with cavalry upon a column of infantry. I could not," continued the captain, "help admiring the fellow, notwithstanding he's a rebel, for the reckless way he made at us. He's an ugly bird, that, and I should much like to cage him. But really, Mr. De l'Eur," continued he, "I have positive information that he is in your house, and you must excuse me for insisting that you show me his chamber."

"Captain Millbank," said Mr. De l'Eur, coloring to the temples, "this is the first time my word has ever been doubted, and I beg of you not to repeat these doubts." This was said in so much truth that the captain apologized, but added that "the information came so straight that he thought he could rely on it."

"I do not deny, but admit," said Mr. De l'Eur, "that he passed a *portion* of the night in my house; but I again assure you he is not in it now."

Captain Millbank was now satisfied, and in a courteous manner expressed his regret that his orders had been so peremptory. "We will return to the camp," said he; "and if it is convenient, would like to be favored with some linen for bandages. Several of our men," added he, "are too badly wounded to be sent back."

"I hope none are *dangerously* so?" said Mr. De l'Eur.

"Those who are not *already* dead may perchance recover," replied the captain.

"Then you have lost some of them?" rejoined the former, much agitated.

"Only four," said the captain, carelessly. "We have already buried them, supposing that the occurrence might be unpleasant to your family."

"But what has become of the rebels?" inquired Mr. De l'Eur.

"They were two hundred strong, and they have carried off their dead and wounded," was the reply. "We thought it not prudent to leave the grove in the face of such a force of cavalry."

Mr. De l'Eur could hardly believe his senses, nor could he realize the fact that a fearful flow of blood had been shed within a few hundred yards of his own house. He would gladly have retired from the haunts of men, to spend the remainder of his days in some sheltered nook of the world, where human ambition and passions could not reach him. He had left England partly to get rid of the excitement of politics and the influence of demagogues, and, as he supposed, had found shelter from them in the quiet valley where he had reared his children. "But alas!" said he, "there is no peace for the sons of men. We have all sinned, and dreadful is the penalty. To-day the fields yield their harvest, and the fruit from the bending trees tempt the senses. The fragrance of the meadow is wafted to our chambers by the gales of the evening, and those we love are with us to enjoy the blessing. But to-morrow! and where are they? Oh, memory! memory!" he said, in anguish, "thou art a weapon to torture when all are destroyed!"

The officers had retired to their quarters after dispatching a soldier with what linen they wanted for the wounded.

In the mean time, Mr. De l'Eur's household had arisen, entirely ignorant of the events of the night. Edith, refreshed by her slumbers, was the first to make her appearance, and the sadness she had exhibited the day before had given place to the usual smile that played upon her features. Her father took her to his arms, and pressed her to

his heart, not knowing how soon the horrors of an intestine war would part them.

"Father," said she, tenderly gazing upon him, "why look you so sad? I hope Mr. Standish's wound is no worse?" and then she hesitatingly added, "Have you seen him this morning?"

"Yes, daughter," said he; "he is much better, and, since he has lost his own parents, I would even be as a parent to him."

"Thank you, father," said she; "and I would be as a sister to him. You must influence him to discontinue his misguided course, and live with us. It surely would add much to George's happiness to have a companion here in our solitude; one, too, whose talents he so much appreciates and respects."

Mr. De l'Eur had said nothing of what had occurred during the night until the morning's devotions were over, when he told every thing that had taken place, and enjoined upon them all the necessity of not even mentioning the name of Standish.

Mr. De l'Eur and his son resolved to go to the little encampment, and see for themselves the result of the night's affair, and upon reaching the ground, a small tent attracted their attention, and here they found the wounded lying. The surgeon was busily at work dressing their wounds, and, though one was evidently dying, yet there was no complaint. His glazed eyes showed that death was at hand. He looked for a moment wistfully at the party, and then talked wildly about his home, and called for his mother, while he endeavored to raise his head.

Mr. De l'Eur begged of the surgeon to permit him to send after beds for the poor fellows; but the surgeon laughed outright, as did even some of the wounded men themselves. "Why, sir," said the military leech, "they would not live an hour on a bed. Nothing would be more fatal. Fact," said he, while he continued his work. "When young, tried it. They all died except a few recruits who

had not seen service. Strange, but true, I assure you. Tried it on myself—had the rheumatism ever since—fact! strange, but true.

"There, corporal," continued he, as he finished dressing the wounds of the man he was employed upon, "there, corporal. Very near done for. All right now; can't die if you try."

"Thank'ee," said the corporal, all but fainting. "Do you think I'll live?"

"Didn't I tell you," said the surgeon, "that you couldn't die if you tried. Pretty soldier, you, not to obey orders!"

"Oh, I didn't understand, sir. Thank'ee—thank you kindly, doctor," said the poor corporal, gasping for breath.

Mr. De l'Eur and his son sickened at the sight thus presented to their eyes in the camp; yet all they would have done for the poor wounded soldiers was instantly rejected as being unmilitary. They could do no less, however, than to invite the officers to breakfast, and this invitation was cordially accepted. In the course of an hour the whole party had assembled round the breakfast table. The officers ate voraciously, and seemed to enjoy their meal much; but they were the only happy persons at the board. The captain sat opposite to Miss De l'Eur, and said, in his blindest manner, many complimentary things, to all of which she replied with her innate good-breeding, but in sadness. She ate nothing, nor could she eat while he who, in some strange way, occupied all her thoughts, was wounded and in danger.

After breakfast the captain sought an opportunity of falling into conversation with her again, but he merely received polite answers to all of his questions, and to all his remarks that gracious acknowledgment which refined persons always show. Beyond this he could elicit nothing; and he was too much a man of the world, and had seen too much of good society, to mistake the terms in which politeness expresses itself for any thing like partiality for himself or profession.

After the officers had again retired to their quarters, their conversation ran upon the beauty and good sense of Miss De l'Eur, and the hospitality of her father.

"She is too pretty," said Captain Millbank, "and too accomplished, to be shut out from the world in this secluded place. I say, Dick," continued he, addressing his lieutenant, "call the orderly, and ask him to see if our traps are in the baggage wagon. We must put on our uniforms. This fatigue dress will never do in the face of our fair enemy."

"We made a sad mistake, captain, in going to the house looking as we do," said the lieutenant; "but as for me, it is all one—my market is made. I am sorry, however, for you, captain. I saw you were ambushed."

"Yes," said he, with a loud laugh, "as true as Genesis, Dick. Who thought of finding such a beautiful enemy? Only see," pointing to his coat, "this poor, miserable old frock. It has been from England to India, and panther hunting, lion hunting, and Hindoo hunting. I am afraid," added he, with a mock solemnity, "that it is too late now. Hard to get over first impressions. But, if the old gentleman invites us to dinner, I'll make amends. I say, Sam," said he, addressing his servant, "is my dress coat with the luggage? linen all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant.

"Very well," said the captain, gayly.

"Mr. Standish must be attended to," said Mrs. De l'Eur. "He will suffer where he is."

"Yes, indeed he will," rejoined Edith. "The guard around the house have all gone to the camp, and he can quite safely return."

While, however, they were in consultation respecting him, he entered the house, and was at once conducted to a chamber which opened from that usually occupied by the mother and daughter.

Both Mr. and Mrs. De l'Eur looked at him now with almost the affection of parents. Since the cruel death of his

father and sister, they felt, in a measure, responsible for his present welfare, and hoped that his generous and humane disposition would revolt at taking any further part in a cause that seemed a doomed one. But they little knew of the fire that burned in his bosom. He felt that humanity itself was aggrieved, and that the rest of his life must be devoted to assist in freeing his country from the intermeddling tyranny which afflicted it. Breakfast was sent to his room; and George—who had been entirely passive at the strange incidents of the day, knowing not what to make of them, and looking upon them as a kind of dream which he could not realize—together with Edith, accompanied him there.

She sat by his side as he ate, and she ate too, helping him when his wounded arm would not do its office. But that young heart knew not that it loved. She only knew that she was happier when *he* formed one of the family circle than she felt in his absence. Perhaps it was in consequence of his misfortunes, or that he was the friend of her brother; and she would gaze in his face for whole minutes, and examine every feature, and as innocent with respect to any knowledge of the reason of her inclination to do so as if she had been gazing into the face of an infant. And if he looked upon her it mattered not. It was that passive obedience to the law of her nature, unrebuked by any consciousness of wrong, and unrestrained by customs regulating the licentious. He, too, found his happiness depended upon her presence; but was it because he now had no other female to commune with? Was it that she was of his sister's age when that sister died, and that, in the desolation of his heart, he sought her on that account? Be that as it may, he felt that his happiness depended upon her, and that, should any calamity befall her, desolate indeed would be his pilgrimage on earth.

But the time was now at hand when he was to meet his friends at the appointed place, and during the coming night he must take his departure. The room in which they were

fronted the grove where the company of soldiers were encamped, and every thing appeared to be quiet there. Edith listened with delight to the conversation between her brother and their guest. They recounted many a juvenile adventure, and many a fraud practiced upon the professor of mathematics, when they were in fault in demonstrating a problem in Euclid, or obtaining a result in algebra; and, although Edith entered into the spirit of the thing, she laughingly said "it was wicked, and she was ashamed of them both." Thus buoyant is youth. Its sun will set enveloped in gusty clouds, and all is drear and bleak in the horizon; but it will rise in the morning in all its splendor, the fitful cloud dispersed, and the sorrows of the evening forgotten.

At this moment the shrill fife was heard, accompanied by the drum, in the direction of the encampment, and, as they looked that way, they saw the company filing rapidly out of the wood to the tune of "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" and Edith, taking up the air, continued it, keeping time with her head, and, with a merry laugh, marched below to tell her parents that the soldiers were gone.

The poor captain, after taking the utmost pains at his toilet, received an order from his colonel, ten miles distant, informing him that they expected an attack from the rebels, and directing him to join the regiment without delay.

"Well," said Mr. Standish, addressing Edith, "I see that you have military blood in your veins, after all. There is something inspiring in the fife and drum, is there not?"

"Yes," said she, "there is, when the idea is separated from the ravages of war. As a spectacle, the order, the gay attire of the military, I admit, is pleasing."

"But, Edith—and may I call you thus?" said he; "suppose a case: suppose you were partial to an officer—say, if you please, to Captain Millbank—"

"Stop there!" she exclaimed; "that is not a supposable case."

"Well, then," continued Standish, "suppose your broth-

er should see fit to enter the army, would you like to hear his courage doubted?"

"No, certainly not," she promptly replied; "that would disgrace him in the eyes of the world. For him to choose a profession, and then behave incompatible with its requirements, that would, of course, be wrong. All I meant to say is, that I would rather he should not enter it at all."

"You have answered, Edith, as I would have you," he replied.

They then went to the garden together, and sauntered among the flowers. The day had rapidly passed on, and the sun had performed far more than half his daily course. Mr. Standish again resumed the conversation.

"I have felt it," said he, "to be my duty to enter the army, and, since I am alone in the world, it matters little what my fate shall be. But you shall never blush for the conduct of your brother's friend, and—may I say—yours also?"

"Yes," said she, "my brother's friends are also mine."

"And could not that friendship exist but through him?" he inquired.

"Mr. Standish," said she, looking him steadily in the face, "could my poor friendship have availed any thing, you would not have suffered the ills you have of late experienced; and whatever destiny may be yours or mine, or wherever you may be, the sincerest prayers of my heart shall be offered for your happiness, not only in this world, but in the world to come. I would have dissuaded you from your course, but I see you are fixed in purpose. I hope," added she, "that Providence may keep you in its holy charge. I feel that we shall miss—nay, that I shall miss you. I perhaps do wrong in admitting this; for if you regarded us as we do you, you would not have entered upon a profession which is so little to our tastes and habits, and embraced a course which my father condemns."

"I am aware, Edith, of all you say," he replied; "and permit me to add that, were I convinced that I was wrong,

I would, this moment, relinquish all of my resolves ; and, more than that, had I supposed that it would have pained you, I never would have taken the oath which I have. I know that you would not have me turn traitor to my friends, or perjure myself before my God."

She remained silent for some moments, and, as she raised her eyes and met his, she exclaimed, "My peace, I fear, is gone forever ! Oh, what would I give if my childhood had not passed away ! Then I loved my parents, and my brother, and my little sister, now in heaven. We had none other to divide our affections with. This peaceful valley was the world to me ; every bush and every flower had its recollections. I wished, then, for nothing more. Now you are to array yourself in the habiliments of war. Oh, how I shudder when I think of what is to follow !"

Mr. Standish felt that this last affliction, of parting with one who engrossed his entire thoughts, would consummate his misery ; and when he found he had hesitated in his own heart as to his future course, he shuddered as his oath passed across his mind. They both silently withdrew to the house, and then to their own apartments.

The conflicting emotions which occupied those under that roof were many. But hope for the future is a spirit of light and joy, which comes in to the aid of misfortune, no matter how great that misfortune may be, or how severe its consummation. Were it not for this mysterious agent, which lights up the dark path—which bedecks the tomb with flowers, and throws into the gloomy sky of the future its genial ray—oh, how blank and fearful would the world appear ! how desolate the condition of man ! His intelligence would be a curse, his aspirations a torture, and the present an abyss from which there would be no escape. This emanation of heaven buoyed them up. They reasoned to themselves that the rebellion would be of short duration, nay, that it would be quelled before harm could arise ; that, if Mr. Standish was taken prisoner, the interest that Mr. De l'Eur could exercise in England would insure a *pardon, and that, after all, it might be for the best.*

Night was approaching, and Mr. Standish began to make ready for his departure. They had dined in silence, and were prepared for the separation. His friend George had recovered from the shock which the events of the past few days had produced; but Edith looked wistfully round, striving to hide the emotions which she felt every moment to arise with additional force. She had been in the habit, all her life, of taking an interest in every thing her parents were concerned in, and she had also been so much in the habit of seconding them, that they were slow to believe that her heart was truant; but they could not help but see a certain perturbation, a flurried movement, which showed that she was far from being at peace with herself.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. De l'Eur to his wife, as she suggested to him that she was fearful of a growing attachment between the two, "nonsense! It is time enough to draw such surmises five years hence. The child has seen our interest in him, and she feels and commiserates his misfortunes."

But Mr. De l'Eur had his misgivings, though he could not inflict the pain upon himself which he would have done by admitting it. He felt, however, that the departure of Mr. Standish would be a relief to him, nor did he regret it when he ordered his horse. It was saddled and standing by the door just as the sun had disappeared in the west. They all came to the front of the house as he was ready to take his departure. Mr. De l'Eur gave him his blessing, as did Mrs. De l'Eur. George affectionately bade him God speed; but Edith stood motionless. No marble statue was paler. She could not bid him adieu; and, as he lingered and gazed, a stupor seemed to come upon her. She expressed neither joy nor sorrow. In a moment he was in the saddle. "God protect thee," said he, "and accursed be he who would offend thee!" In a few moments more he was far away from her who was the bright star of his life, and to which he looked to cheer him through the fearful perils which he knew he was to encounter; the righteous-

ness of which he felt assured, and its accomplishment he intrusted to Him who has said "that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

CHAPTER V.

THE same deep cavern which, more than a hundred years before, had sheltered the regicides who had fled from England at the Restoration, was again occupied by men of the same stock, with similar objects in view, and for causes not unlike those complained of by their ancestors. Though the long arms of England had stretched themselves three thousand miles in grasping what belonged to others, yet it made their depredations not the less objectionable. The same indomitable will and innate pride which led the Puritans to spurn dictation, found sympathy in their descendants. The broad field and the deep forest are poorly calculated to learn fealty in, or for teaching youth the divine right of kings.

Notwithstanding the fearful storm, the darkness of the night, and the swaying of the trees, yet each man was true to his appointment, and at the call of the roll not only answered in a voice which told of his presence, but of his determination. Many an arm was in a sling, and several were there who had been maimed since their first assembling. A fire was lighted in a corner of the room; but the moaning of the winds, and the peals of thunder which came rolling down from the black clouds, stayed their proceedings, and directed their thoughts to Him to whom they had appealed for the justice of their cause.

For a time their passions were allayed, and the rancor that burned in their breasts gave place to calmer and more gentle thoughts. Many there, who would have faced the

cannon's mouth, and who would have yielded their hearts up willingly at the altar of freedom, quailed before the majesty of omnipotence; and when peal after peal echoed through the caverns of the deep forest, they felt how little and insignificant is the exertion of man when opposed to His laws. Indeed, it seemed as if the latter, in their grandeur, mocked the puny efforts of the former.

Among those who were there was Zimri Freeborn. He alone seemed unmoved—neither elevated nor depressed; but there he sat, in the darkest corner of the room, making up in the twinkling of his eyes what he lost by the statue-like immobility of his form. Zimri had been invited to attend the meeting in order that arrangements might be made with him in gaining intelligence of the movements of the enemy. His rambling habits, his simple appearance, his attachment to his machine, and his reputed monomania upon his late discovery of the perpetual motion, gave him a kind of privileged character, and excited the sympathy of all who knew him.

The storm at last began to subside, and the members to proceed to the business of the night. They now felt themselves stronger than ever. Their reports showed that, as far as the common class of people dare express themselves, it was in opposition to the pretenses of the mother country, and that they would be satisfied with nothing less than that the higher grade of colonial officers should at least be residents of the colonies, and understand somewhat of the genius of the people over whom they exercised authority. Yet the more recent settlers, and especially the officers of the crown, petty officers and their dependents, together with the more wealthy classes, formed a powerful and dangerous opposition, the more especially as they were pretty equally scattered about the country.

The members of the Episcopal Church, though not numerous, had men of much learning among them, and they and their preachers were generally loyal to the king. They insisted that the grievances complained of were more im-

aginary than real, and that the small excise the home government called for was right; for, as the mother country annually expended large sums in affording protection, she ought to be reimbursed. This argument seemed satisfactory and reasonable to many of the tax-payers, but quite the contrary to another portion of the community, and particularly to those who paid no taxes at all. The parent land, not only the wealthiest, but the most powerful in the world—whose territories stretched into every zone, and whose artillery flashed on every sea—aided, too, by the greater proportion of the respectability of the South, and not an inconsiderable portion of them at the North and middle provinces, rendered any opposition to its rule an undertaking rash of itself, had not its political character, in the first place, taken from it any ulterior belligerent design.

Tories in the provinces were sympathized with by Tories at home, and Whigs at home were sympathized with by Whigs here, and it mattered little what flagrant acts were committed, so long as they bore upon their face the stamp of party. Their violence was sure to find full justification somewhere.

Professed politicians seemed unconscious of the mischief they were producing; and while in public speeches they inflamed the minds of the multitude, particularly the more ignorant portion of them, the better classes were forced to arrange themselves on the side of that party which appeared the least objectionable. They often met, at the convivial board, politicians of the opposite side on terms of perfect amity and friendship, while their poor proselytes were breaking the heads of each other in the way of exhibiting their zeal for their respective leaders; and thus the war began, and the means, perhaps, was justified by its consummation.

While the leaders were thus writing inflammatory speeches for the eye of the public, not only at home, but in the provinces, their poor disciples were murdering and plundering each other. The animal passions being thus excited, they ravaged the country with fire and sword, until the

flashy gibberish of paid demagogues became sublimated by its unanticipated results and the majesty of its consequences.

Several inquiries were made of Zimri as to his recent travels about the country, and whether he knew Gabriel Dexter, Esq., of New York. "Yes; well acquainted with him," he replied. "He was Mr. Snifling's lawyer about the ginger."

He was then asked whether Mr. Dexter was a Whig or Tory.

"That," said Zimri, "would, I guess, depend upon his fee. It's nat'ral to wish for pay, isn't it?"

Colonel Standish, who knew that all Zimri could do well was to convey letters, and he could do that, perhaps, better than any one else, for the reasons before given, here said to him, in a side whisper,

"Will you convey a message to Miss De l'Eur?"

"Jist so," was the reply of Zimri; who also added, "Pretty gal, that, colonel."

"Very well, then," exclaimed Standish, "you must start with one; and mind you be as expeditious as possible!"

Accordingly, Zimri made immediate preparation by buckling straps upon his machine; but the colonel, perceiving it, said,

"You had better leave that behind until you return."

Zimri looked at the colonel in silence; his eyes twinkled more rapidly than ever; until at length he managed to exclaim,

"It don't go yet, but 'twill one of these days;" and then he fell into a fit of abstraction. He heard nothing further that was said to him; his all-absorbing machine had again occupied his mind; the pupils of his eyes became contracted, and he began bending his wires in all manner of conceivable shapes. In the mean time Colonel Standish prepared the message, and Zimri, shouldering his perpetual motion, departed from the wood long before the break of day.

After conferring together upon future operations, it was

determined that several regiments should take the field, and that the enlistments should be for three years, or during the war; but, as every movement was watched by the Tories, it was necessary that some place for assembling together should remain secret from them, and none seemed to offer greater advantages than the present one. Its rocky and sterile hills had hitherto held out no inducements for man to frequent them; the wild beasts of the forest had been the undisputed masters of its fastnesses, and still held over it entire sway.

A next delicate and necessary task to perform, and which gave them much concern, was to know the best way to dispose of their Tory connections and friends, for scarcely a member present but had either the one or the other belonging to them. Many acts of aggression and cruelty had been exercised upon each respectively by the partisans of the other of the most painful nature, which acts were deprecated, but found impossible to prevent; and when the forces should be increased, and men from distant sections of the colony should be enlisted, they felt that something would have to be done to stay the hand of violence from the unoffending. But how that was to be brought about was a difficult question to settle. If they remained at their homes, they were unsafe; if they should leave for sections less infected, they would have no means of living. It was no uncommon or extraordinary exhibition to find a father on one side, and a son or brother on the other, the one girding on the cutlass for the fray, while the other was sharpening his to repel it; and the mother, in a paroxysm of grief at the unnatural struggle, praying to Heaven, in the agony of her soul, for the preservation of her offspring. Nor was it an uncommon sight to see members of the same congregation, who had partaken of the sacrament at the same altar, baptized at the same font, and confirmed by the same hands, arraying themselves on different sides in hostile battalions, imbued with the same spirit as the warriors of old when obeying the inspired voice of their prophets.

A community, with such ties to sever, had a task before it little less dreadful than death itself. A foreign war is comparatively trifling. There is no consanguinity of blood to sacrifice, no early attachments to sever, nor is there the same degree of hate engendered.

It became necessary, therefore, to give them timely warning, either to leave the colony, or go to parts of it less subject to attack. It was agreed to dispatch messengers the next day to such persons as they felt an interest in. Colonel Standish prepared his to Mr. De l'Eur, wherein he expressed it as a duty, though a painful one, to inform him that it would be out of his power, however much influence he might possess, to shield him from danger; and he confessed to him that he had become attached to his daughter, but alone as he found himself in the world, and the inferiority of his condition in life, had presented themselves before him as an insuperable bar to their union; and that his disappointment, with the other losses he had recently sustained, rendered life of little consequence to him, and he intended to devote it in endeavoring to free his country from bad government; that he had endeavored to take an unbiased view of its situation, and he had fully made up his mind that gross impositions had been practiced upon it.

In the letter which he dispatched by Zimri to Miss De l'Eur, he also, in the most frank manner, spoke of his attachment, and said that he had endeavored to disguise it as long as possible; that the laws of hospitality, the friendship he bore her brother, and the reverence he felt for her father—all forbade him taking advantage of the circumstances under which he had been placed, even if he had been sure that he possessed her affections. "But," said he, "you are a young creature, just begun to look out upon the world, and, viewing it in the freshness of youth, you love it, and all that you see in it, because you believe that every thing there is innocent and good like yourself. It was a hard struggle to leave you; and when I gazed for the last time upon your innocent face, you little knew of the fix-

that preyed upon my vitals, and the storm that raged within my unhappy bosom ; and though, when I turned to leave you, my misery was complete, yet the duty I owed my poor country was paramount to all ; and I feel that, in the performance of that duty, I have yielded all else of earth that to me was worth preserving. In taking my leave of you, and, I fear, forever, I would ask that, should you hear of my fall, let it not afflict you ; for I can not but believe that when the great mystery of the Book of Nature shall be opened, it will reveal a world for those on earth to inhabit whose souls in this were knitted together by the mysterious sympathy that can be naught but an emanation of Him who has created nothing in vain. Nor can I believe that those souls, partaking here on earth of the Divine essence, will be permitted to change their character, but that they will go on through all time in the perfection of love, proclaiming their felicity and the goodness of the Creator. It is unnecessary for me to add, that whatever may be my destiny, your happiness will be paramount to all other considerations ; and I freely admit, that should I receive intelligence hereafter of your marriage, it would require all my philosophy to avoid the canker that would fasten upon my heart."

Such were the conflicting elements which, while they destroyed the peace, nerved the arm of Colonel Standish. While he yielded up, on the one hand, the greatest boon given to man to cheer him on in life's dreary way, without an exertion to secure the prize, he grasped, on the other, with all of the tenacity of ambition, one of secondary consideration, fraught with peril, and to be attained only through seas of blood, severing the ties of youth, which, in age, can never be supplied. It is true that he deemed it a duty to his country ; nor did he, after the first flush of anguish was over, harbor a single sentiment of revenge on account of the inhumanity exercised by the Tories toward his relatives. He mourned, but it was the mourning of a son for a parent ; his cheek paled, but it was the pallor

of a heart sick and wretched for the loss of a beloved sister—a sister whose smile would light up as she proudly looked upon him, and in her heart said, “Where is there, in all our land, so elegant and accomplished a gentleman as my brother?” She was proud of him, and well she might be: he was the last of his race; and if his birth was humble, that humbleness was the product of independence; if his ancestors were not noble, neither had they been ignoble, by pandering to the vices of royalty or playing the sycophant to titled licentiousness.

The night was well-nigh at a close, and scintillations of the morning were seen in the east. The wolf went rustling to his covert, and the owl flitted by to its hiding-place, before the business to be transacted had been fully dispatched; and after it was finished, they stealthily returned to the country, and employed themselves in disciplining, recruiting, and preparing for the struggle.

A year or more had passed away. Large armies had been organized, many a hard battle had ensued, and the patriots were worsted on every side; yet, by great exertions, they remained in the ascendant in the colony of Connecticut, most all of the principal towns elsewhere having fallen into the hands of the enemy.

It was a hot day in summer, after the defeat of his troops, that Colonel Standish, and a number of superior officers, found themselves in their favorite retreat of the Regicides' Cave. In the interim which had passed he had much altered: more decided manhood had settled upon his features; he had been continually exposed to the weather, and had been much sun-burned. He looked every inch the soldier, his heavy cutlass by his side, and the blue and buff uniform set off by a figure of exact proportions.

“Well,” said he, addressing an officer of his own rank, who had received advices that the English were about to send a strong force up to recommence offensive operations, “well, if we can do no better, we can fall back into the interior. The enemy are pretty well cut up, and if we have

been worsted, they have but little to boast of. My regiment numbers but three hundred in the saddle; but they are worth a whole brigade of raw recruits. I am going down after the 'Cow Boys' in a few days. There is no reliance to be placed upon them. They rob and plunder both sides."

The men of Colonel Standish were encamped a mile or more off, intending to remain several days for the purpose of resting. Zimri was expected that evening, having been sent to New York for the purpose, if possible, of ascertaining whether another invasion was expected, and the number of troops which had, a few days before, arrived in New York from England.

At last, as the day was drawing to a close, Zimri was seen slowly wending his way, with his machine upon his back, through the brambles and underbrush toward the appointed place. The officers went out to meet him and assist him forward, as the day was sultry, and he seemed something the worse for his journey. His hair appeared thinner, longer, and lankier than ever. He was barefooted, and his nether garment had lost much of its length. As for a coat or waistcoat, they would not only have been superfluous, but oppressive. He put down his machine in the most careful manner—nay, he looked at it with a degree of affection equal to what he would have shown a pet dog. A thing that was destined to go of itself, he insisted was next in the scale of beings to an animal of the higher order.

It is well to premise here, that from the time Zimri had been first sent out, he had often returned, and given such information as he had collected. He had delivered his message to the De l'Eurs, but no answer was returned. Edith had lost some of her bloom, and was pale and anxious, and made many inquiries as to Colonel Standish's wound; but it was done in a timid manner, and she was cautious lest her parents should detect her in so doing. But the next *time Zimri went*, he found the house and outer buildings

burned to the ground. The trees which had decorated the lawn were blackened and seared by the fire. The picture presented to the view was a melancholy one. The winds moaned drearily through the dead limbs of the trees, and even the little birds, which formed part of the household of Oakford, had been scared away by the sadness of the place. But where were its inhabitants? Had they perished in the flames which had destroyed their home? Had they fallen by the hand of the assassin? or had they made good their way to some safer asylum? These were questions which Colonel Standish had left no means untried to solve. Messengers had been dispatched in every quarter with the offer of large rewards, to obtain, if possible, some information in relation to them, but without success. All that was known of them in their own neighborhood was, that they had been seen, as usual, in their house the day before its destruction. *

Colonel Standish and the principal officers in the colony had given positive orders that the persons and property of the De l'Eurs should be respected. But orders availed little in those times. The love of retaliation is too strong among men whose passions have no control except that of instinct, to enable them to look at any case impartially and with proper equity. No sooner was a house seen on fire belonging to a Whig, than another belonging to a Tory was doomed, without regard to any overt act committed by its inhabitants. It was quite enough to justify the act that they dared to think for themselves:

It was well for Colonel Standish that he had been constantly on active duty. His feelings were too much interested to have permitted the fate of the De l'Eurs to remain a secret without jeopardizing his own safety to solve it. He had hopes of their safety; and to remove, if possible, all uncertainty (the road being now open), he resolved, before he went upon his expedition after the Cow Boys,* that he

* A kind of banditti between the outposts of the American armies, and who were patriots, loyalists, or rebels, as circumstances made it the most advantageous to them.

would go to Oakford, and make a thorough examination of the premises, and ascertain, if possible, their fate.

And, now that he had a few days for thought, the anguish of his heart became insupportable. The bright form of Edith was with him as a part of his existence, and when he suffered his mind to wander, it wandered until he found her. At times he saw her struggling, as if for life, in the hands of a brutal soldiery; then escaping, and seeking an honorable death in the flames which consumed her home. When he suffered these thoughts to possess him, his only relief from the torturing agony they produced was to fly into the saddle; the bugle was ordered to sound the charge, and bloody was the contest that followed. The black plume which encircled his helmet, and rose higher than the rest, was always seen in the advance, now combating thick hosts around him, and striking right and left with a cutlass of extraordinary weight and dimensions. He seemed, to an enemy, more like a winged messenger of death than a human form. The fire of his eye, the deadly paleness of his face, and the compressed mouth, told in advance the fearful struggle that was to ensue; and when the hosts of the enemy were closing around him, and apparently bearing him down by numbers, his well-disciplined troops came to the relief of their favorite chief like a torrent from the mountain gorge.

Struggles like these became his pastime; and so frequent had they been, that his thousand men had dwindled down to three hundred. Yet, notwithstanding the smallness of their number, they were the terror of the enemy's outposts, which were kept, by them, in a constant state of harassing alarm.

This remnant of a regiment had been lying by for several days near a field where a supply of grass had been found for their horses. The men were sauntering in the forest, or stretched upon the side of some stream, basking in the sun; others were amusing themselves in fishing; *when a note from the bugle called them to the camp, where*

they were given to understand that in a couple of hours they must be prepared to march; but where to, or upon what service, was no concern of theirs; and, if they could not find out from the barber,* they remained in ignorance until the conflict began. The bugle was again sounded, and in the twinkling of an eye every man was in his saddle, and they slowly wended their way, in double file, through the glades of the forest. All day they continued their march, through by-ways and beside streams, in order that their place of destination should remain unknown.

At night they rested, and the next morning renewed their march, and it was nearly night again before they reached Oakford. It was now necessary that the horses should have food and rest, and the former was easily found in the rich meadows that stretched their ample bosoms far off in the valleys. To Colonel Standish, the night which succeeded was a cruel one. Nothing but the ruins of the noble building denoted the spot where he had spent the happiest hours of his life; and though some of them were under circumstances painful of themselves, yet they had been softened, by the genius which presided there, into a deep sentiment of contentedness and submission to the decrees of Fate.

The bright eye of the gentle Edith, and the smile which at all times had greeted him, had imbued the place with her spirit. Her brother, the companion of his youth and the friend of his manhood, was identified with it; and that fine old gentleman, Mr. De l'Eur, in whose face benevolence, generosity, and humanity dwelt, gave assurance of the good will he bore to all men; and Mrs. De l'Eur, too, the placid, meek, and quiet lady, whose chief pleasure consisted in the happiness of those around her, and instilling into the minds of her children the duties of a Christian, and

* "Ask the barber," was a common answer among the soldiers of the Revolution, when inquiring of each other what was going on. The barber, then, was an important personage to the officers, when hair-powder was in requisition, and they dropped many secrets, which were often told to the soldiers.

the manner in which those duties should be performed. But oh! how desolate now. A thousand recollections rushed upon his mind. He rebuilt, in his imagination, the house; re-peopled it with its former tenants; sat again at the graceful board; received the same smile, and the assurance of the same welcome, and, more than all, the same innocent gaze that first convinced him of the love of Edith.

These, all these imaginings, created for him a moment's happiness. Happy illusion! so much saved from the quicksands of life. But when he looked from his bivouac in the night, aided by the same clear moon which used to shine so brightly when he was there before, and by whose aid he and Edith had gazed upon the lawn, and into the branches of the trees, glistening like pearls in the dews of the night, but which now revealed only blackened fragments and the ruins of the mansion, his soul sunk within him. He blamed himself for not making his way through the enemy, who had possessed themselves of the passes and strong-holds in the neighborhood, and admonishing Mr. De l'Eur of the necessity of leaving. But he supposed, of course, that the king's troops would afford them protection; and he comforted himself with the possibility that they had gone with them, when the former were defeated in the neighborhood, and that the buildings had been fired after their departure.

Morning at length came, and he ordered a search among the ashes for human bones, but none were found. He also searched for newly-made graves, but with like success; and, while he was looking for the latter, he recollected visiting, with Edith, the grave of an infant, a younger sister of hers. A thought suddenly broke upon him. "There is yet," said he, with clinched hands, "something belonging to them;" and he turned and advanced to it. It was a little way in the rear of where the house had stood, in the center of the garden. The long rank grass which grew upon the little mound of earth swayed to and fro in the wind, and the rose-bush which Edith had planted by its head was choked by weeds. This proved that the place

had long been deserted, and he was about to abandon it, when he saw, as the winds parted the long grass, a black silk bag, and, upon opening it, to his astonishment, he found the remains not only of the letter conveyed by Zimri Freeborn, but a remnant, also, of one apparently directed to himself. He trembled in every limb as he held in his hand that which might reveal to him her fate, as also that of her family. His feelings overpowered him, and the strong arm which had dealt death in a dozen battles was now that of an infant. It could hardly support the remnant of the tempest-worn papers.

After having recovered himself a little, he began, as well as he could, to decipher such portions of the letter addressed to himself as remained legible. She began by acknowledging the receipt of his letter through the hands of Zimri Freeborn; she also stated that her father had requested her to enter into no correspondence with him; that the duty which she owed her parent forbade disobedience; but that she felt her heart would break if not relieved from her— The remainder of the letter was too much obliterated to be read, and all that could be further understood were isolated words, such as “alarmed,” “Indians,” “Farewell.”

Standish's first inquiry to himself was, How came the letter there? If written by Edith—and assuredly it was—why had it not been sent? True, she might have intended to do so, but strict obedience to the injunctions of her parents had prevented her afterward. Or, had the letter been left in the house, and it rifled, and then thrown into the garden? No! that was improbable. The better reasoning seemed to be that, in one of her visits to the little grave of her sister, she had deposited it there to avoid its being discovered by her father or mother; and that, after so doing, they had been either carried away by the Indians, who had been in considerable force in the neighborhood as auxiliaries to the Americans, or had been sent to New York by the British. The isolated words “Indians,”

"alarmed." "Farewell." would easily bear this construction. In either case, the probability was that he would never see or hear of them again.

This sad thought came upon him with the force of a giant's might. There seemed nothing for him to look forward to in this world, and his soul was scathed like a lone tree by the lightning's flash, and he said to himself, in his agony, "From hence let no one comfort me. This heart of mine was made for sadness, and oh! let it grieve itself away into a better world than this. I'll seek it in the face of those mercenary foes who have destroyed all. Ay, and if I can not die by their hands, Heaven must and will have mercy on me, and hide me from the wrath of man."

"How unequally," thought he, "is human happiness divided in this world," as, turning to the encampment, he beheld the merriment of his officers and men. Some were stretched upon the green grass, composing themselves to sleep, while others were amusing themselves in teasing those more soberly inclined. Many were playing at cards, in different groups around the encampment, and some were in the tops of trees, swinging, in sportiveness, from their branches.

"This comes," again he thought, "of our becoming too much attached to the things of this world—this ever-changing world; and though we see it in every movement of the dial—though we behold it from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, in the rising and setting of the sun, and in the innumerable forms that the elements resolve and reresolve themselves into, yet do we suffer our affections to fasten upon them as if they were as immutable as the immaterial world."

He now went into the fields, but none of them had been sown. The fences had been carried away, and the hedges had been trodden down, and not a living thing could be found there to mark the spot which, but a little time before, had given assurance of happiness and plenty.

If there were not a certain pleasure in the contemplation

of things which harrow up the soul and imbitter our happiness, how is it that we gaze upon the lifeless face we loved, and visit, year after year, the grave of him or her whose affections once were ours, and whose heart beat in unison with our own? Can pleasure arise from the prostration of all our earthly hopes? from gazing into the face, shrouded in death, which once loved us and us alone—with whose happiness ours was so closely blended that each joy was incomplete unless partaken of by the other? Yet, strange to say, this is even so. Miraculous interposition of the Creator of all things: "Inscrutable are thy ways and past finding out."

Colonel Standish tired of life—stricken down in his youth—with no hopes for the future in this world—the great object of his life withered, blasted—that which was, but is not. He felt as solitary as if he dwelt alone on the earth, and the merriment of his officers and men seemed to mock at his calamity. But when he thought of the inhumanity that had been exercised toward his family, the pride of his nature swelled in his bosom, and whispered him to complete the good work which he had begun, and his guardian angel smiled upon him, and the despondency which he had given way to was a little lighted. A bright spot was in the distant horizon, which shed a faint luster upon the dark clouds that surrounded it.

He retired to his camp. He was more than a monarch there. At his nod there was silence, and every wish thought by him was anticipated. His tent was made ample, of better materials, and the little furniture which a soldier requires was found there. Yet the meanest of his men had greater anticipations of happiness in reserve than himself, and thought more of the opinion of the world than he did. He sought not command; it was thrust upon him, through the conscious knowledge on the part of the men whom he commanded of his superior fitness for that command; and the rash bravery which he had always shown not only endeared him to them, but made them proud of

their chief. His fame was their fame, his honor their honor; and the confidence they had in him had carried them on in many an unequal contest.

But we will leave, for a time, Colonel Standish and his command, and proceed to New York, the head-quarters of the British army, and there see what had been the changes which had taken place in the past few months: the success of the undeserving, and the misfortunes of those who merited not misfortune.

CHAPTER VI.

A STRANGE metamorphosis had taken place in the outward man of Mr. Snifling since last we saw him, and as strange a one in his store, its extent, and, indeed, its *tout ensemble*. The little gable end of the building had disappeared, and a square front had been carried up in its place, and the brick-work was as new and as red as paint and putty could make it. It had also grown larger, and in the back part of it was an office, carpeted, and an easy chair was there, and in this easy chair, with an embroidered cap of velvet upon his head, with gold tassels appended thereto, sat Julius Cæsar Snifling, Esq., in a state of quiescent obliquity, watching the gracefully encircling smoke as it ascended from his Havana.

In the store proper were a number of clerks, busied in beating with little sticks, and piling away numerous packages of fur; but from whose backs they had been taken it is here unnecessary to inquire. A fair inference, however, may be drawn from an emblazoned sign which had succeeded the former, and which had written thereon, in large Roman characters, the following information: "THE MANHATTAN MUSK-RAT AND BEAVER FUR

COMPANY." A revolution had not only been wrought in the appearance of the store, but the "house" of Sniffling & Co. had resolved itself into a different branch of business.

A stout, fine-looking Englishman, with knee and shoe ~~buckles~~ neatly polished, with a well-powdered and gracefully-adjusted wig, in the blandest manner possible entered the counting-room of the aforesaid "firm," and made known to Mr. Sniffling that he was his majesty's commissary for supplying the army in New York, and that he, Mr. Sniffling, had been named as one of the most opulent merchants in town, and, at the same time, one of the most liberal.

Mr. Sniffling arose, but not without trepidation, before an official of so important a character as the commissary of subsistence for his most gracious majesty, George the Third, king of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c., &c., and replied,

"Yes, sir, I am a merchant, or, rather, was. I—I now have withdrawn somewhat, but, as a pastime, have accepted the presidency of the company indicated by the lettering over the door. But," he continued, "I am his majesty's not only faithful, but obedient servant, and he has but to command." With this he put his hand upon his heart, and made a sidling bow, with a face at strife between an expression of satisfaction and one of awe.

"My object, sir, in calling upon you," observed the commissary, "is to get your advice as to the safest and most expeditious way of procuring provisions to subsist the troops upon."

Mr. Sniffling replied that he would "take the matter into his serious consideration, and at an early day report to him accordingly." He had, by this time, in a great measure recovered his equanimity, and proceeded to offer his courtly visiter a cigar, assuring him that it was one of a lot that he had imported for himself at a ruinous price; but the commissary excused himself by alleging that he never smoked, or otherwise used tobacco, except the preparation usually called snuff; and then, with a low bow, took his

leave. Mr. Sniffling promised to call at his quarters the next morning, at the same time sidling after the commissary as a monkey would after a mastiff, ready for a jump in case he should show his teeth.

His unexpected visitor had no sooner gone than Mr. Sniffling began to cogitate how he could make money out of the operation, and it was not long before his plan was matured. The concentration of an intellect, however small, upon a given subject, and pursuing its object with pertinacity, will astonish one by the keenness it will acquire, outstripping far away, in that particular instance, the profoundest intellect whose pursuits are of a general nature, and yet possessing, in every other respect, faculties deplorably on a level almost with the brute creation. And thus with Mr. Sniffling. He thought—he dreamed of nothing but how to find the shortest way of accumulating wealth; knowing not enough of the opinion of the world to restrain his appetite, or, if he did, not caring for it further than it would enure to his own advantage.

The *sudden* acquisition of wealth is the least respectable way of any of possessing it; because, in the first place, it is *prima facie* that its acquisition was by unfairness, or that, in its display, it is contrasted by the awkwardness or the insolence of its possessor, or perhaps by both. If it is obtained by a long series of useful occupations, it is open to no such objection; besides, the acquirer generally becomes accustomed to its superfluities, and is modest in its employment; and thus, perhaps, it is as respectable as if inherited, and ought to be more so.

Mr. Sniffling had acquired great reputation, after his lawsuit with Zimri Freeborn, for straightforwardness in his dealings, and his patronage had become immense; but the great demand for furs abroad, and the ease with which they were obtained, induced him to sell out his former business (the which he did to great advantage), he having a considerable stock on hand, purchased at Boston upon a credit which had been canceled by the breaking out of the war,

without the trouble, on his part, of making remittances to his creditors.

There are two classes of persons affected by revolution—the consistent and the rogue. The gain of the one is *character*, that of the other *cash*—the latter, however, unaccompanied by either sympathy or respect, unless it be that mock article which many will purchase like any other merchandise, and which, like it, is worn and thrown off as convenience may require.

Mr. Sniffling was of that class, as has been seen, which was lucratively affected by the war, and his fortune was made in a very short space of time. He had most rapidly advanced it by his profits in the fur trade; but a number of ill-disposed persons in the neighborhood reported that the “firm” had killed all the cats worth any thing on the island for the sake of their furs, which sold well in England as the “*Felina Americana*,” but, as it was uttered in Dutch, the slander (if it were so) never was talked of in “commercial circles.” Be this as it may, there was a large importation, a few years after, of this useful domestic, to improve the breed of those left, as it was quite certain that they had become, of late, though scarce, quite noisy and quarrelsome, and, like noisy people, were good for little else.

Mr. Sniffling had read Shakspeare, and had particularly taken care to remember that “there is a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;” “and now,” thought he, “is the flood tide of my life, and I will not wait for it to subside.” His plan was laid, and its execution seemed as simple as he could have wished.

The Continental Congress had circulated, for the purpose of carrying on the war, an immense issue of paper money, dated and payable at no particular place, and executed in the coarsest possible manner; and if there were difficulties at all in counterfeiting it, it was occasioned by its abominable execution. Some of it bore the impress of the palmetto, emblematic, it was supposed, of a people living where nothing else lived or grew, and where patriotism was

similarly exclusive. Others were embellished with the sage leaf, supposed to be indicative of the wisdom and inventive genius of the people of New England. The former passed current at the South, but was refused at the North; and the latter, for the same satisfactory reason, passed at the North, but was eschewed at the South. As the capital stock of all these vast issues was based upon patriotism, it fell and rose in value in proportion to the heated or cooled condition of the element of which it was composed.

Mr. Snifling saw no good reason why he should not also issue money of the like kind; and as the insurgents compelled each other to take it, he could, if proper agents were found, purchase furs and cattle *ad libitum*—the price to be paid, in such a currency, being of no particular consequence. It certainly would be a money-making matter, as he would be paid in gold by the English commissary.

The whole plan seemed to be so simple, that he could hardly wait for the time to arrive to visit the commissary of subsistence. He knew enough of the freebooters who were vibrating between both armies, pretending, as circumstances made it expedient, to belong first to one side and then to the other. Indeed, Mr. Snifling contended that greater opportunities now presented themselves for making a magnificent fortune than often fall to the lot of any individual; and so sure was he of success, that that very night he sought and found an engraver competent for the manufacture of plates equal, at least, to those used by the American authorities. If the commissary himself would enter into the arrangement, then the thing was certain, and the attempt, if successful, would ruin the whole plan of the American finance. But a thought suggested itself to him that would be a good expedient to fall back upon if the proposition did not meet his views. He would say to him that the Americans had no other dependence but this paper, and that it might be depreciated by manufacturing an imitation of it in the city, and sending it into the country in such quantities that, by-and-by, it would lose its value.

This would be a show of loyalty, and, at most, it would be nothing more than an ingenious act of patriotism.

Mr. Sniffling was delighted with the idea. Speculation based upon patriotism! And he fairly leaped for joy as he thus beheld himself hedged in between the two. He slept but little that night. His pulse beat too high for repose; and his ambition, now, was but little short of a peerage, in reward for destroying the credit of the patriots, and circumventing all their plans. As soon as the hour had arrived, he was at the quarters of the commissary, who received him with all of the courtesy due to a gentleman of his distinction.

Mr. Sniffling did not hesitate to make known to him his entire plan for breaking up the credit of the American Congress. The idea struck the quarter-master with a good deal of force. He desired Mr. Sniffling to expedite matters, assuring him, at the same time, that he would see him the next day.

The quarter-master had seen much of the world, and in his peculiar duties had learned the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and that where one's country is concerned. Rogues, he conceived, were frequently much more patriotic than honest men, and he accordingly selected, from those who made the most show, one available to the king, and particularly to himself.

Mr. Sniffling lost no time, for, in the short space of two weeks, he manufactured an immense amount of paper money, in good imitation of that issued by the American Congress, and the commissary coincided with him that he deserved the thanks of the whole British nation for his ingenious method of undermining the credit of the insurgents; and, for private reasons, he intimated to him that it would not do to let the government at present know the particulars of the process; but, in case they should find it out, he had no doubt that they would wink at it, and ascribe it to the proper cause. "In the mean time," continued the commissary, "I do not see, Mr. Sniffling, why you should not

be paid in gold for the provisions which you furnish ;” and then he gently hinted that, in his campaigns in Europe, it had always been the custom for the contractor to divide with the commissary the profits arising therefrom ; but that, for the present, he should leave it entirely to the honor of Mr. Sniffling.

This was understood by the latter, and signified accordingly ; and they parted, the happiest of men, reposing entire confidence in the integrity and patriotism of each other. Oh ! what golden visions passed before Mr. Sniffling’s eyes ! Houses—no, palaces of marble ! A wife as beautiful as a Mohammedan houri. His domain fixed in some sunny land, where the fig and pomegranate flourished the whole year round. Oh, happy elysium ! Could he have lived forever, his joy would be complete.

In a few days, package after package was sent to him, and all he had to do was to forge the signatures to the bills. “There !” exclaimed he, as he signed and threw one aside, “there is one hundred pounds ! and there goes another bill for fifty !” and thus he signed, and threw one after another in a pile, until his eyes protruded from their sockets with delight.

In a few days the arrangements were completed. He had procured at least fifty good men and true, with the promise of large wages, to undertake the purchase of cattle and other provisions with just such money as he was then manufacturing. There was an abundance of liberal-minded men to be found, who considered the world as one great family, and who were not disposed to narrow themselves down in the circle of any particular clique, and who also supposed that one side was as right as the other. They determined that if the colonists would quarrel and destroy each other, they would make a profit from the circumstance.

It was wonderful to see the change that a few weeks made in the market. To an era of dearth succeeded one of plenty ; and, day after day, droves of cattle, and poultry of every description, fruit in season and out of season, filled

the markets. The day after a dark night was sure to be one of abundance. The oar at midnight could be heard tripping in the water from the Jersey to the Manhattan shore, and cattle lowing as they slowly made their way down the old post-road.

Mr. Sniffling was now a great man, a great merchant, and, more than all, a great financier, and, withal, a loyal subject, who, by a degree of shrewdness greater than has immortalized many, and laid the foundation for distinguished families for succeeding generations (and quite as honest, too), had as good a right as they to honorable political distinctions. His position was such that an establishment was necessary to support the rank and respect that he felt himself entitled to. He accordingly purchased one of the most elegant residences fronting that part of the town where the waters of the East River and the Hudson unite. Its ample lawn stretched itself to the water's edge, overlooking, perhaps, the finest view in the world. To the south, the Highlands of Neversink reared their lofty heads; to the east, the green and hilly shore of Long Island; and to the west, the sunny land which the tradition of the Indians had invested with interest as the "fair world where the sun never sets, and where departed spirits live in peace and happiness amid the radiance of eternal summer." The islands of the bay spring up from its bosom, reflecting their emerald hues upon its golden surface, affording a prospect that falls to the lot of but few to witness. The mightiest effort of the painter is futile when he draws from the imagination scenes of fairy land, and tries to invest them with glories surpassing these.

Mr. Sniffling had sense enough to leave, to some extent, the furnishing of his house to his upholsterer, and beautiful would have been the arrangement had he yielded altogether his own taste to his; but, to show his affluence, he added a great quantity of additional furniture, out of taste, out of place, and inconvenient; giving his rooms more the appearance of a *general* furnishing store than the parlors of a

gentleman. But what mattered it, so far as his happiness was concerned, whether he lived in a palace or a hovel? His mind was occupied in accumulation—another dollar to the other, another estate, and yet another.

After the house had been arranged, he invited the few lady acquaintances he had to visit and inspect it, and he appeared proud of his knowledge with the useful portion of the establishment, the culinary in particular, and he pointed out to them the arrangements for cooking, washing, and ironing, together with the other conveniences particularly within the province of the housekeeper.

The minuteness with which he dwelt upon all these matters would recommend him, he supposed, to all mothers who had daughters to settle in life. He also, with pride, threw open the doors of his chamber. The rich tapestry which covered the beds, the elegant dressing mirrors, and other furniture pertaining to it, were marred by hideous portraits hanging around the room, badly visaged and badly executed, and would have passed for brigands had the artistical talent employed upon them been as good as is usually shown upon such figures. Where he got them was never known; but it was supposed by some that he procured them of a Jew, a dealer in such wares, who could furnish any quantity at the shortest notice, all of which were warranted to be the production of the old masters.

The next item was a carriage; for the general officers, and even the quarter-master, had brought theirs from England, and many of the dashing young subalterns had their one-horse establishments with them. Mr. Sniffling had grown enormously rich; he had his private residence, and, of course, a carriage would be in keeping; and so it had been solemnly decided by Mr. Dexter, who, as has been seen, was the legal adviser, and, consequently, the friend of Mr. Sniffling, and to whose skill and tact the latter owed so much. A carriage without a coat of arms would be an anomaly among the proud aristocrats, and as he had but a faint idea of heraldry, he would have left the whole matter

to the taste of his carriage maker, had not his attention been called, by the merchant who furnished his silver, for the production of his family device, in order to enstamp upon it his crest. He had cunning enough not to expose his ignorance upon a subject that every gentleman is supposed to know something of, and now rendered important as he was about making his *entré* into fashionable life.

There was a lapidary in town who might, he supposed, possess the necessary information, and who had been employed by Mr. Dexter for a similar purpose. This lapidary kept a large book upon heraldry, and from it were produced quarterings of an ancient as well as a novel character. He impressed upon Mr. Sniffling the necessity of every gentleman possessing a genealogical tree, exhibiting his descent as far back, at least, as Henry the Eighth, a period when heraldry received a new impulse from the fact that many of the nobility and gentry, who had resided in Spain, on returning home had adopted mottoes congenial to their ambition. He also added that the name of Sniffling had been distinguished and well known as far back as the Crusades, and had even flourished in the days of William the Norman. Mr. Sniffling was delighted, and generously paid something in advance for such an account as he could gather of the family of Snifflings.

This lapidary was no fool, and he knew his customer; and he resolved that, if his liberality was equal to the diversity of emblems he intended to arrange as the test of the magnificence of the family anterior to the Conquest, he would add considerably to the purse already pretty well supplied by those who had in the same manner been the *founders of families*, without the trouble of doing many dirty transactions in the acquisition, leaving to romance and posterity, through the mist of time, to give it a tinge that truth and the present never contemplated.

Mr. Sniffling called day after day, and always found the crafty artist poring over the huge volume, and making figures and hieroglyphics upon pieces of paper, the value of

which seemed to be enhanced as the impossibility increased of his ever being enabled to decipher them. The artist took good care to be busy at the particular time that he was called upon, thus not only giving assurance of his indefatigability, but, at the same time, additional value to his discoveries.

At last the drawing was complete, and out of it his family coat of arms, that was to endure as long as his money lasted, was engraved upon his watch seal, and also a die cast for his service of plate. But the cupidity of the artist and the ambition of his customer had gone beyond all bounds. To the coat of arms that belonged to Henry the Eighth were added the quarterings of half a dozen German, French, and Spanish princes, the whole being surmounted by a bird which looked very much like a buzzard, with a motto in French, which could well be rendered into "*veni—vidi—vici*." The lapidary insisted that the motto was strong evidence that Cæsar, in his invasion of Gaul, had made the acquaintance of some of Mr. Sniffling's maternal ancestors.

"It is only by such coincidences," said the artist, "that we are enabled to draw fair inferences from the well of time, and generally they are conclusive, so remarkable are the blending of circumstances proved by the wonderful continuity of blood, the last descendant, after the lapse of ages, often being a fac-simile of his great progenitor." The lapidary also added, that, with all of these evidences of his ancient descent, his Christian name was not the least remarkable, proving that his immediate ancestors were not ignorant of some supposed affinity to the great family of the Cæsars.

Mr. Sniffling, however, called to his memory the wonderful statement, in a question of title, that he had heard Mr. Dexter make in an argument before a jury, and which he demonstrated to be true. He argued that every person had *two* ancestors in the ascending degree—his own parents; *four* in the second—the parents of his father and the par-

ents of his mother; *eight* in the third—the parents of his two grandfathers and the parents of his two grandmothers; and, by the same rule of progression, argued he, a man hath a hundred and twenty-eight in the seventh, a thousand and twenty-four in the tenth, and at the twentieth degree, or at the distance of twenty generations, every man hath above a million of ancestors. To place the matter beyond a doubt, Mr. Dexter handed to the judge a piece of paper, to demonstrate his position, which was as follows:

Lineal Degrees.	Number of Ancestors.
1.....	2
2.....	4
3.....	8
4.....	16
5.....	32
6.....	64
7.....	128
8.....	256
9.....	512
10.....	1,024
11.....	2,048
12.....	4,096
13.....	8,192
14.....	16,384
15.....	32,768
16.....	65,536
17.....	131,072
18.....	262,144
19.....	524,288
20.....	1,048,476.

And thus he arithmetically proved his position to the entire satisfaction of the judge; but the majority of the jury had their misgivings; and when he stated to them that, after the same rule, at the fortieth degree, every man had upward of a million of million of ancestors, they shook their heads significantly at him, and it was said that, from that moment, his character for truth had considerably declined.

"A million of millions!" thought Mr. Sniffling to himself; "a number which can be easily written, but difficult to be comprehended;" and he could not but feel serious in contemplating the magnitude of his family connections, and their immense and almost incomprehensible num-

ber overwhelmed him. "Is it possible?" thought he. "Yes, figures prove it as plainly as that the direct parents of a man are two; and, allowing the average duration of a generation to be twenty-five years, then, in the space of one thousand years, each man has a thousand times more ancestors than there are, at any one time, inhabitants on the face of the earth; and if this be so, it matters little whether Cæsar was or was not one of them, as the connection, in such case, would be very distant. Well," continued this aristocratic aspirant, "the world is a funny affair, as mathematics can at any time prove;" and he came to the conclusion that, after all, it was very probable that, in the vast number of his connections, the Cæsars could be found. "But it matters little," he mentally ejaculated, "whether he was or was not one of them. The multitude never stop to inquire into the truth of a thing, but take up the cry of the first they hear as easily and as confidently as they swallow the last quack medicine offered for sale."

Under all the circumstances, it was concluded between the lapidary and Mr. Sniffling that, for brevity's sake, it would be best to adopt the more significant motto used by the family, "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*," by adapting it to his particular case; and, accordingly, the carriage made its appearance, and in flaming colors distinctly were written upon the panels, "*Aut Sniffling, aut nullus*." He knew that by adopting this device he was safe at any rate, inasmuch as he was nothing when he began, and at the most he could be nothing less at the end; besides, he saw no reason why his motto should not be "Sniffling or nothing" as well as "Cæsar or nothing." If it were egotism in the former, it was nothing less in the latter; and if people laughed now at "Sniffling," the probability is, they laughed at "Cæsar" then. If time had sanctified and rendered vanity glorious in the one case, the time might come when it would be sanctified and glorious in the other. At any rate, if it were certain that some would laugh, it was equally certain that, with others, it would give him additional consequence.

Excessive effrontery is the key-stone to the arch upon which has rested the fame of many a great man besides the Cæsars and the Snifflings, and preposterous pretensions in a palace can well afford to be laughed at by a Diogenes in a tub. The world will not bear to be looked at as it is, else the people in it would all be anchorites, if discontent could make them so. The image reflected from the ideal is instinctive in man, and, being so, it is material to him, and therefore of substance, and is part and parcel of his existence; and, being thus constituted, we love to depart from mere fact, and luxuriate in the mazy labyrinth of improbabilities, made realities, for the time, by magnificent creations, which the poor man may revel his hour away in as well as the rich, and, perhaps, enjoy it the more, as the luxury has never been sated by the staleness of the reality.

The first time the carriage made its appearance there was little else talked of in town. The war was of comparatively little importance; and many a doting mother pointed her darling baby boy to the carriage and its princely occupant as an incentive to his ambition, as being the reward of industry, frugality, and plain, straightforward dealing. It is true that some were disposed to laugh when they were told of the reach through time that he had made in his claims to ancestral bearings. But the laughter of the poor at the absurdity of the rich is like an arrow shot upon a stone wall: the impression made is not upon the wall, but upon the arrow's point. His propensities, like most of his countrymen of latter years, was, when sitting, to place his feet upon any thing convenient which was higher than his head, particularly when disposed to show the world his perfect independence. This was considered by him as elegant and easy leisure, and from that time forth has been considered by many as the last posture in a finished education. In his daily drives about town, his heels could generally be perceived protruding somewhere from his carriage, though the rest of his person was in decided retirement.

After he had fairly established himself in his new house,

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the next and most difficult part to accomplish was to live like a gentleman, or, at least, to behave like one. Sitting alone in his ample parlors, or driving out daily for an hour, was a monotonous affair, and it became the more tedious and unsatisfactory, as the town's people had become accustomed to looking at his house and horses without astonishment. Besides, the transfer from his princely hall to his fur store was contrasted by the odor of *eau de Cologne* giving place to the villainous ones of musk-rat skins, which, strange to say, always revived him after suffering from the effects of the former; so, thus far, the balance of his happiness was very much the same as it was before. The vast circulation of his counterfeit money rendered it quite unnecessary that he should pursue any other business, and he made preparation to close the "house" so far as the fur trade was concerned; and after he had divested himself of all vulgar employments, he resolved to give a dinner party to the nobility and gentry belonging to the army, and to them alone, without regard to the merits of the other officers. Great preparations were made; a mean man is always the most profuse and wasteful after he has made up his mind to do so. The great exertion which it requires to start him gives to the effort an impetus which overshoots his nature and astonishes his friends.

Mr. Sniffling had a perfect right to select his company, for no person of any consideration had at any time invited him to his house until after his preparation to set up for himself, and he had perception enough to note it, and he intended that now there should be a day of reckoning. Cards of invitation were sent out, and much to the astonishment of those invited, many of whom had never before heard of Mr. Sniffling, and the others only in some manner in connection with the commissary of subsistence. But, upon inquiry, they found that he was a man of large fortune; had made sacrifices for his majesty; that his knowledge of the country and the people enabled him to render most valuable services to the army; and they were also in-

formed confidentially that, in some way best known to himself, he had given a death-blow to the Continental currency; and, after mature deliberation, it was agreed on all hands, as a matter of state policy, that the invitations should be accepted.

After the announcement, Mr. Sniffling had the satisfaction of being envied, and the dinner to be given to the nobility and gentry *alone* was the great topic of the day. Many an ambitious mother would have given the half of her jointure could she have been one of the distinguished guests; and there was many a pretty girl residing on Manhattan Island who had all at once discovered the fine features, graceful ease, and distinguished manners of Mr. Sniffling, and who alleged that they had insisted from the first that he was altogether out of place when behind the counter, and that they had readily perceived his deep mortification when he was in the act of weighing a pound of cheese or selling a pitchfork.

As the time drew near for the banquet, it occurred to him that he should never be enabled to do the honors of the house without an insight into the etiquette usually observed on such occasions, and although he had resolved, in the first instance, to invite neither Mr. Dexter nor his partner, Thurwood, for two reasons—the first being that he aimed at higher game, and the second, Mr. Thurwood had, even as his counsel, been hardly civil to him; and as for Mr. Dexter, although extremely civil, yet he never had offered to introduce him to his daughter, or to invite him to his house, although Mr. Sniffling had hinted to him, on several occasions, that it would be most acceptable to form her acquaintance—yet, as the time grew nearer, his anxiety began more and more to increase, and the day before the dinner party was to come off, he made up his mind to send invitations to both of the last-mentioned gentlemen, and also to Miss Dexter, who was a very pretty and benevolent girl, and upon whom Mr. Sniffling had looked for some time not with indifference.

Mr. Dexter, after receiving the invitation, expressed, in his blandest manner, the pleasure he should derive in meeting the chivalry of England upon so distinguished an occasion; adding, that he had learned, through Mr. Thurwood, that the home government had been informed of, and fully appreciated, the distinguished services he had performed in giving a death-blow to the finances of the rebels, and that he intended to agitate the question, in order to induce the government to confer on him a title as a reward for his services. And so eloquently did he portray them as he understood them "in high circles," that Mr. Sniffling was induced to reply. After thanking him for the encomiums which he was pleased to bestow upon his "poor exertions" to serve the king, he added "that he had supposed, at an early stage of the rebellion, that it would soon die as a matter of course; but that when the Congress had agreed upon the infamous plan of issuing a paper currency, that he was then, for the first time, apprehensive that the war would be procrastinated indefinitely, when he hit upon a plan, though at great *pecuniary sacrifices*, to put an end to it in his own way; and he was happy to hear from reliable sources that it had succeeded, and also that the rebels were in the greatest possible distress;" and he continued by saying "that if what he had already done was not sufficient, he had a plan in view which the world would become acquainted with at a future day."

Mr. Dexter complimented him over and over again for what he had already done, and finally offered his services to him in any manner that might be acceptable in advising in the arrangement for the important day now at hand. Mr. Sniffling thanked his friend and accepted his services, and they were engaged to a very late hour in arranging the etiquette to be observed the coming day.

Mr. Dexter, as he was about taking leave, hinted to Mr. Sniffling that Mr. Thurwood was quite at home in all such matters, and he would be there at an early hour to give such hints as might be necessary. Mr. Sniffling thought that it

would now be a good opportunity to intimate to Mr. Dexter the neglect his daughter had treated him with on more than one occasion when he might have been introduced to her, and he therefore suggested to him the reasons he had to feel himself aggrieved.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Dexter; "she was a mere child then; young people have silly notions put into their heads in relation to gentlemen who have to begin in a small way. Besides, at the time, there was much said about the ginger."

"Oh, d— the ginger! don't name it. I have never yet sworn, Mr. Dexter, nor did I before ever come so near it," quickly replied Mr. Sniffling. "Bring her along with you; and be so good as never to name that disagreeable subject again."

The lawyer, in the most winning manner, begged his pardon, and said that he would in no way have referred to it but in justice to his daughter, who had felt a great degree of pity for the defendant, Zimri Freeborn, and who had caused food to be sent him during his long imprisonment.

"She had better have saved herself the trouble," said Mr. Sniffling, "and waited the decision of the jury as to his guilt;" and the lawyer and his client looked at each other for a full minute, the one bearing the examination *professionally*, the other as the passive instrument of legal *necessity*; and, of course, both felt that, if there was guilt, it could fasten upon neither in the mystic position in which they felt themselves to be placed.

After Mr. Dexter had retired, Mr. Sniffling threw open a front window which overlooked the harbor. The stars shone brightly upon it, and the floating clouds were reflected upon its bosom. The night breeze brought from it the perfume of the neighboring shore, and all was still save the leaf of the poplar that trembled in the breeze. The scene and the occasion had no power, however, to abstract his mind from the vagaries of ambition, or to divert it from the coming festival; and as he looked listlessly upon the broad

expanse without, he thought he heard oars dipping in the water. "Ha, ha!" said he to himself; "some of my men with provisions for the army;" and, stepping to the shore, he was there just in time to meet a person hauling a light skiff partly out of the water.

"Who are you?" said Mr. Sniffling to the stranger; "who is it trespassing upon my ground at this time of night?"

"Zimri Freeborn," was the reply, made in the gentlest accents.

Had it not been dark, one could have seen the confusion of Mr. Sniffling. There was no person in this world that he would not have rather seen. He might have known that there was little to fear from this strange eccentric. Whether the agitation created was in consequence of the injustice he had done him, or whether it brought up recollections of his former poverty, or whether it was a revival of the agony he endured pending the trial, he did not ask himself; but the appearance of his former antagonist made him uneasy. Mr. Sniffling inquired of Zimri, in an authoritative tone, what he wanted.

"Nothing *particular*. You don't know Mr. De l'Eur? he isn't in these parts, is he?" inquired Zimri.

"Why do you inquire here? He is at home, I suppose," said Sniffling.

"No he ain't! it's all burned as black as a coal."

"Burned!" repeated Mr. Sniffling; "burned! and where are the family?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said Zimri; "and so would Colonel Standish like to know about Miss De l'Eur, but he can't find out. She's a handsome gal," continued he; "and the colonel's very cross since she's gone; and the sogers are kept a *fitin'* all the time. Then you don't know nothing about 'em?" and, without saying any thing more, he slid his canoe back from the shore into deep water, and disappeared in the dark.

Mr. Sniffling retired to his room, and tried to compose himself to sleep; but he was feverish, and could not sleep;

and he had no sooner closed his eyes than there sprang before his vision young demons and old, dancing upon his table, and throwing summersets, lodging upon forms of ices; and fishes with voracious jaws swimming in his tureens of soup; and then plates and forks taking up a minuet, and deranging every thing as fast as grim-visaged servants could put them in place; and even they seemed to take delight in the confusion which ensued; and he had no sooner shaken away these monstrosities than he beheld his visitors in panoply arrayed, severe, rigid, and unearthly, looking more like the effigies of remote times than the creatures of flesh and blood of the present day; and so, in such company, passed the night of the millionaire; and when rosy dawn appeared he sprang from his bed, as if to escape from the fetters which the busy phantoms of his dreams had manacled him in.

All that day there was a running of servants, cooks, and lackeys of all degrees, and such hurrying to and fro had not been seen since the rearing of the Tower of Babel. And Mr. Sniffling was almost crazy. What with all of his dreams and the excitement of the day, he resolved that this would be the last dinner that he would ever make himself unhappy with, especially to persons with whom he had no kind of acquaintance; but at last the cook announced to the butler, and the valets announced to Mr. Sniffling, that the dinner would be ready for the table as soon as the company assembled.

In a few moments numerous carriages were seen to approach the lodge, well appointed every way: coachmen and grooms in small-clothes, ruffles around their wrists, and their wigs well powdered. The harness of the horses sparkled with gold, and the rich livery of servants gave the whole a most imposing effect. They were soon at the door of the most elegant mansion in town. Its ample court, and the lawn of several acres, interspersed with stately primeval trees, stretched itself gracefully to the water's edge. Nature appeared to have expended itself in its decorations

preparatory to the habitation of man, and *his* ingenuity had exerted itself to the utmost to make it one worthy of the site.

Mr. Snifling was on the portico steps to receive his distinguished guests; and soon thereafter, matrons and maidens, old and young, but all of high degree, were ushered into the house by him in the same manner as a shepherd would gather his fold in a small inclosure, viz., by heading them off when they gave signs of dodging his intentions.

Mr. Snifling was much relieved by Mr. Thurwood, who knew most of the company. He showed them through the grounds, where they amused themselves at the water's edge watching the boats as they dashed by, filled with officers who were returning from some aquatic amusement.

Among the guests who had arrived was General Lord Lumberlegs. He was in full feather, and covered with gilt and gold. His ancestor, in selecting his title upon his being created a peer of the realm, was unfortunate so far as his descendant, the present Lord Lumberlegs, was concerned, however appropriate it might have been to himself. The present peer was a stout, bullet-headed gentleman, with short and thin nether limbs, and great capacity of abdomen, which, with the outward manner in which he carried his arms, gave him the appearance of an inclination to fly, with an unconsciousness of estimate of his own preponderable habit. His face was very red, and his eyes were very light, and his little, low, unintellectual forehead would be very likely to solicit an inquiry upon the policy of making a great man by act of Parliament. He showed very little curiosity as to the appearance of the grounds, the house, or the beautiful view from it, but a strong inclination to see what was going on in the dining-room.

Mr. Snifling did all he could to make himself gracious; but, in his over-zeal to do so, was continually taken for one of the domestics, until some sad mistakes were made in the manner of replying to him.

The trying moment now arrived. Dinner was announc-

ed, and, in some way, notwithstanding his utter confusion, he found himself at the head of his table, with the lady of Lord Lumberlegs on his right, and his lordship on his left. What was left undone by Mr. Snifling was supplied by the secret instructions of Mr. Dexter and his young partner. The latter had, in truth, seen much good society, not only in America, but in England.

It surely was a magnificent affair. Every gentleman attached to the army was in full uniform, and the ladies had, for the most part, been reared at court. The clear blue eye of the Saxon, and the polish of the skin, contrasted well with the tastefully powdered and frizzled hair, which, thrown upward, gave them a commanding and dignified air. The ladies cared much less for the dinner than they did for the rout that was to ensue.

The conversation soon became general, and the master of the house occupied himself principally in recommending his wines, assuring his guests that the Port had recently been taken from the London Docks, where it had been stored for the especial use of his majesty James the Second and his favorite the Duke of Buckingham. Then he recommended his Sherry as being quite free from acids, as it was nothing but the pure juice of the grape; and as for the Madeira, it was the dearest and the oldest wine ever imported into the colonies, it having been taken out by Christopher Columbus, for sake of the sea voyage, for Ferdinand and Isabella, at the time the former discovered the American continent; and, notwithstanding several winks and nods from both Mr. Dexter and his partner, he continued on, until he convinced that portion of the company who did not know him that, of course, he must have been a wine broker. Mr. Snifling had been instructed that the test of aristocratic society was the quantity that each could drink before he was put to bed or fell under the table. He therefore partook freely of each, and so did the greater part of the company, attributing, as men of the world should do, Mr. Snifling's strange manner to the custom of the country,

or as incidental to his occupation ; but he who seemed the best satisfied as to the truth of Mr. Sniffling's statements was General Lord Lumberlegs, if the quantity he drank was evidence of his credulity.

Every thing went on in the most satisfactory manner, and with great propriety, until the ladies, and some of the more abstemious of the gentlemen, had withdrawn. Some of them were dancing in the drawing-rooms ; others ventured a short distance from the shore, aided by the light of the new moon ; others were promenading and sentimentalizing in the piazza fronting the water. Those at the table were still drinking, and doing the honors of the house. Mr. Sniffling had drank more than he had ever drank before, and his lordship, the general, had emptied more than three bottles.

It was now proposed that Mr. Sniffling should name a toast, though his intellect was evidently much obscured. But the toast *must* be drunk. He hesitated some time, and, in hesitating, he hiccoughed ; and the longer he hesitated, the more he hiccoughed ; but the toast was loudly called for, and in a second effort he arose, steadying himself by grasping the collar of his lordship with one hand, and holding on to the table with the other.

"Hiccough—hiccough—gentlemen—hiccough—I give you her ladyship—hiccough—my Lady Timbertoes—hiccough ;" and the toast was drunk with applause, though they did not know precisely what it meant, and therefore loudly called for an explanation, which he endeavored to give by saying, "Her ladyship is the ac—com—plished wife of my friend—hiccough—on my left—hiccough."

"Mistake ! mistake ! mistake !" was echoed on all sides. "It is Lumberlegs—my Lady Lumberlegs !" said a dozen voices at once. "Drink it over again !"

But Mr. Sniffling grew no better. Every thing was in a state of obliquity to him. "I beg pardon—*hiccough* !" said he ; "here's to—hiccough—to Lady Lumberheels—hiccough."

"This is too much! this is too much!" said his lordship, rising; but he required the aid of the table in maintaining his balance. With swimming eyes he looked at Mr. Sniffling, and both of them had to hold each other by the collar to steady themselves. "I am a soldier," said his lordship. Here there was a long pause, but at length he added, "I demand satisfaction!" A hiccough followed, and then the words, "Draw, instantly!"

They now made an attempt to separate, but in this instance they found safety in unity. Valor, however, was in the ascendant; and, by some process not easily explained, they did draw their swords, and the first cut his lordship made demolished several decanters of wine; and Mr. Sniffling, in returning the blow, was the cause of Mr. Dexter narrowly escaping decapitation. The sober part of the company, seeing that every body and every thing was in danger, except the combatants themselves, separated them, which proved to be the easiest thing in the world. After they were seated, each looked at the other like the "solemn bird of night," with its head turned toward the sun.

In a few minutes more, the general was snoring away the evening; but Mr. Sniffling was too much of a novice even to do that. He was, most emphatically—if the gross expression can be used—very drunk. Midnight had arrived; but the dancing and card-playing were not ended, neither were the slumbers of the combatants. They were now left alone in the dining-room, and the lights were flickering in their sockets. Each party, and particularly Mr. Sniffling, having shown his metal, the latter suddenly became a favorite of a niece of his lordship's, who regretted that the hospitalities devolving upon him should have unfitted him for the society of the ladies the balance of the evening.

The whole party, before they retired, expressed their gratification at their sumptuous repast, and the good taste Mr. Sniffling had exhibited in its arrangement, and of the dignity and ease with which he had presided; and even if

some little symptoms of the shop had shown itself, the rich profusion made ample amends.

The general, just before daylight, was removed to his quarters without damage, not caring much *which side was up*; but poor Mr. Sniffling was put to bed, where he lay the whole of the following day, half unconscious, going through the ordeal which all ambitious people are destined to when in a chrysalis state.

Misfortune or pain certainly softens the human heart; and, in his dozings, Mr. Sniffling's dreams were terrific. He saw the ghosts of the tens of thousands of otters, beavers, musk-rats, and raccoons which he had been *particeps criminis* in destroying, merely for the sake of their skins; and he saw them writhing in agony, with their legs lacerated and broken in the iron jaws of the steel-trap, many of which remained in that state until they died with pain or starvation, their eyes protruding from their sockets from the terrible agony they endured; and he saw the poor creatures, in their misery, with reason, which men call instinct, gnawing their legs off above the teeth of the trap, in order to effect their escape; and Mr. Sniffling cursed from his heart, when, in terror, he awoke, the mercenary propensities which induced him to inflict such cruel pain upon any of God's creatures, possessing in common, as they do, the several senses which man has been endowed with, the great Creator intending that the little span of their lives should be lived out and enjoyed, only subject to the decay that age brings with it.

The second day he was enabled to sit in an easy chair, bolstered up, and the numerous cards which were left in the mean time gave him no satisfaction. At last his valet announced a note from General Lord Lumberlegs. The sick man was sufficiently himself to be a little alarmed. He had some indistinct recollection of an altercation with his lordship, but the particulars whereof he was quite in the dark; his servants had also told him that swords had been drawn, and he had no doubt that the contents in question

were little else than the preliminaries of a challenge. Mr. Sniffling trembled when he broke the seal, and read as follows :

“Whitehall-street, —, 1779.

“JULIUS CÆSAR SNIFFLING, ESQ. :

“SIR,—I had prepared, the day after I had the honor to dine at your table, a note, requiring a categorical answer as to your intention in calling my Lady Lumberlegs, in a toast, in the first instance, Lady Timbertoes ; and, in the second instance, when you had been called to order and set right, Lady Lumberheels. I did, sir, at the moment, suppose that you intended it as an insult ; but, sir, I have been since informed that it was mere delicacy of expression that induced you to substitute the names you used for the true ones ; and that, in America, it would not be deemed polite to have used the etymology, in this particular instance, that is used at home. I now, sir, being set right upon this subject, appreciate your delicacy ; although, with the frankness of a soldier, I am bound to say, in the least offensive way I can—and I assure you that I would not like to take any advantage of your hospitality, the more especially of a gentleman who has done so much for his most gracious majesty’s service—that I think, and the world would justify me in thinking, that, in point of delicacy, whatever might have been your intentions, you did not at all mend the matter.

“Your obedient and very humble servant,

“LUMBERLEGS.”

It was some consolation to Mr. Sniffling that it was not a challenge, and he determined to take shelter in the suggestion of his lordship ; as, in fact, he felt it to be a very awkward name even when applied to a gentleman, to say nothing of it when applied to a lady. As his sickness began to abate, his ambition began to return ; and in a few days he saw, with great satisfaction, an announcement in the “Advertiser,” not only giving a graphic and lucid de-

scription of the banquet given by the millionaire, the names and dress of the prominent ladies, but alluded to the difficulties that, through misconception, had arisen between Mr. Sniffling and his lordship; and it went on to state, that "thereupon both, with great decision and gallantry, drew their swords, and that, for a few moments, the company were held in dreadful suspense, expecting to see one or both annihilated; that the skill that each displayed was truly wonderful in receiving and parrying the dreadful thrusts made and returned; but in a moment the excitement passed away, mutual explanations were made, and the distinguished gentlemen, we are happy to inform our readers, are the best friends in the world. Had the combat terminated fatally, as at one time there was reason to fear, his majesty would have lost one of his bravest officers, and, at the same time, in Mr. Sniffling, the most skillful and accomplished of his financiers."

The ladies who were not invited were at first disposed to be a little vicious upon Mr. Sniffling; but they were given to understand that the dinner was a matter of state etiquette, given to the leading officers of the army, upon which they softened down the high tone they at first assumed, and canvassed very favorably the spirit and gallantry he had shown on this momentous occasion. As for the general, they awarded no particular merit to him, as a soldier is presumed always to have a ready-made set of grave-clothes on hand to meet any sudden emergency in.

It was now very rare for Mr. Sniffling to be seen in the streets without attracting general attention, not by the *canaille* alone, but by the patricians, as a man in whom was united every great quality: educated, delicate in expression, adroit in all his dealings, yet strictly honest and honorable withal; and, lastly, rich as Cræsus, and as brave as Ulysses. The malcontents among the ladies admitted that Miss Dexter was a very pretty and a very good girl, "but it was a pity that she was so ambitious." Yet there were a great many others who were ambitious, and who

would have sat for a week in the most uncomfortable place in a Spanish inquisition if they had thought that thereby it would have insured his favorable consideration ; and woe to the backslidings of any one of them who had excited the jealousy of the others. True, they would make no specific charges themselves, neither would they vouch for the correctness of what had been said ; but thus much they felt bound to say, " that what every body said was true. They hoped Mr. Sniffling would not hear of it ; they did not wish to injure her ; yet they felt that they owed a certain duty to society ; and the question then arose, whether Mr. Sniffling should not be put upon his guard." But when she became no longer an object of envy, the insinuations were transferred, as a kind of heir-loom, to her successor, and the character of the former was bolstered up upon the funeral pile of the latter.

Mr. Sniffling's patronage to legal gentlemen was now very great. He invested large sums in real estate, and Mr. Dexter, and his partner and clerks, were kept busy in making out abstracts of title, drawing deeds and mortgages in the investment of the large sums of gold which seemed to flow in upon him from all quarters. The commissary and Mr. Sniffling had continual business with each other, yet they deemed it prudent to be seen but little together, lest ill-natured people should invent stories that would be detrimental to the public service, and perchance to themselves.

A call now upon Miss Dexter was soon concluded upon, not for the reason that he admired her particularly, but that he felt more at ease in her company from the obligations her father was under to him, than with those more independently situated. The deference she, consequently, would pay to his opinion, and the little exertion it would require on his part to make himself agreeable, was a point highly desirable. For money, he was at all times ready to watch by night and to work by day, yet for any thing else he liked his leisure and his independence as well as the most of men ; so he accordingly called upon the lady in question.

Her agitation could evidently be perceived at the almost unexpected condescension. The internal arrangements of the house were in good taste and keeping. Mr. Sniffling, at first, appeared to unusual advantage, for he was, for the reasons given, quite at his ease; and where a man is so, if unaccompanied by pedantry, with a tolerable use of language he can get on very well, save and except always the presumption of coxcombry.

What with being in the front rank among the inhabitants proper, the very considerable fortune her father had accumulated in his profession, together with his reputation, Miss Dexter was a desirable match for the best young man about town. She was fair, with blue eyes, and a very good person. Kindness of manner and condescension were constitutional with her, and the agitation she showed upon the call of Mr. Sniffling was not occasioned so much by any partiality she entertained for him, as for the great reputation he had acquired, his name being constantly on the lips of every one. She soon recovered her self-possession, as a superior intellect always does when coming in contact with an inferior one, no matter how much over-estimated at first the latter may be. It is one of the fixed laws of nature that mind should influence and control matter.

Miss Dexter brought a beautiful piece of embroidery from a drawer, and pleasantly said, "You are not a judge, I suppose, Mr. Sniffling, of the excellence of the workmanship? Such trifles are more within our province than with your sex. I purchased it yesterday at a shop for a sampler. I think it exquisitely beautiful, and should feel willing to serve a long apprenticeship if I thought thereby I could attain to any thing so perfect. I am the more surprised and interested," continued she, "as the shopkeeper informed me that it was wrought by a very young woman from the country, whose father was killed by the rebels, and her brother taken prisoner." Mr. Sniffling smiled significantly, and looked knowingly. "Why do you smile, sir?" said she. "Is it at my credulity?"

"You have hit the nail on the head," he replied. "It is only one of the tricks of the trade. I have seen many such customers in my life. You ladies," he added, "who know nothing of the world, are continually liable to be imposed upon." He ended the sentence very gravely, as much as to have said, "You have the benefit of my experience, and you can profit or not by it, as you please."

"But," continued Miss Dexter, "it is a beautiful piece of work in the execution, to say nothing of the design, which latter seems to me not only refined, but poetical. See there," said she, pointing to the work, "is Despair. The representation of a female alone in the world. Her hair is disheveled; black clouds are hanging just over her head; a merry throng, in a marble hall in the distance, looking indifferently upon her destitution—indifferent, *because she is destitute*. There is a figure of Virtue standing sentry over her, but it excites no admiration or pity in the beholders. But yonder is a bright spot in the heavens, and, as the storm threatens her, she then for the first time beholds it, and faintly a figure is seen enveloped in the glory of the light, and the words brightening gradually to the view, 'It is I; be not afraid.'"

"Very pretty—very pretty, certainly, as you explain it," said he, indifferently.

"To me it is interesting," said she; "and, with the little intercourse which I have had with the world, I think I can discover the broken heart, the bitter tear in her, whoever she may be, who has produced the design. The shop-keeper says," continued Miss Dexter, "that in a few days she will have more of the work from the same lady, and I hope you will purchase some. It may be that you would do much good to some broken-hearted widow or other poor person."

Mr. Sniffling again smiled at the supposed credulity of Miss Dexter. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the great man, endeavoring to be pleasant; "if it is even as you suppose, the shop-keeper will get all the profit. It would do the person making them no good."

Miss Dexter dropped her head. "What!" thought she; "is that so? Would the shop-keeper not pay over to her all that she received for it?" The idea seemed to give her much pain. "What do you suppose," said she, seriously, "that the shop-keeper would ask for selling so trifling a thing?"

"Well, let us see," responded Sniffling, at the same time taking and examining the article, and turning it over. "I think, about two hundred per cent. That, to be sure, would be a large profit, but about a fair average where the vender is in distressed circumstances."

"How much is two hundred per cent.?" she inquired, gravely.

"Just twice as much as it cost," said he, calculating the interest on the invoice up to the day of sale.

Miss Dexter started up from her seat with the exclamation, "Twice the amount of cost! Then the poor creature who has done this work has got but two shillings out of the six I paid for it?"

"Very likely," replied Sniffling. "It is an ordinary mercantile transaction. These things occur continually."

"Then," replied Miss Dexter, "if these things occur continually—if the distressed are separated from the rest of the world to be taken advantage of, in order to fill the pockets of the unfeeling, I want nothing to do with such a class of people; and they really ought not to receive the patronage of the public."

"That is," answered Mr. Sniffling, "just what I said at first, that the shop-keeper would be the only person benefited;" and he said it as unblushingly as if he had never been behind a counter himself.

Miss Dexter looked puzzled for a reply, but took the occasion, before he left, to intimate that she would take every pains to find the person out, whoever she might be, and make her purchases directly from her for the future. The conversation now turned upon other subjects; at least, she had the address to introduce other topics, where her feel-

ings were less interested ; and when Mr. Snifling took his leave, it was with a higher estimate of Miss Dexter than he had entertained when first introduced to her, even pitying, as he did, her commercial ignorance ; and a much lower one of him, by her, than she ever expected to entertain, after the high encomiums she had been in the habit of hearing lavished upon him.

The mother of Miss Dexter, who had been deceased for some years, was a pious woman, of fair acquirements, and had an instinctive knowledge of right and wrong. These sentiments she had taught her daughter, and from them flowed the benevolence which is the great charm of the female heart. Besides, Mr. Dexter was, in his family, a kind-hearted man ; and whatever may be thought of his professional sincerity, the affection he felt for his daughter was undoubted.

Many a fond parent and husband have done that which they blushed for, at the time the wrong was committed, in order to acquire food and raiment for their families, and who, rather than do a mean action for themselves alone, would have suffered the torments of hunger or the chill of the wintry blast, and would have breasted the storms of adversity with true hearts and spotless hands. But the man who loves his family is, in one respect, the greatest moral coward in the world. They are the center around which his affections revolve, and the rest of the world to him is of but little consideration beyond the aid it may afford him in their preservation ; and whether the world is sacrificed to it, his instincts will not allow him to inquire.

When Mr. Dexter came home in the evening, he was the happiest of fathers when he heard of the visit Mr. Snifling had made to his daughter. He himself had been busy all the day in the investment of some money for him. From the rapid accumulation of his fortune and his established reputation, Mr. Dexter had but little doubt that the home government would create Mr. Snifling a peer of the realm.

He, in his delight, drew his daughter to him, and with parental fondness sat her upon his knee.

"Mary," said he, "I understand that Mr. Sniffing has made you a call to-day. He is a remarkable man, and of an age when most young men begin the world. By his industry and shrewdness he has not only accumulated a large fortune, but he has, by his inventive genius, I understand, destroyed the finances of the rebels, and ministers are about to thank him publicly for his patriotism. I hope, my dear daughter, that you endeavored to entertain him. Did you sing for him?" he affectionately inquired.

"No, father," she answered, "I could not volunteer. Besides, I asked him if he was fond of music, and he replied, 'Not much.' He asked me if I sung *Mear* or *Old Hundred*; but, unfortunately, not understanding Church music, I had to decline."

"I am sorry for that," said her father. "You have a good voice, and, I am proud to say, you always show good taste in your selections."

"Thank you, father, for your good opinion. As you feel anxious that I should accomplish myself in that department, I have endeavored to do so to the best of my ability; but the ladies who have come out with the army have had so many more advantages than could be had here, you must be prepared to find me far behind them."

Her father was silent. He did not wish to admit, even to her, that she had a superior in any thing. She was all he had to boast of, of kith or kin, in this world; and, whatever others might think of her, she was to him perfect; and, like other fathers, he was ambitious, not for his own sake, but for hers.

"What do you think of him, Mary?" said her father.

"In what respect?" she inquired.

"Oh! his powers of conversation, his intelligence, his manner. You must not expect too much of him. He is a self-made man, and his life thus far has been engrossed in

business, and, consequently, he has had but little time to cultivate the talent he may possess."

She had no wish to disappoint her father's views, even by insinuating that she was disappointed, and therefore replied that "she could hardly come to a conclusion from the little she saw of him; but she ventured to suggest her doubts whether he possessed a very charitable heart;" and then she repeated their conversation.

"I know that he is a man of the world, my child, and I know, *professionally*, that there are some things which I consider objectionable; but then he was very young. His character has since been unblemished, and his faults have since passed away."

She insisted on being informed of the matter he referred to; and, after some hesitation, he related to her the affair between him and Zimri Freeborn.

She was so much shocked at the recital, that she told her father she regretted she had made the inquiry, and added, "Father, could you have me respect such a man? I would obey you in all things not beyond my control, but in this it would certainly be out of my power. I hope you did not assist him in the injustice he did the poor creature, did you?" and looked him anxiously in the face for a reply.

"My child," answered Mr. Dexter, "it is difficult for me to answer you satisfactorily; but I am ready to say to you this, that the lawyer has the most difficult part to play of any profession or occupation. I began the world," continued he, "ignorant of the nature of its inhabitants, and in that ignorance would have been a philanthropist. My clients I considered my personal friends, and I gave them such advice as I would be willing to act upon myself; but in a short time they sought other counsel. Experience taught me that a very considerable portion of mankind require the excitement of some game of chance, or a wish to exist in some delusion—some prospect ahead which they expect to obtain through the labyrinth of the law; and they apply to the lawyer, not wishing, in one case out of ten, for his own

opinion, but expecting that he is to fall into their views, no matter how absurd or erroneous they may be. For the first three years they shunned me as a bird of ill omen ; and it was not until I saw you in the cradle, and your mother in need of the necessaries of life, that I came to the conclusion of taking the world as I found it ; and in thus adapting myself to the temper and the inclination of my clients, I have succeeded, and generally given satisfaction. No one, it is true, has been much benefited in going to law where I have been concerned, neither has any one been much injured. They have enjoyed the hopes of benefits ahead, and, when defeated, their own reasons have convinced them that it was inevitable. Among the sensible portion of my clients I have endeavored to address to them plain common sense ; with the foolish portion, my time was better employed than to waste it upon them. They were answered in accordance with their own folly. Clients generally put themselves into a predicament to get into the law before they employ counsel. As to the particular case of Zimri Freeborn, he was in prison before I was employed, and, had I not interfered by changing the form of action, they would have prosecuted him criminally. The falsity of litigants, the perjury of witnesses, the frequent stupidity of jurors, and the sophistry of judges, places the lawyer, no matter how sincere himself, continually in a false position. To overthrow sophistry, he must attack it by sophistry ; to detect perjury, he must lead witnesses on to further perjuries ; and, to enlighten the ignorant, argument must be laid down by the crude estimate that forms the channel in which their thoughts have been in the habit of flowing, otherwise the advocate would never be understood. To practice the profession of the law with success, a man must be a thorough judge of human nature, with a capacity to change his position as readily as a chameleon would its color. Yet, even with these drawbacks, it is the most honorable of all occupations ; for the end aimed at, no matter with what weapon, is truth, and, through that, right. If

the lawyer is seemingly pursuing error, he is dragged there by the wickedness of his clients, and blinded by misplaced confidence. Deceptions are practiced in all occupations. The dealer in merchandise will commend his worthless wares, and they have nothing to redeem them from the falsity. The means made use of are false, and the thing itself is false; it had no merit in its origin or its end—a cold, premeditated baseness.”

A sigh escaped his daughter. He pressed her cheek upon his; he felt the warm tear upon his face; yet she made no reply.

“Have I pained you, my beloved child,” said he, “in this sad picture of the strife of man, and what he is drawn into in order to obtain the means of support for those he loves?”

“Do not say any thing more about these things, my dear father. It pains me, indeed it does. I do not,” continued she, “wish to form so low an estimate of the world.”

“I would not have mentioned them to you,” said he, “but I committed myself inadvertently, and, having done so, I was desirous to explain the difficulties men have to encounter in the world, or else you might blame me.”

“Blame my father! blame you!” she exclaimed, as she tenderly kissed him; “no! no! when he has made all of these sacrifices for me. Blame him? no! no! I am ready to obey him, love him, nay, to die for him. Blame you, my father!” and she threw her arms around the neck of that worldly man. His gray hair mingled with her brown tresses; his iron features relaxed themselves, and, for the first time in his life, tears flowed down his face. The reproof, though silent, was understood, and he felt how much better it would be for man to live in a wild state, to roam over the broad and fertile prairie, unrestrained by limits and freed from the canker that gnaws the heart, than to purchase consideration at such sacrifices.

Mr. Dexter, perceiving how much pained his daughter was, dropped the conversation, and inquired of her if she

knew who had worked the pretty piece of embroidery that she had purchased. She replied that she did not, but that she intended to find out, if possible, who it was, and that she hoped, if deserving, that he would be willing that she might assist her.

"Certainly," replied her father, "you must be my almoner. Do as you please in all cases of the kind. I shall rely upon your judgment."

He left his daughter, and the following day went to his office as usual; but his accustomed buoyancy of spirits seemed to desert him—so much so, indeed, that his friends supposed him ill; and they were not a little surprised when they heard him refusing a fee, after hearing the statement of a client, shaking his head and telling the party that he could not recover; and he continued grave; but when he smiled, it was expressive of the feelings of the heart, as if its thoughts could be read. At church, his manner was reverent, sober, thoughtful; his quick gray eye wandered no more, but was intent upon the preacher. He spent much of his time at his office, but it was employed in a laborious examination of his cases, advising his clients as his conscience dictated, but generally to their dissatisfaction.

In the mean time, his daughter was intent upon her errand of mercy; but the shop-keeper fearing that, if found out, it would put a stop to the supply which she received each week from the fair artist, was backward in affording any information, and only upon her promising to give her a handsome sum did she at length go so far as to say that she had promised, after the most urgent solicitations, not to reveal or intimate to any one who the party might be. Miss Dexter, therefore, after attempting every thing that might lead to a discovery, at last gave it up as utterly hopeless.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a dreary night in the month of November. The rain came pelting down upon the pavements, and the winds mourned most piteously. The limbs of a large willow in front of the house lashed its sides with its pliant branches, and the usually placid bosom of the harbor threw up from its caverns its hoarse wailings. Mr. and Miss Dexter and Mr. Thurwood had drawn themselves close around the fire, which threw its cheerful light across the room, and thus contrasted it the more with the fearful night without.

Mr. Thurwood, though a man of the world, and fond of its pomp and fashion, was not ignorant of the estimable qualities of the fair daughter and only child of his partner, neither was he ignorant of the vast change that had taken place in the character of Mr. Dexter; and although the business of the office fell off sadly, yet they had each a sufficiency of this world's goods either for their own happiness or the general weal. Mr. Dexter had, of late, expressly stated that he did not wish to accumulate any thing more, for all, after a sufficiency for the real enjoyments of life, would make him no happier, and it was only taking so much from the poor, which made them, in the same proportion, the more miserable. His own good sense taught him that this was true.

Miss Dexter was reading from a book put into her hands by her father, his own sight, from severe application, having given way, when, suddenly, as a blast came sweeping from the bay, she involuntarily shuddered, and laid the volume upon her lap. "I hope," said she, "that there are none to-night unsheltered from this fearful storm."

Her father took her hand gently in his own, and pressed it with feelings which none but a father feels toward a

daughter, and which even he can not describe. It partakes too little of earth to be understood here, but stands always bright upon the records of heaven. A loud rapping was now heard at the door.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Dexter, "perhaps some poor creature is looking for a shelter;" and she sprang from her seat, and, without waiting for a servant, rushed to the door. Upon opening it, an old negress stepped into the hall, dripping with rain. "You poor soul," said Miss Dexter, "where have you come from this dreary night?"

"Young missus send me wid dis letter fore it rained, marm," answered she; "and dis in de paper too." The note was neatly and carefully sealed, and written upon the finest of paper, and the superscription in the hand of a lady, and was as follows:

"MISS DEXTER,

"It is after much hesitation that my mother has consented to ask a favor of you. Nothing but our necessities would justify it. We are in much want of five guineas. The article sent is worth twenty. It is a piece of plate that has been in the family some centuries. I think it will be called for in time. Your kind inquiries to find us out have been heard of; hence the reason of our now troubling you, hoping that it may not be inconvenient to you to loan us that sum."

The note was without date or name. Miss Dexter handed it to her father, and stood silent while he put on his spectacles and conned it over. "What shall I say to the woman?" said she.

"What would you say?" he inquired, gravely.

"I would send the money," she answered, rather timidly, and intently watching him at the same time, "but I have not so much about me."

"There," said he, taking out of his pocket the amount inquired for, "give that to the woman, and tell her to take

the plate home, and that we will send after it when we want security."

Miss Dexter took the money to the woman, and told her that "her mistress was welcome to it, and that they declined having the plate left as a security."

"Missus won't hab um, den, I knows very well; did so wunce afore, and Ise had to go straight back."

"But you can go back and try," urged Miss Dexter.

"Oh la! fal la!" grumbled the woman. "Young missus only cry if I does."

"What is your mistress's name, and where does she live?"

"Missus says Ise musn't tell. I minds missus if da be poor. I'm young missus's mammy. She's dear good chile."

"Her mother?" repeated Miss Dexter. "You her mother?"

"No! fal la! her *mammy*, not her mudder; she's vite. Dat I bring her up. No, not her mudder! Yah, yah, yah!" and before Miss Dexter had time to ask her to wait until the storm abated, she darted into the night, leaving the piece of plate behind.

"Why did you let the woman go without the plate, my dear?" inquired Mr Dexter.

"She refused it, and said such were the orders of her mistress," replied his daughter.

"Strange this, very strange!" said he, as he took it for the first time, looking at it carefully, and then handing it to Mr. Thurwood. The latter attentively examined it. "The edges are gold," continued Mr. Dexter, "and it is very ancient, and, if I recollect at all right, it has the arms of the late Lord Stevendale; and I remember hearing, before I left home, that the branch of the family which it of right belonged to had emigrated to America. They must be found out," he added; "it may be of consequence to them. Where is the woman? I'll follow her home, notwithstanding the storm;" and he arose for that purpose, but, upon looking out, found that he could not see two feet before him.

Mr. Thurwood observed that "he also was certain with respect to the arms, and the next day he would examine some work of the English peerage, and ascertain more clearly."

The incident made a deep impression upon the whole party; and when Miss Dexter recalled to her father's notice the purchase of the sampler, and the injunction of secrecy as to where it came from, or the name of the person who designed and worked it, they all came to the conclusion that the work and the plate were from the same party; and, although it was evident that secrecy was their object, yet it was equally evident that it was poverty which induced them to shrink from the world.

Mr. Thurwood's curiosity was excited, but Miss Dexter's pity, and a sincere desire to aid, comfort, and cherish them; and, being seconded heartily by her father, she suggested several expedients that she intended to resort to in order to find them out, and added, thoughtfully, "that she was sure they were deserving."

"I feel convinced of that," said Mr. Dexter. "All of my experience has driven me to the conclusion that, in the administration of charity, the object of it should be sought after. True merit, and poverty that suffers most, shrinks from the world, and withdraws itself within its own dark and cheerless abode, there to suffer in silence. I am sorry that I have done so little to relieve this class of people, and that what I did give was to those who begged the loudest, as the worthless always do. One object to accomplish was to buy off from their importunities, and the other (with shame I say it), the giving, in such cases, is the more public, and, therefore, generally the more satisfactory to those who give for the purposes that I have named. But, my beloved daughter, you have opened my eyes to my situation, and the rest of my life shall be consecrated in doing what good I can to the world. Kiss your father; and now, my dear, good-night."

The joy and satisfaction felt by father and child can not

be expressed. Though the storm raged in all its violence, and the fitful gusts came dashing against the house as if it would break through its very walls, yet they felt as if they had done all that they could do to relieve the wants of those in need, the thought of which was worth whole years of sordid avarice, or seasons of revelry in fashionable halls. What they had done or intended to do arose from the pure impulse of the heart, spontaneous as its throbbing; and when Miss Dexter retired to her apartment, and revolved in her mind the change which had taken place in her father's character, charity in the place of avarice, submission to ambition, serenity to excitement, and dignity without ostentation, followed as a necessity. His gray hairs, his fine, sanguineous features and well-made person made him imposing in his appearance; and, though he had been the kindest of fathers, it was merely instinctive pertaining to this world; but now his aspirations were to go on with her, hand in hand, in doing their duty to God and man, until she should have closed his eyes in death to await her in another world, where insane ambition, impotent covetings, and annoying passions are unknown. "Has my feeble efforts had any thing to do with all of this?" inquired she of herself. She reposed calmly and slept; and when morning came the storm was over, the sun rose clear and bright, and the harbor spread out its bosom in the distance as placid as if it had never been disturbed.

After breakfast, she took a walk with her father out of the limits of the town. The effects of the storm were seen in the strewn branches and piles of dried leaves that had been forced from the trees. The past evening afforded the principal subject of conversation; but the name of Sniffling was rarely mentioned, though he had often called, and was treated politely, but that was all. Since Mr. Dexter had freed himself from the corroding chains of selfishness, he wondered how he ever could have sought the society of Mr. Sniffling for his daughter; and she, at the same time, hesitated in expressing her sentiments respecting him, not

knowing how much her father's views were changed, and fearing it would be offensive to him.

"I wonder," said she to her father, playfully looking him in the face, "I wonder if it is the curiosity of the woman, or some better motive, which makes me so anxious to find out who it was that sent the note to me last night?"

"I suspect it may be a little of both," he replied, smilingly. "We all have a little of the blood of Mother Eve in us."

"Well," she replied, "I know I have, and feel it daily; yet, still, I think that our mother Eve, after all that has been said of her, was as good as our father Adam;" and she laughed aloud at her own repartee, at the same time stopping and adjusting her father's cravat, which had gotten a little out of place. "What a beautiful morning for November!" said she. "How fresh the earth looks. I love the autumn: there is something serene, though solemn in it."

"Yes," answered he; "a fitting emblem of life—a putting on of the cerements of decay. I have often noticed that the fall of the year is a favorite season with the young; but with us," and he shuddered, "its winds tell a tale of destiny. Each year urges us the more."

"Yes, dear father; though winter follows, and the tree is stripped of its verdure, yet it is not dead; animation is merely suspended. In spring it revives again, and spreads out to the broad heavens its renewed youth."

"It is true, and beautifully emblematic of our destiny," he replied; "but the chill grave, even for a season, is a sad contemplation."

"Why so?" said she. "It is nothing more than sleep. All that is valuable to us is removed to Him who cares for us here. He who has made for us this earth, and created its enjoyments, and constituted us to be thus attached to it, can, and should we doubt that he will, prepare us for another abode applicable to our new condition."

"Yes, it must be so," he replied, "else all things are

created in vain. Yet our natures revolt at change; we are what we are; and, as we can not understand how we can be any thing else, any change affecting the body does violence to our instincts, for these are for its preservation."

Before she had time to reply, she saw a colored woman a little way off, walking toward the city. "There!" said she, taking her father's arm, "walk faster. That woman looks to me, of all the world, most like the black woman who brought the letter last night. Faster, father! we shall lose sight of her."

"You forget, Evy," said he, "that I am getting old, and can not walk as fast as I once could."

She looked up to him with a sly wink, occasioned by the new name given her, and said to herself, "Find out I will."

Mr. Dexter was quite as curious and anxious as his daughter, and they walked rapidly on; but the woman quickened her pace until it became almost a race. They had now arrived upon the pavement, and she was still ahead of the pursuit.

Miss Dexter espied Mr. Thurwood a short way off, and she desired her father to call him, and ask him to go after the woman. Mr. Thurwood heard the call, and Mary then pointed out to him the negress. "There! there!" said she, half out of breath, "Mr. Thurwood, I am sure it is the same woman." In a moment he was in pursuit, dodging from corner to corner as the black tried to evade him, not knowing why so many persons were intent upon her capture. At last he came up with her, and at once asked if she was the person who had taken a letter to Miss Dexter on the previous night.

"Yes, I s'pose I tooked dem dar," replied the negress, rather sulkily, and out of breath.

"Who sent the letter?" he inquired.

"W'y, missus, I s'pose, sent um—young missus, my chile."

"Your what?" said he; "your child, did you say?"

"Yes, my chile; I is her mammy."

Mr. Thurwood was somewhat confounded. "Your young mistress," exclaimed he, "your child! you her mother! Why, is she black?"

"Oh yah! fal lal!" said she, grinning from ear to ear.

"No! dis nigger brings her up. She's my chile—my mis-sus."

"Where does your mistress live, my good woman?" he inquired.

"She lib whar she lib," was her reply, rather sullenly.

"Whar you lib you'self?"

Mr. Thurwood, finding he could get no further information, left her, though he determined to keep his eye upon her movements, and follow her home. He kept out of her sight, but she went from one street to another, without any apparent purpose, when, taking a survey all around, she made her way toward the country, and not far from the point from which she came. Every few moments she would stop, and take a general sweep around the horizon, as the buffalo on the prairie is in the habit of doing when pursued by the hunter, and, after satisfying herself that all was safe, she would take another stretch, until, at last, she turned down a lane lined with sycamore, and entered a small but neat-looking cottage on the banks of the river, sheltered from the east by a hill, and from the west by a thick clump of trees.

Mr. Thurwood satisfied himself that he had now found the place sought for, and he carefully made his way homeward to give the information to Mr. and Miss Dexter, intending that they should join him upon his next visit. So much mystery had attached itself to the persons *incog.*, that Miss Dexter could hardly persuade herself that Mr. Thurwood was not mistaken; but they resolved that the next day, immediately after breakfast, they would go together. Upon further reflection, however, bearing in mind how solicitous the party was to remain unknown, they came to the conclusion that it would be indelicate for more

than one to go, and they arranged that Miss Dexter should be that one to pay the first visit.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, every thing was prepared. Mr. Thurwood, having drawn a diagram of the house and grounds, gave it to Miss Dexter to aid her. The morning was cold and bracing, and the excitement of the drive gave her a color and freshness which added much to interest one. As she approached the house, she felt her heart beat, and she feared that she had hardly nerve enough to intrude herself upon people of whom she knew nothing. The whole appearance of the house and about it looked little like the abode of poverty. She felt it a duty, as it was a pleasure, if they were poor, to relieve them, and the returning of the plate, she thought, would afford her a good excuse to do so. While thus absorbed in doubting the propriety of calling, and almost regretting that she had determined to do so, the coachman drove up to the door. The blinds were closed, and every thing around and about the house bore the appearance of desertion. She, however, descended from the carriage, and timidly knocked at the door. Yet all was still, and she was about returning, when it was cautiously opened by the old black woman, who at once recognized Miss Dexter.

"Is your mistress within?" the latter inquired.

"Missus don't see nobody," answered the woman.

Miss Dexter said, in a faltering voice, that she "had a little business with her mistress, and that, if she would allow her to state it, she would feel very much obliged."

The servant retired to an inner room, and was there some time; on her return, she said, "Old missus arn't well; young missus will see um;" and invited her to walk into a little parlor fronting the river. The summer furniture was still in the room, and, though perfectly neat, had a cold appearance. Upon the little table, near where she sat, were the utensils for needle-work, and several beautiful pieces of embroidery, in an unfinished state, lay upon it. The house was as quiet as if it had been the abode of the

dead ; nothing to break the awful silence but the beating of her own heart. By-and-by she heard a gentle step approaching, and, a moment after, there entered, in deep mourning, a tall and beautiful girl. She was as pale as alabaster ; her light hair was plainly but neatly arranged, and, although her manner was solemnly imposing, yet her dark blue eye gave her a softness of expression that soon dissipated the want of confidence that Miss Dexter at first felt. The latter introduced herself by saying that she sought the interview in consequence of having, against her own wishes and also her father's, had left with them a piece of plate for a small sum of money, which they would have afforded with far greater pleasure without the security than with it.

She was answered in the kindest possible manner ; and the young lady excused herself for the loan her mother had asked for, as expressed in the note she had sent. She further remarked "that she had been in hopes that her needle would have met their wants ; but the very little that it brought had rendered it necessary to dispose of some of their plate, and that the first of it had been sent to her, feeling assured, from the kind inquiries she had made, that her father would allow its return when they were enabled to redeem it."

Miss Dexter's eyes were swimming in tears, and, involuntarily embracing her, she sobbed aloud. The lady in question, whom the reader, before this, will have recognized as Miss De l'Eur, took her hand, astonished at the feeling she displayed. She had so long been retired from the world, except from those who had received her work, and from them had met so much heartlessness, that she began to suspect that sympathy was a mere name, and that, in reality, it did not exist. Upon each new piece being sent, they reduced the little which they had given for the other, assuring her, over and over again, as people always do who have no confidence in themselves, that they got no profit by it ; that it was merely to oblige her that induced them to

take it; though the fact was, that Mr. Sniffling was not far out of the way in his estimate of the profits which they received.

"We are deeply indebted to you," said Miss De l'Eur, still retaining her hand, "not only by the promptness with which you loaned the money, but still more so by the kind expression of sympathy for us, strangers as we are to you. Misfortune seems to have singled us out to expend its wrath upon, but we doubt not that it is for some good purpose hereafter, and we bow in submission to our fate, whatever it may be."

Miss Dexter felt herself unequal to reply as she ought. So much wisdom in so much youth, such resignation, and such dignity of expression—so much womanly beauty and sweetness, with the calmness of despair, Miss Dexter had never before seen or contemplated. Fearing that she was detaining her too long from her mother, she prepared to leave, begging permission to call again the next day. Miss De l'Eur assured her that "she would be ever happy in receiving her; but, for a brief period, if her visits could be made alone, it would be preferred, alleging that they were suffering under a severe dispensation, which time alone could mitigate."

Miss Dexter, after taking an affectionate parting, drove to her home with feelings she had never felt before. Pity was no stranger to her bosom; she had seen squalid poverty, loud begging, and had felt and given; but she had never seen such poverty—if poverty it could be called—independent poverty. A self-reliance for what they needed in this world, and a reliance upon the justice and ultimate goodness of Providence in the world hereafter. Instead of bestowing a favor, she felt that she was obliged for the condescension which had been bestowed, and she felt that she had stood upon consecrated ground, which made her almost hesitate whether she should renew her visit the next day as she had promised.

"Mr. Dexter and Mr. Thurwood were anxiously awaiting

the return of the daughter of the former. When she arrived, and after she had related to them all which occurred, and announced the name, Mr. Thurwood reflected for a moment, as if trying to recall something to his mind that was partly forgotten. "I think it is," said he, musingly; "De l'Eur is the hereditary name of the branch of the family that is supposed to be entitled to the baronetage of Stevendale. If I recollect right, however, it descends but in the male line. Did you understand," inquired he, anxiously, "whether they have any male relations in America?"

"I made no inquiries," replied Miss Dexter. "I felt that it would have been an unpardonable intrusion to have done so, and I almost fear it is so as it is."

While they were conversing upon the events of the morning, Mr. Sniffling came in to make a call. He was in full ball-dress, and, since he had set up as a man of fashion, overdid every thing in that way that he undertook. He was civilly and politely received, and that was all. He had the deference paid him of an ordinary acquaintance, and no more. After saying the usual things that people do who have nothing in particular to say, he remarked, in a simpering manner, that "she"—meaning Miss Dexter—"was early in taking an airing." To which she replied, "that she had been to see an interesting family of the name of De l'Eur, a short distance out of town."

"Oh! ah! yes! Mrs. and Miss De l'Eur," ejaculated Mr. Sniffling, making most shocking work at an attempt to imitate fashionable lassitude. "I feel, I do indeed, that I have neglected them."

They simultaneously and with surprise inquired if he knew them.

"Yes—no," said he. "I can hardly answer you. The son of Mrs. De l'Eur was a schoolfellow of mine for several years, and, upon their arrival in town, I had a note from him. He is now a prisoner with the rebels. He wished me to aid his mother and sister until he could make arrangements for them, or get released. I, of course, called

upon them, and saw his mother; but she merely thanked me, not saying whether she would accept of my offer to aid them or not, since which I have seen nothing of them."

"Do you say that Mr. De l'Eur was taken prisoner?" inquired Mr. Thurwood.

"Yes, I said so," answered Mr. Sniffling. "I am also informed," continued he, "that, at the same time, his father was killed in endeavoring to make his escape."

"But how did the ladies escape?" quickly inquired Mr. Thurwood.

"Why, the rebels handed them over to the Indians for safe keeping, and for a little rum they handed them over to our out-posts, and by them they were sent in."

The unfeeling manner in which he recapitulated their misfortunes completed the disgust which Miss Dexter had more than half felt for him before, but, out of respect to her father, she had kept her feelings to herself; but now that he showed his entire independence of him, she felt under no further restraint in expressing her opinion.

After he had left them, they spent an hour in discussing the best and the most delicate way in effectually aiding the objects of their care, and in also taking measures to procure the release of Mr. De l'Eur. It was determined that Miss Dexter, upon calling the next day, should return the plate, and endeavor to get them, unconditionally, to accept a further supply of money.

Mr. Thurwood, in the mean time, prepared a letter for the first ship that sailed, directed to the Heralds' College in London, for information in relation to the genealogy of the De l'Eur family, and also making inquiries as to other claimants then in England. His tastes ran in that way. He was proud of his knowledge of heraldry, and he would far rather have entered into an investigation of a claim of title without a fee, than an ordinary case with one.

The morning came on which Miss Dexter was to pay her fair recipient a visit according to promise, but she felt its awkwardness. There was nothing, thought she, to just-

ify it but the presumption that they were necessitous, and, at the same time, they had showed entire independence—a determination to ask for nothing that was not for value received. She had promised to go, however, and, in the space of half an hour, her carriage drove up to the door. On her arrival at the cottage, she found that the shutters were now open, and the smoke was curling from the chimney top, and there seemed more animation within. The old negress was quick in opening the door. She showed Miss Dexter to the little parlor in which she had been conducted the day before, and in a few moments the same light foot was heard approaching the room.

As soon as Miss De l'Eur saw her, she rapidly and gracefully approached, kindly inquiring after her health and her father's, and, after being inquired of in return, stated that her mother was much revived, and that she herself had just come in from a stroll along the banks of the river, feeling all the better for it, her rest having been much broken in watching by her mother. The exercise she had taken had brought out the color upon her cheek, and her clear blue eye was the brighter for it.

"Is your mother able to sit up?" inquired Miss Dexter.

"Oh yes! She will be here in a few moments. If I could induce her to take a little exercise, I am sure that she would be well."

Miss Dexter remarked that she was going to drive a few miles into the country, and that she would esteem it a favor if they would accompany her. "It is so dreary to be alone," she added, "in these little excursions, that I can seldom make up my mind to encounter one."

Miss De l'Eur hesitated a moment at what was proper to say. In the mean time, her mother came in, clad in deep mourning. She was introduced to Miss Dexter, whom she approached with great dignity, but evidently with a broken heart, and after making inquiries concerning the health of herself and father, thanked her for the favor she had done her in the loan of the money, and for the interest

she had taken in her daughter. Upon the mention of the loan, Miss Dexter could not restrain her feelings, which the former perceiving, turned the conversation, and commenced remarking upon the beauty of the morning; that it was a season in consonance with her present feelings; and that she derived a pleasure, though a melancholy one, at the fall of the withered leaf, the wintery winds, and the drifting snow. Miss Dexter was received with much dignity, though tempered with so much condescension and kindness, that, while the former added consequence to her visit, the latter assured her of her welcome.

"I wish, Mrs. De l'Eur, that you and your daughter would do me a favor. I am going to drive a little further into the country, and I dislike to go alone."

Mrs. De l'Eur looked at her daughter, knowing hardly how to refuse the invitation, it being put in such a manner that a refusal would seem to be the denying of a favor. "I would like to oblige. Daughter, you had better go, I think. The exercise will benefit you." But Miss Dexter said, "You will really oblige me. It will be but a short way."

It was pressed so hard that she assented; and after the young ladies had guarded her well against the possibility of taking cold, they all got into the carriage, and the coachman drove on, keeping close to the river. The excitement produced by the motion, and the clear and cold atmosphere, with the natural buoyancy of youth, made the young ladies forget the events of the past few days, and the glorious future brightened as they whirled on, until the sunny smile sat upon the lips of Miss De l'Eur, and the mother was happy again in the contemplation of the pleasure it gave her daughter.

They drove on, and the graceful sloop glided by; the dark and frowning man-of-war sat upon the water in moody defiance; the sea-bird, intent upon its prey, skimmed along the surface of the bay—all of which added interest to the drive, and they each felt regret when it was ended.

"Thank you," said Mrs. De l'Eur, as the party alighted, "for the pleasure we have derived from your kindness. I have not felt so well in a year as I do now."

After passing some time in conversation, Miss Dexter said that now she had a little business matter to settle, and that, "if they had any regard for her, they must permit her to leave the plate, and also five guineas besides;" adding, "You can return it at your convenience;" knowing that they would receive it upon no other terms, if they did upon those. She then laid the plate and the money upon the table.

The mother and daughter both colored, and were about peremptorily refusing either; but Miss Dexter looked so beseechingly, and so much hurt, that they assented, upon the condition, however, that she should receive a memorandum for its repayment in six months; and as those were the only terms which their assent could be obtained upon, it was taken, and Miss Dexter, with a light heart, sprang into her carriage, telling them, playfully, that they must not expect very easily to get rid of her, and that in two or three days she should return.

Miss De l'Eur replied that, if they were not aware that they had nothing to offer as an inducement for the trouble she had taken, they should urge her company as often as she could at all make it convenient; as it was, they would leave it to her own option, at the same time assuring her of the pleasure, and the great obligations they were under for her gratuitous kindness.

They parted mutually pleased; and Miss Dexter regarded the acquaintance she had formed as not only the most pleasing, but the most valuable which she had ever made; valuable, because she had discovered the difference between the rapacious indigent and the retiring needy, the latter of whom would rather suffer death than the degradation of asking charity; and, for the first time, it occurred to her that a thousand cases of a similar character might be found if they should be sought out with activity. "This is true

charity," thought she; "and how much good might be done in the world if merit should be sought for, and kindness conferred upon that which vice more generally receives, and but for one reason, and *that* because it is more easily found and more impudent in its pretensions."

Mr. Dexter and Mr. Thurwood received from the lips of Mary an account of her last visit, and her father surveyed her with pride as she came in radiant with smiles and pleasurable emotions at the success she had met with. The other had further aspirations. He had made such examinations in the books of peerage as he was enabled to find in his library, that convinced him that, if William de l'Eur was not the next in succession to the title, it was in consequence of the intervention of the life of an old and eccentric gentleman, whose marriage (if any had taken place) was not recorded in any account which had been given of him. Lord Stevendale had died a bachelor twenty years before, and without issue. He had two paternal uncles, one of whom, only, was married, and he leaving two sons and several daughters. The youngest of these sons was the father of Mr. De l'Eur the elder, and the oldest was the bachelor whose life was supposed to intervene between the title and the De l'Eur family in America.

The old gentleman was supposed to have been married, and to have had children. This supposition was also entertained by the De l'Eur family in America; but Mr. Thurwood doubted such to be the case, inasmuch as the heirs of an heir presumptive are generally mentioned in the new editions of the Peerage, and such was not the fact in this case. It merely stated that the heir was supposed to be in America. He had now an opportunity to send to England, and he felt confident that the accounts from there would be such as to place this ancient peerage at once in the possession of the only legitimate male heir then living; and feeling this confidence, he, of course, was anxious for the preservation and the speedy liberation of the young De l'Eur.

The winter passed away without much to relieve its monotony, except the accounts of the forays, which were sometimes made by one, and then the other of the belligerent parties. Mrs. De l'Eur and her daughter were frequently sent for by Miss Dexter to spend the day with her, and, upon their return home, she generally accompanied them, and in the most delicate manner would usually manage to leave something which added to their comfort; but as the avails produced by the work of Miss De l'Eur seemed to give them far more pleasure, Miss Dexter and her friends received what she made, and paid the same prices they did when purchased at the shops. This alone was sufficient for their necessities, economical as they were.

One day, when the two young ladies were walking together, they were espied by Mr. Sniffling, who, after one of his own peculiar bows, remarked that he had just received a letter from the rebel called Colonel Standish, which had been brought in by a flag, under cover, to his friend General Lord Lumberlegs, and that it had at that moment been sent to him by his lordship; and as it had reference to matters in which Miss De l'Eur was concerned, he would hand the letter to her. He then, with an awkward imitation of a man of fashion, walked off.

Miss De l'Eur caught at the letter impulsively, coloring to the eyes, and, as Miss Dexter's carriage was passing, asked her the privilege of entering it. The two young ladies entered it together. Miss De l'Eur, with a trembling hand, held the paper. There was the same bold, dashing hand—the same paper which he had held—and she was sure that it related to herself and to hers. She leaned back—the paper fell from her hands. The recollection of years gone by rushed upon her memory. It was from him to whom she had pledged her love, and he, like herself, had been left desolate by the hands of the assassin, whose passions had been excited by mercenary demagogues.

Miss Dexter took a seat by her side, and held her head upon her bosom until her faintness had passed away. She,

half unconscious, looked up. "Where am I?" she asked, and again swooned. Her extremities were cold, and her face was like marble. Miss Dexter hurried the coachman to an apothecary's, and upon the application of some restoratives, she revived by degrees, but was too unwell to proceed home. Mrs. De l'Eur was sent for; and she remained at Mr. Dexter's several days before she had quite recovered.

The letter had been sent to Mr. Sniffling by Colonel Standish, who claimed from him the favor of his finding out, if possible, where Mrs. and Miss De l'Eur could be found, alleging that he had been enabled to trace them to New York, and that it was only within the last few days that he had ascertained where they were. He also stated that he had had scouts out for more than a year, to ascertain if they were still in the hands of the Indians, having satisfied himself that at one time they were in their possession.

He implored him, if possible, to find them out, and to administer to their wants, should they require aid. That he, Colonel Standish, had possessed himself of considerable of their effects, found in the hands of those who were supposed to be engaged in the assassination of Mr. De l'Eur and in the destruction of his house, and that funds would be forwarded, through the intervention of a flag, as soon as he could learn their address. He also stated, in his letter to Mr. Sniffling, that, with all of the influence he could bring to bear, he could not succeed as yet in the liberation of Mr. De l'Eur, as it was insisted that he should be retained as a hostage, not allowing him to correspond with any one openly; and that it was only very recently that he knew whether he was living or dead; and that he would have been in ignorance of the fate of any of them, had it not been through the confession of a deserter who was about to be executed, and who admitted that he had been concerned in the incendiary affair. He concluded his letter by a fervent prayer for their health, and that they would be sustained in all their afflictions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE rebellion had now assumed all of the importance of a war existing between two independent powers, and, in order to avoid the extreme penalties attached to treason, the ordinary rules and regulations according to the law of nations were conceded by the English and abided by by the Americans, except in irresponsible cases, where banditti, assuming the appearance of soldiers for the more successful prosecution of their designs, committed depredations for the sake of the plunder, without regard to either civil or military usage.

Patriots were found of foreign origin willing to serve for *freedom's* sake, if thereby they could be placed in commands beyond any pretensions which they would dream of assuming in their own country; but it is not on record, if in fact it existed, that this class of patriots ever consented to serve without rank higher than they had ever attained before, or without ample remuneration in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence. And although Colonel Standish had been in the field from the first outbreak, and continually engaged with such of the enemy as the smallness of his command would permit, and had always showed much strategy, which, with his determined bravery, generally carried every thing before it, yet, as he had too much modesty to push his pretensions before his superiors, he was invariably outranked by foreigners, such as is before mentioned, or by those who expended more time in claiming a higher rank than they did in the field before the enemy.

His operations were therefore limited to a kind of partisan warfare, in or near the boundaries of his native place; yet he was considered by the English as one of their most annoying enemies, and they were determined, therefore, if

possible, to capture him. The commanding general at New York fitted out a detachment of horse especially to accomplish that object, thinking that it could be easily done by getting between him and his fastnesses in the hills and mountains; and, accordingly, a respectable force of picked men were sent upon that service. The officer in command being a friend of Mr. Thurwood, the latter agreed to go out as a volunteer aid, the law business of the office having so fallen off, for the reasons before stated, that he could be very easily spared.

A spy had come in a few days before, and announced that Standish was in motion, and that his force consisted of about two hundred and fifty mounted men, and that there was every appearance of his approaching the city upon his old business of harassing the outposts and cutting off foraging parties.

The English detachment kept along the banks of the river, and at night encamped some twenty miles up the country. No definite information could be obtained of the Americans, except that they had been seen slowly going south, and at that time, probably, were upon their left flank, theirs being in reverse. The detachment encamped upon the slope of a hill, the position commanding a fine view of the south, and protected on the west by the Hudson River, and on the north by rocks and broken ground, making it inaccessible for cavalry; and as for infantry, there was none in the neighborhood, unless the marauding parties before mentioned could be called so.

The detachment was soon as comfortably bivouacked as a detachment could be without baggage wagons; but the fine weather and the wearisomeness that the march produced were sufficient to induce repose, with such temporary comforts as the cavalry soldier could stow away behind his saddle. The first part of the evening was star-light, and the officers and soldiers sat in groups upon the greensward. They had never been in that region before, and had no idea of the superlative beauty of the country.

Upon the opposite side of the river, the Table Mountains stretched themselves away to the northward until they were lost by their melting away in the cloudy distance. To the north, on the same bank where they were encamped, mountain arose upon mountain, enveloped in an atmosphere of dark gray and blue, and terminated in the cloudy mist that hung upon its summit; the broad river running between as calmly and serene, reflecting the smallest star from its depths, as if given by the Creator as a fit emblem of peace and quietness, to tranquilize the storms and passions of poor human nature. Deep silence reigned throughout the camp, except from the insect tribe, which chattered out the language of nature in slumbering monotony, inviting to repose. Many a poor fellow, who had never borne hate or malice to any living creature, was there in the capacity of a soldier, and, as such, was bound to slay *some* adversary, equally harmless, perhaps, as himself, the argument used being the sound of the trumpet to the charge. Others, separated in youth from parents, from sisters—nay, more, from her whose life—whose existence was part and parcel of his own, and in that separation breathed and moved, yet still but in part existed; and, as he lay upon the cold ground, begirt with his cutlass, his very soul would shrink within him, fearing that he might be called upon to give an account to his Creator before the rising of another sun, and perhaps, for the last time, breathed a prayer for those whom he had left behind.

Colonel Standish was not ignorant of the movements of the enemy, nor their object. An open engagement in the field was to be avoided: in the first place, the chance of the issue would be against him; and, in the second place, he had too few men to lose from any advantage he could hope to gain from a detachment without a military chest or military stores. He, therefore, soon determined to surprise them in their camp.

He set his battalion in motion about midnight, and when within a mile or so of the enemy's encampment, dismount-

ed his men, tied his horses, and left a small guard to look after them ; and, while in doubt as to the exact position of the king's troops, fortunately for him, a deserter from the camp, making his way into the interior, was encountered, and from him the enemy's position was ascertained.

Colonel Standish was not only informed of the enemy's precise strength, but was led to the spot where the deserter had been stationed as a sentinel, and where an approach to the camp could be had, with a reasonable expectation of penetrating without alarming them.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when the men were ordered "forward" in double file. They proceeded with great caution on the upper side of the hill, unperceived ; they then were faced to the left, two deep, and in order of battle, and thus they slowly and cautiously approached the unsuspecting enemy. They at length came upon a sentinel, who fired without hailing. In a moment the whole camp was alarmed and in the utmost confusion, not knowing which way to look for an enemy, when, to their surprise, they were charged upon from the quarter least expected. The conflict was of but few moments' duration. The loss of life, consequently, was not large. A considerable number, however, were made prisoners, and the rest took advantage of the darkness and made their escape. Of the party of Colonel Standish, none were killed and but few wounded.

When daylight appeared, the officers who had been made prisoners were ordered into the presence of the American commander. They were much surprised to find so old a soldier so young a man. The last year, however, had much changed him. His constant exposure to all weathers had given him a hardy appearance. He was sunburned to such a degree that a former acquaintance would hardly have known him. He had, too, received a cutlass wound in the face, which had left a deep and ugly scar. His strong and just-made frame, the gravity of his manner, and the black plume which he always wore in battle, gave him the ap-

pearance of determined courage, which the most hardy were not inclined to dispute.

After questioning each officer, they were ordered into the rear, with the exception of Mr. Thurwood, who had, among others, been made prisoner.

"Sir," said the colonel to him, in a somewhat softened manner, "I wish to see you alone. I understand," continued he, "that you are a resident of New York, though a native of England?"

"Yes," Mr. Thurwood replied, "it is so."

"Are you acquainted with a person of the name of Sniffling?" inquired Colonel Standish.

"I know him well. He has been a client of Mr. Dexter's and myself ever since he has resided there."

"Are you acquainted with a lady and her daughter of the name of De l'Eur?" he again inquired.

"I have recently been much interested in a lady and her daughter bearing that name, in consequence of their necessities. They evidently belong to the higher classes."

"In distressed circumstances!" exclaimed Standish, coloring to the eyes; "in distressed circumstances, sir! Do I understand you right?" Then, after pausing for a moment, he added, "Oh, that accursed Sniffling!" and, in a less audible tone, "thou wilt yet reap thy reward for this!" He took Mr. Thurwood by the arm, and hurried him to the river side. "Did you tell me," he inquired for the third time, in a whisper, and gasping for breath, "that Mrs. De l'Eur and her daughter were in want?"

Mr. Thurwood, perceiving how pained and agitated Colonel Standish was, modified, somewhat, the tones in which he had expressed himself, and said, "Perhaps, sir, I have used too strong terms. I merely meant to say, that before any one was aware of the fact, Miss De l'Eur saw fit to resort to her needle rather than ask aid or assistance from any one. They were sought out by the daughter of my partner, and, in the most delicate manner, relieved from any pecuniary embarrassment."

"Heaven," responded Standish, "smile upon that angel of mercy, whoever she may be, who has relieved them. Sniffling! that ingrain knave, that apology for a man! Fool that I was, to debase myself by asking a favor of him. But he will pay for this, if not in this world, in the world hereafter."

"I hope, sir," said Mr. Thurwood, "that you will not suffer yourself to be made unhappy, for, before I became a soldier" (and he smiled), "that is to say, the day before yesterday, we had the pleasure of enjoying your friend's society at Mr. Dexter's, and, indeed, was with Miss De l'Eur a few moments after Mr. Sniffling had handed her a letter from you, and—"

"And what?" quickly asked the colonel.

"Why, it was so unexpected, and she not being in the best of health, fainted, but soon recovered."

"Heaven preserve and comfort this poor orphan!" said Colonel Standish, in a fervent but humiliated manner; "and oh! may it be thy pleasure to take me from this world of sorrow;" and he sprang from his seat with the wildness of a maniac. "Here," said he, drawing, and presenting the hilt of his sword to Mr. Thurwood, "here, sir, I command you, in this place, where none can see the deed, rid your country of its bitterest foe, and oh! rid me of the pangs I feel."

Mr. Thurwood took him gently by the hand, and soothingly said, "I think that you have no reason to grieve thus. The mother and daughter are both in tolerable health, have good friends, and I should conceive that there is a rich store of happiness yet in the affection I am sure she bears you."

"Mr. Thurwood," replied he, "I thank you for the consolation you have afforded me—a consolation, however, which I have no reason to suppose will ever be realized. It is unnecessary for me to enter into detail, but it is such that I would be happy if I were sure that she did not hate—nay, despise me. I ought," he continued, "to have prevented that accursed murder."

He could say no more ; the tears ran in silence down his scarred and weather-beaten face. After he had given way to his feelings, he settled down in melancholy calmness, and inquired each particular in relation to the character of Snifling, of the place of residence of Mrs. De l'Eur and the extent of their wants ; and added that he had repeatedly written him, begging him to supply them with every thing they needed, and that he had full assurance from him that they needed nothing. Mr. Thurwood then inquired whether he had lately heard from Mr. De l'Eur.

"Yes," said Standish ; "he is on his way from the interior to meet me, when I shall forward him to New York. I have had," he continued, "great difficulty in getting him released. He has been held as a hostage. Many of our men, until lately, have been treated as rebels, and suffered the extreme penalty ; and it has been with great difficulty that Mr. De l'Eur has been spared from the fury of the populace. His poor father paid the penalty of death for daring to think aloud."

"I had not supposed, before, that he had made himself obnoxious to them, or open to their displeasure," replied Mr. Thurwood.

"Neither had he, if reason had had any thing to do with the matter ; but the many massacres which the Tories had committed in cold blood, rendered the Whigs furious upon all those who dared to express an opinion not in accordance with their own. When reason is gone, the demon is at large."

At this moment the adjutant, who had been for the last half hour in search of Standish, came up to ascertain whether he intended to parole the officers or send them into the interior. If the latter, then he would like to receive orders.

"Send them back to the old encampment, well guarded ; I have especial use for them," was the reply.

"Do your orders, sir, include the gentleman with you ?"

The colonel hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "No, sir. I will take care of him myself."

After the adjutant had retired for the purpose of seeing the orders of the colonel executed, the latter addressed Mr. Thurwood as follows: "I desire to thank you, sir, for the kindness that you and your friends have bestowed upon the personages heretofore alluded to, but it is out of my power at present to reward you. You must look for that in a quiet conscience, and, for the rest, trust to the God of the widow and the orphan."

Mr. Thurwood bowed. "It is all that I had expected," he remarked. "But I am fully requited by the favors shown me in my present position, and the satisfaction it has given you."

"Do you promise, sir, not again to serve in this war?" demanded Colonel Standish.

"I do," answered Mr. Thurwood, in a dolorous manner. "With what I have achieved, it will last me the rest of my life."

Standish could hardly suppress a smile at the ludicrous air he assumed when he promised no longer to be a soldier, but he said, "You are, then, at liberty, Mr. Thurwood;" and he at once sat down and wrote him a passport to the outposts of the English army. "There," said he, handing him a paper, "that will protect you from all but your friends: beware of them. Now," he continued, "you will do me a favor by remaining with me as my guest for a few days. De l'Eur will be in camp, and I wish you to return together."

"I should be most happy to see him," was the reply, "and am quite at your service. I have undertaken to satisfy myself whether he is not entitled to a peerage as Viscount Stevendale. I have every reason to believe that such is the fact, and I am in hopes that three or four months, at most, will settle the question. Whether there is an estate attached to the title I am not yet apprised, but presume there is, as large grants of land were made to the first lord by James the Second in *fee tail male*, and unless there has been suffered a fine and common recovery, they still belong to the heir."

Colonel Standish heard, without emotion, the statement of Mr. Thurwood; yet he had reason to believe there was something in it, as he had, on several occasions, heard George de l'Eur, while at school, regret that his father would not take the trouble to investigate that which the former conceived to deeply concern the interests of the family. But, as it has been before stated, his father looked at the world as a mere stopping-place for a day; that his first care, after securing a competence of this world's goods, was, that there should be no field for ambition thrown before them in their way that would be likely to unfit them for their final exit. He, therefore, had felt too indifferent upon the subject to investigate it for the sake of the property alone, and as for the title in the abstract (it being Scotch, and, therefore, not of itself entitling the holder to a seat in Parliament), it was, in his eye, a mere bawble, and, in fact, of no more dignity than other possessions of lands to the same extent. "It is true," he used to say, "that a Scotch peer is eligible to a seat in the House of Lords if he is fortunate enough to be elected by his brother peers." But Mr. De l'Eur was conscious—and that was one reason of his indifference—that the present noblemen of England, of all men in the world, had little to boast of in the way of parentage, and that the assumption on that score was impudent to the last.

He must have known that he stood in consanguinity near to the Stevendale title, and he resolved that if he did succeed to it, it should be with a proper estimate of its worth; for he was heard to say "that he rejoiced that the blood had become nearly extinct of those who claimed dignity from the followers of William the Norman, for that they were mere banditti, made up of the refuse of all nations, of whom thieves and vagabonds predominated;" and he asserted that, for the most part, the ancestors of the noblemen of the present day were mere parasites to some bloody-minded or besotted king, yielding up their own self-respect in administering to his vicious appetites. "My

son," he would often say, "virtue, truth, sincerity, and dignity of character can never be thrust upon one. These are not commodities to be purchased. It is true that those who do possess them often go to the grave unknown, but the record of their lives is transferred to a higher tribunal, and upon which their glory rests through eternity."

As soon as it became sufficiently light, the fragment of the regiment sought their horses and made for their old encampment. Mr. Thurwood rode by the side of Colonel Standish, who relaxed from the severity of manner that the officer in long campaigns unconsciously acquires. He by degrees drew from Mr. Thurwood the precise locality of the De l'Eurs, and he inwardly determined to venture within the lines of the enemy, and once more see her from whose memory he was never absent, and who, in return, had become idealized in the depths of his heart; and far dearer to him was that ideal than the life blood which nurtured it. His very nature became subservient to it; and even in the crash of the charge, when he rode high in the stirrups, and the black plume waved in the air, it still nestled there, and gave impulse to the arm in defending the sanctuary where it dwelt. In his lonely hours he kept company with and talked to it as a thing of intelligence, and it replied to him in the warm gush which it sent forth; and for hours he would sit upon the mountain top, in deep converse with the prisoner there, and say to it, "Let the world toil for gold or for fame, this ideal of mine, lent me from Heaven, makes me a far richer man than the wealth of the Indies would without it;" and it would willingly reply, "As long as I have this home in thy heart I am happy;" and he would gaze into the blue vault of heaven, and thank it for its goodness in giving him something on earth to love. Then, all at once, the shrill bugle would announce that his men were ready for the fray. He would then start from his revery, but to mourn that his short dream of happiness was to be exchanged for the battle field.

All of that day they continued on in their weary march,

and if any of the men lagged behind, a look of reproof from him they loved and feared was sufficient to put them in their proper places. They encamped for the night near a living spring, their resting-place the green grass, and their covering the canopy of heaven.

Mr. Thurwood had now experienced somewhat the delights of a soldier's life; and when he awoke in the night with aching limbs, and wet with dew, he could not but think that it was rather a cold and cheerless hospitality; yet he found the men in groups, sleeping as quietly as if they were reposing on beds of down, covered with the purple of royalty. A saddle was Standish's pillow, yet he slept soundly; and as the moon shone clear and bright upon the armor, as the warrior lay there in the full development of his manhood, he, for the first time, began to suspect that, if such were the men that Great Britain had to combat, well might she be alarmed for the issue.

As *he* could not sleep, he arose in the early part of the night, and would have spent a part of it in walking about the encampment; but, upon his first experiment, he was brought to a stand by a hoarse and sullen voice demanding, "Who comes there?"

The answer was, "Mr. Thurwood, on parole."

"Mr. Thurwood on parole, advance and give the countersign," was the categorical command.

"I do not know what it is; I will go back and inquire," was the unpracticed reply; and, suiting the action to the word, was about to proceed, when the same harsh voice responded,

"Mr. Thurwood on his parole, stand!"

Suspecting that a ball through his heart might, in such cases, be the etiquette of the camp, he surrendered at discretion, and was, in a most unceremonious manner, handed over to the marshal of the provost guard; but, as the prison was commensurate with the colony, excepting a drawn cutlass that gleamed in the moonlight, which he suspected might circumscribe his movements, he very discreet-

ly waited with patience till the morning, when the delinquent was reported at head-quarters, and "Mr. Thurwood on parole" was discharged as a matter of course.

No sooner had daybreak fairly set in than each man was in his saddle, as fresh and as ready for a day's march as if they had rested a week; but poor Mr. Thurwood was all but in a state to be put upon the sick list. His color was gone, and he could hardly drag one leg after the other; and as for riding through another day's march, he felt that it was quite-out of the question, and he begged permission to make his way back as fast as the severe service he had seen would permit him. He made known to the colonel his inability to proceed, and begged to be allowed to return home. His wishes were granted; but, as he could not ride further on horseback, arrangements were made with a neighboring farmer to take him back in a wagon.

Mr. Thurwood, in taking leave, thanked the officers for their hospitality and the *flattering reception* which he had met with; and as the last dragoon filed away from his vision among the winding defiles of the country, he thanked his stars for his hair-breadth escapes, and the riddance of men who, in what, to them, would have been a task of pleasure, would have broken half the bones of his body.

Mr. Thurwood felt himself unable to proceed, and, finding quite comfortable quarters at the farmer's, he made up during the day what usually belongs to the night; nor had he awakened when dinner was announced. The pangs of hunger had yielded to the drowsy god; but the farmer insisted that he must eat, else he would die; and feeling unwilling to surrender the bright prospects of life, and, at the same time, his dinner, after divers grimaces thrown upon his frontal, and after affectionately assisting one nether limb, and then the other, he at last found himself more nearly vertical than his most sanguine anticipations allowed him to hope for; and after he had convinced himself that he was fairly awake, his dinner became to him of more importance than he had apprehended, his bill of fare the

day before having consisted of a very small and very lean piece of salt pork, and half of a biscuit.

But the next morning all things were prepared for his journey, and with the assistance of his rustic friend on one side, and his son on the other, the veteran Mr. Thurwood succeeded in scaling the box of the wagon, and was happy to find himself on his way home, to astonish his friends at the service he had seen. During the day they repeatedly met with parties of the Provincials, but the passport was always respected, and they were civilly permitted to proceed on their way. He breathed more freely when, about ten of the clock the next morning, he was handed over to an officer of one of the outposts of the British army.

The latter had been informed of the failure and discomfiture of the expedition by the stragglers who from time to time came in. They were exceedingly mortified, and were inclined to attach all of the blame to the stupidity of the officer in command. For an expedition to be fitted out expressly to make capture of a party of men, and then to be captured by that very party, was a little mortifying, not only as to the generalship displayed on the occasion, but also to the prowess of the corps employed for such service. But the inquiry on all hands was, "Did you see the rebel, Standish?" "Is he not quite a savage?" "Can he read and write?" and many other questions, denoting their ignorance of a class of men striking for freedom.

The late prisoner lost no time in making his way to the city, and his friends and the officers generally felt requited for the loss the nation had sustained, in the grotesque plight of the stragglers as they came in, and the quiet humor of Mr. Thurwood in describing the manner in which they had intended to capture the rebels, and the certainty of success, had they not been surprised themselves.

He felt most anxious to inform Miss De l'Eur that, in a few days at most, she might expect her brother, and as soon as he could answer the hundred and one questions that were put to him in relation to his recent adventures, he, under

the especial direction of Miss Dexter, and with her, made his way to the cottage.

Miss De l'Eur, as has already been stated, had been overpowered with emotion upon being put in possession of a letter direct from Colonel Standish. Although his name was on the tongue of every one, yet it was always slanderously so—a kind of half buccaneer. She had heard nothing of him before direct, and the allusions he made to times past, and the readiness he felt to yield up his own life, could it be of service to her, was too much for her nerves; but the kind care of her new friends had restored her to comparative quiet.

They drove up to the cottage in the middle of the afternoon. Every thing, as before, bore the appearance of desertion, except that a honeysuckle had been trained up at the window. The announcement of their names soon brought to the little but neat parlor the mother and daughter. Joyful were the news Mr. Thurwood communicated. Tears of sadness had long been shed, but tears of joy now freely coursed down their cheeks. A lost son was found, and in a few days to be in the arms of a fond mother and a loving sister. The latter drank in each sound of the name of Standish; and when he spake of his noble bearing, his manly form, his chivalric courage, his kindness of heart, of his being the idol of his men, and also that he had been with him, spoke to him, and rode with him, if eyes could have pierced the recesses of her bosom, the heart there would be seen to dilate with joy and pride at the eulogy pronounced by an enemy. The world again began to brighten to her view, and the boding despair, from which, a few days before, she saw no escape, began to give way to a seeming light, that flickered beyond the somber cloud that for a while threatened her with a fearful darkness. She again assumed the smile which youth can so easily replace when sorrow has fled. She stepped to the door, and, plucking from her vine a few of its choicest flowers, wove them into a small bouquet, and placed them in the button-hole

of Mr. Thurwood's coat. "Thank you," said she, "for the good news you bring me." The joy could be seen in her clear blue eye which filled the heart so late tenanted by sadness.

The kind-hearted Miss Dexter sat by mute. It was enough for her that others were happy. Thou bright angel of light! surely thy mission is from Heaven.

It is difficult to say, when they took their leave, which were the happier. The contrast was a strong one—with the De l'Eurs, as strong as light and shade could make it. But Miss Dexter was so constituted that she could not be happy as long as she knew of the unhappiness of others; while there are many in the world who can only be so while they can contrast to advantage their own situation with the situation of others; from which division of character, virtue, piety, and charity is the symbol of the one, discontent, envy, and hatred that of the other.

And now to have seen the occupants of the little cottage, when they were alone, making their arrangements for the reception of a long-lost brother, who had been buried and mourned over, but who yet lived! and among the rest, poor Diana must not be forgotten—a faithful slave, who never had a wish of her own, but was always happy when executing the wishes of her mistress. She had seen the first smile which had lit up the features of her mistress, as the former stood with the broom in her hand, and her ear to the door, listening to the conversation which seemed to please them so much.

"Come in, Diana," said Edith. "And who would you like to see the most in the world, if you could as well as not?"

Her eyes dilated as she looked around, and then at her young mistress, to see by her looks what all of this meant, before she replied, "W'y, Massa George, missus."

"And who next?" said Edith.

"W'y—ho! yah! yah! I won't tell."

"Why, Diana, what is the matter? why can't you tell?"

"Cos I won't," answered Diana. She, like other domestic slaves, had a good deal of her own way, the *mammy* of the children being always a privileged character.

"But," said Miss De l'Eur, "you will tell *me*. Come, that's a dear old mammy."

"Oh shaw! Ise don't want to tell."

"Well, you don't want to see George."

"Not want to see Massa George! Oh, Goddy bless dis nigger! I does; and if Ise to tell who Ise like to see next best, Ise say Massa Standish. Oh, yah! yah!" ejaculated Diana, in great delight at her wit, at the same time making her exit, and bending herself nearly double in trying to suppress her expressions of ecstasy.

"You saucy thing!" said Edith, as the other left the room, at the same time coloring to the eyes, her mother meanwhile smiling at the manner in which she had caught herself.

Edith stepped up to the door, and, speaking louder than her usual tone, said, "Mammy, do not let me see you again for a week;" but all that was seen or heard of "mammy" was an occasional "he, he, he!" as she was looking after her affairs in the kitchen. She had overheard, while listening, that her young master was coming home, and her cup of happiness was full. This faithful creature, knowing of their wants, many a day had she slipped out and gone into the town, and, upon her knees, earned a shilling, and then thrown it into the lap of her mistress on her return; neither would she have abstracted from that shilling one penny to have saved her life, had she supposed that her mistress would have suffered for the want of it. She was now at work setting her little household in order for the reception of her master, and the mother and her daughter were employing their scanty means in the way that it would appear to the greatest advantage.

Mr. Thurwood was now somewhat of a lion about town. He had achieved more than the rest of the officers, for he had got back safe and sound, while the few who had re-

turned showed signs of harsh usage. Besides, he fought as a matter of choice, as volunteers always do; the regulars were paid for their chivalry, and each broken head was merely in a state of liquidation.

The droll things which a lawyer has to encounter in his practice, tinges every thing which happens to others with rather a farcical appearance, and he could not, for the life of him, think of the solemn manner of the late expedition with any certainty of preserving his gravity. The momentous self-importance of the young subaltern, the measured step, and nice angles to be turned, and the tremendous noise which the trumpets made, might be a fine field for the Knight of Salamanca to exhibit in, but a barren one for the philosopher. It was evident that Mr. Thurwood was not qualified for a military life, and it was said that he had whispered among his friends, after his return, that a soldier was *sui generis*, a phrase the lawyer sometimes uses when he can not satisfactorily express himself in English.

In the evening he dropped in at Mr. Dexter's, and, soon after, was followed by Mr. Sniffling, and the less the society of the latter was courted, the more solicitous he was to be noticed, and the more urbane he appeared to Miss Dexter. His calls were more frequent, his attentions more marked; but the more agreeable he tried to make himself, the less he succeeded. He found his own home a more lonely affair than he had expected. He had read in some book, but in what one he could not recollect, "that it was not good for man to be alone." It appeared so true to him, that he doubted not the sentence had been written by a bachelor who had experience in such affairs. He argued to himself, also, that he had paid Mr. Dexter a good deal of money in the way of his profession, and that, if he could get the money back by his marriage with his daughter, and at his death the balance of his fortune, it would be not only a fair business transaction, but a domestic arrangement incidental thereto—"the killing of two birds with one stone," as he expressed it.

Mr. Sniffling, like other rich men, got weary, and he almost regretted that he had not also volunteered, as Mr. Thurwood had done, in the before-mentioned expedition. He was a little envious of him since his return, and a little jealous of him besides, and he began to feel ambitious of making a figure in the world, in a military way, which, with his reputation as a financier, would insure him the further attention of the home government. His vanity had been flattered, especially by that class devoted to money-making, and nothing else, and who can generally be known, when from home, as being either very surly, or very stupid, and always irredeemably vulgar, particularly when they try to appear to the greatest advantage; and although he had sense enough to mark Mr. Dexter's comparative indifference to him of late, yet the lady-like manner with which he was treated by his daughter induced him to mistake her good-breeding for partiality to him. He could not understand that he could be treated otherwise than with great consideration by them, for was he not on the most intimate footing with the nobility and gentry? and had they not feasted at his table? and, more than all, had not his combat with General Lord Lumberlegs been spoken of in "high circles" as a display of courage unusual in those degenerate days? and had not the general himself apologized to him in the most satisfactory manner in order to prevent the effusion of blood? and had not his reply thereto been couched in terms denoting his spirit, and, at the same time, his forbearance? Indeed, he could not understand how his attentions to any lady could be received with indifference.

In relation to the law firm, fashion changes, and so had they. Mr. Thurwood had always been somewhat of a favorite. He danced well, sung well, and had some reputation as a wag, though, of late, none as a lawyer. Mr. Dexter was declared to be getting too old to see obscure things plainly, and Mr. Thurwood too indifferent to his practice to advise every body to go to law; but, in exchange for all these defects, he had the reputation of being a hero,

and, among the ladies this was every thing. This apparent inhumanity is at first a little anomalous in the female character, but is sufficiently explained when it is taken into consideration that a hero rarely, if ever, gets hurt, while many ill-informed persons of the male sex suppose that they prefer to run into danger rather than from it. This, among other things, is evidence of the intuitive knowledge of the ladies, and the stupidity of that part of the animal kingdom pleasantly named by themselves "the lords of creation."

Mr. Dexter, as he withdrew from business, or, rather, as business withdrew from him, occupied himself more and more in the well-being of the Church, inculcating and diffusing moral precepts among the poor, and endeavoring all in his power to atone for the absence of those duties in the former part of his life. Yet the excitement was wanted which he had been accustomed to, and the remorse he felt for spending so much of his time for selfish purposes, and for allowing his own naturally fine mind to be a thing of merchandise, at the disposal of the highest bidder, rendered his hours, which he would have devoted to relaxation, any thing but agreeable. At such times he would examine the characters of those that in his practice he had become acquainted with, and among a class which he sifted from the rest was Mr. Sniffling; and he determined in that particular case to atone for the offense all in his power. The money which he had received from Mr. Sniffling, in the prosecution of Zimri Freeborn, he was determined to send to the latter, together with the interest, should he ever be enabled to find him. As time passed on, the appearance of Mr. Sniffling became odious to him: it revived recollections which humbled him to the earth; and, although willing to atone for his error, he wished its memory buried in the abyss of time.

Mr. Dexter had very great doubts, drawn from his own experience, whether a perfectly candid and conscientious lawyer could ever have a very great practice. Yet he knew many who had great reputation and wealth. With many

of those gentlemen he had often been associate counsel, and some of their cases he put down in the same category with his client Sniffling's. Out of court they would often meet together, and amuse themselves with the stupidity, ignorance, and wickedness of their clients, without seeming to reflect that they themselves were their aiders and abettors, or, to use their own language, were *particeps criminis*.

Mr. Thurwood was looked upon as one of the family of Mr. Dexter; but Sniffling regarded him as a rival, though not a dangerous one; for he could not conceive that a gentleman of wealth and fashion, like himself, should not be preferred to a gentleman of fashion without wealth, and in one of his visits he gave Mr. Thurwood to understand the vast space that separated them.

Mr. Thurwood could hardly believe his senses. "The presumptuous little wretch," said he to himself, half in anger and half in jest, "is *it* conscious of *its* own insignificance?" And he soon came to the conclusion that the best way he could deal with him was to let him know his opinion at once, and his readiness to meet the consequences whenever and wherever he pleased. The next morning after this unpleasant event occurred, he caused a note to be conveyed to him, couched in the following terms:

"MR. JULIUS CÆSAR SNIFFLING:

"SIR,—The insult you offered me last evening has not been forgotten, if insolence offered by you deserves such a name. The object of this note is merely to inform you that I am quite unambitious of any notoriety in which you would participate, and that it is my desire that hereafter you would in no manner obtrude yourself upon me; and I think I can venture to say that your presence is not more agreeable to Mr. Dexter or his daughter than to myself.

"Yours, &c.,

"WILLIAM THURWOOD.

"Duke-street, Wednesday morning."

Mr. Sniffling was astonished when he had read the note.

"What!" said he, "this from the junior partner of a firm I have so long patronized! Insolence! downright insolence! I will see Mr. Dexter, and, unless he forthwith discharges this fellow, I will withdraw my business from the concern;" and, accordingly, he sought for and found him at his office, explaining to some unhappy gentlemen how much better it would be to settle their affairs upon equitable terms than go to law. After he had failed to convince them, and they had retired, Mr. Sniffling, without saying a word, laid the note upon the table before Mr. Dexter. The latter read it carefully through, and then informed him that he had entire confidence in his partner, and that he had no doubt that Mr. Thurwood had ample occasion for writing it, and then handed back to him the note. Mr. Sniffling began to think that the senior partner must be deranged in taking a view of a case so detrimental to his business, as he surely would withdraw it from his office forthwith.

"Then I understand you, Mr. Dexter," said Mr. Sniffling, "that you still intend to retain Mr. Thurwood as your partner?"

"I surely shall do so, so long as he conducts himself as an honorable man."

"Then, sir, I shall transfer my business to another office."

"Well, Mr. Sniffling, I have not the least objection. I do not know the cause you have given him to call for so severe a note, but I presume there is a sufficient one. He is amiable to the last, and would have offended no one without a cause."

Mr. Sniffling left the office quite nonplused at the reception he met with. He expected Mr. Dexter would have yielded at once to any demand which he might have made rather than lose his business. His entire indifference had astonished him. He felt that he must either relinquish his darling project, to wit, the hand and fortune of Miss Dexter, or he must relieve himself from the dilemma he was in, and to do so, he saw that he must be the apologist himself;

but, as he argued, the whole matter was based upon a business transaction. It therefore became his duty, as a business man, to put matters as they were; and the more he thought upon its feasibility, the more easy it appeared to him. So he pretended to be the aggrieved party, and he went home and addressed Mr. Thurwood a note in reply as follows:

“Castle Sniffling, Whitehall, Thursday morning.

“SIR,—I have this moment had handed to me your note, but, before I can notice it, I must find out what it means. For this purpose I proceeded to your office to get an explanation from you, but, not finding you in, I handed it to Mr. Dexter, to see if he could unravel its meaning; but I found that he was as ignorant of the cause which called it forth as myself. True, I was very indignant at the moment, but, upon reflection (as a Christian, which I hope I am), I can look at it in no other light than some misapprehension of yours, at the same time regretting exceedingly that you should suppose that you could have any cause of complaint from your old friend and client,

“JULIUS CÆSAR SNIFFLING.

“William Thurwood, Esq.”

He read the note attentively before folding it up, and, as it was quite satisfactory to himself, he had no doubt it would prove so to Mr. Thurwood. Upon its perusal, however, by the latter gentleman, he smiled. “This is another evidence,” thought he, “of the duplicity of the man. How true is the rule, that arrogance, pretense, folly, and cowardice are a quadruplicate which always go together.” Even the amiable and charitable Mary Dexter could not help perceiving the intended insult; and if her opinion of him was unfavorable before, what must it have been when he avoided chastisement by dissimulation?

Mr. Thurwood was a man of honor, and the doing of a mean act never entered his head. He had embarked in the profession of the law as an occupation with the best of in-

tentions. His great mistake lay in supposing that it was his duty to prosecute or defend any matter in litigation presented to him, without regard to the merits, leaving that entirely to the conscience of his clients. He reasoned that he was a mere officer of the court, and felt himself as much bound to prosecute or defend the action as the judge was bound to hear it. But Mr. Dexter had discovered this to be false reasoning, and he had of late taught him that the lawyer had a higher duty to perform than to be a mere automaton in the hands of his client. He insisted that his station as a lawyer was one not only of great responsibility, but of great dignity, and that it should be independently and honorably administered, and that he was in no wise bound either to prosecute or defend a case, knowing it to be wrong.

Mr. Snifling had the effrontery to visit Miss Dexter the evening after he had sent his note to Mr. Thurwood; and, although it was not in her nature to offend any human being, yet she could not, with any exertion in her power, receive him with cordiality. Indeed, his constant calls now showed too clearly his intentions, and it distressed her very much. She felt bound to consult her father as to what was to be done, although, from several intimations which had fallen from him, she felt not the least doubt but that he would rather forego any adventitious importance emanating from Mr. Snifling's great reputation for wealth and far-sightedness, than to incur the hazard of a family connection.

Matters continued thus for some time in an unsettled way, and hardly a day passed but Miss Dexter drove to the cottage, and spent an hour with her friends. They heard from day to day of Mr. De l'Eur, and that he and his friend Standish were gathering together as much of the scattered property of the family as they could find, and in doing which he had been detained longer than he at first intended. He sent a message to Mr. Thurwood, thanking him for looking into his family affairs in England, and ex-

pressing a gratitude to Mr. and Miss Dexter which he could never repay, for the timely aid, and the delicate manner in which it was rendered. He said that, so far as the amount itself was concerned, it would be discharged as soon as he arrived in the city; as to the rest, he doubted not that the satisfaction which their own consciences afforded would be ample remuneration.

In the mean time, Mr. Thurwood received a number of letters in answer to his inquiries as to the Stevendale title, from which he learned that it was now only necessary to prove that the elder De l'Eur, who emigrated to this country, was grand-nephew to Stephen de l'Eur, who had been deceased some ten years, and who had never taken out his patent from the proper office. Mr. Thurwood now felt confident that it would be no difficult thing for George to be put in the way to secure to himself not only a title to a very respectable old peerage, but, at the same time—a matter of no little importance—the fortune attached to it, and now controlled by the Court of Chancery. He was impatient for his return; and he could not help, as the prospect brightened, feeling a little selfishness, which some philosophers say is at the bottom of all philanthropy. Miss De l'Eur was a most interesting young lady, and of a fitting age to be the wife of Mr. Thurwood. She would, beyond all question, in a short time be the sister of Lord Stevendale; and as his ambition was stimulated, he felt himself in love, which latter passion he entirely confounded with the former, and honestly too, and might have never found his mistake had matters gone on as he would have had them. He felt assured that in some of the reckless conflicts which Standish was so frequently engaged in, he would be killed, and after that the field would be left open.

Out of deference to Miss Dexter's suggestion, Mr. Thurwood rarely visited the cottage, and when Miss De l'Eur was at the house of the former, she was generally in her own room, and avoided society of every description; but he construed this as emanating from causes which had now

ceased to exist. It had never, until his capture, occurred to him, the possibility of an attachment existing between Colonel Standish and Miss De l'Eur. He had attributed the excitement she was under at the reception of the letter before alluded to, as caused by some information in relation to her brother, or other relations in the vicinity of their former residence. At any rate, even if an attachment did exist between them, he saw no way of their ever getting together; and, judging from his own amours, presumed that a year at most would dispel every thing of the kind.

One bright morning, as he was going to his office, he met Miss Dexter, who invited him to a walk in the country, remarking playfully "that if he would put himself upon his good behavior, she would take him to see Miss De l'Eur. Although she was aware that she herself would thereafter be of no consideration, yet she was always willing to sacrifice herself to the good of her friends."

Mr. Thurwood, whose precepts as well as practice was pleasure first and business after, acted upon it on this occasion, as he did upon most others, and very gladly accepted the invitation, gallantly remarking "that he could not decline, although half of his clients should be hanged in the mean time;" and jocosely adding, "Probably society would be benefited if they were."

They had not proceeded far when they espied the lady sought for, and mammy in company, the latter some distance behind, but both looking equally happy. As soon as they came near, Miss Dexter advanced a little before her companion, and the two young friends embraced with girlish cordiality.

"My dear Miss Dexter," said Miss De l'Eur, "my brother will be here in three or four days. I know that you will like him. He is tall and—" All at once she hesitated, and said, "Pardon me; I have only him. I do not often commit so great an indiscretion."

Mr. Thurwood, in the mean time, came up. He was received with the greatest courtesy and kindness, and, at the

same time, with becoming dignity. Miss De l'Eur stated that she was merely walking for exercise, and insisted on turning back, and going with them further into the country.

The fine morning, the wild flowers which lined their path, and the exercise combined, rendered the little excursion one that was not readily to be forgotten. Mr. Thurwood made himself very agreeable, and in a short time the ladies were not only unembarrassed by his presence, but he became essential in adding pleasure to the little excursion. Every one appeared satisfied with themselves and each other except poor old mammy. She had seen so little of gentlemen of late years, that she looked at them as she would at animals that required watching; and she accordingly kept a good look-out for her "chile," and continued muttering to herself, and glancing in a threatening manner at Mr. Thurwood. But the little party were too much amused among themselves to pay much attention to poor old mammy's prejudices.

They wandered to the banks of the ever-beautiful Hudson, and seated themselves under the shadow of a large elm. The quietude of the place, the beautiful scenery on the opposite side of the river, and the gentle breeze that wafted from the distant meadows its perfume, produced a feeling of repose which gave a tinge of romance to the conversation which followed. Mr. Thurwood took a flute from his pocket. He ran over the keys with the ease and grace of a master. At one moment he excited the deepest sentiment of the heart, and when the tear was ready to start from the eye, he would, as if by magic, dry it up at its fount. He then commenced gayly to rally Miss De l'Eur. He thought he would try to discover her partiality for Colonel Standish, if she had any. He asked her if she was fond of poetry, and upon being answered in the affirmative, he inquired "what kind of verse she was partial to." She replied that "ladies, of course, always liked the heroic."

"Well," said he, "I will repeat one from Horace, heroic

and Illyric too, and if it pleases you, I think I can add to music.

“‘Then, vocal with harmonious lays,
To Lydian flutes of cheerful sound,
Attempered sweetly, we shall raise
The valiant deeds of *chiefs* renowned;
Old Troy, Anchises, and the godlike race
Of Venus, blooming with immortal grace.’

Do you like songs composed of *warlike* chiefs?” said he.

“Yes,” she replied, looking at him attentively, to see if he had any allusion to her or hers; but he preserved his countenance without moving a muscle. Indeed, he felt himself too much interested to wish to perceive it, much less to be merry upon the subject. He went, therefore, through the verse in a manner that told upon her heart, although she struggled to conceal it.

As soon as he had finished, “mammy” came up, and in quite an authoritative way said, “Missus must stay *har* no longer. Old missus will scole, and den Diana will be blame. Come along, chile.”

Time had passed rapidly, and it was an hour later than they supposed, and the old negress was obeyed. Mr. Thurwood and Miss Dexter stopped at the cottage. The former had determined not to mention either to Mrs. De l’Eur or her daughter the good news which he had in store for them from the other side of the Atlantic, deeming it possible that the uncle of the late Mr. De l’Eur might have left issue in Scotland, where he spent the most of his time, and where, also, the law in relation to the solemnization of marriage was very loose, and where frauds in that respect were often practiced. That was the only question, and he was sanguine in believing that no difficulty would exist in that respect, no allusions having been made to it in any record that could be found.

After resting themselves, they took their leave, mutually pleased, and all in good spirits. Mr. Dexter having occasion for Mr. Thurwood’s services, had sent all over the neighborhood after him, and was not a little annoyed upon

learning his "whereabouts," and that he should persevere in his favorite maxim, "pleasure first, business next." But as Mr. Dexter could not in any wise imagine that his daughter could do wrong, he extended the charitable conclusion to all of her friends; but, as to every body else, he was a little prone to reverse the maxim, and from the wrongs which he had seen, he was inclined to believe that they could do little that was right, and so the matter passed over as usual.

The business alluded to that required attention was a proposition from Mr. Sniffling to purchase the farm of the De l'Eurs in Connecticut, he not doubting that their present distresses would induce them to sell cheap. He had of late invested very largely in property belonging to the Tories, great numbers of whom, having been driven in from the country, and generally in very distressed circumstances, were compelled to sell any thing they had to procure bread with. He had his eye upon the De l'Eurs' plantation from the very first; and the more necessitous they were, the cheaper it could, of course, be purchased. He was about sending an agent to the family to learn if they were disposed to sell it, and to ascertain the encumbrances, if any there were, and the amount of such encumbrances.

Mr. Thurwood told Mr. Dexter at once, that if his opinion was asked in relation to the selling of Oakford, he should advise it, for certain reasons of his own. Mr. Dexter replied that he would not advise the selling of their property unless some better reasons could be adduced than the want of means of living, for he should supply them with whatever they might need. He then inquired of Mr. Thurwood the reasons he had for recommending the sale of the farm.

"I will tell you, sir," said Mr. Thurwood. "This war has continued for several years, and what have we gained? It is true that we have, on several occasions, defeated the rebels; but, in a few weeks, other armies were raised in their stead, stronger than the first; and from what little I have seen of the Americans, I do not think that they have

any more idea of giving up the contest short of obtaining their freedom, than I have of turning rebel myself; and should they succeed, the property of the Tories will all be confiscated."

"This is fair arguing," replied Mr. Dexter, "and the same thing has crossed my own mind. I have promised Snifling to make the proposition, and as he seemed anxious to commence the negotiation, I meant to have asked you to see Mrs. De l'Eur to-day, and ascertain if she feels disposed to receive the proposition."

Mr. Thurwood promised that he would see Mrs. De l'Eur upon the subject, but the probability was that she would not consent to a sale without consulting her son, the more especially as no title could be made without his signature. He accordingly paid her a visit, and found her not only willing, but desirous to part with a place where, in her old days, she had seen so much grief, although the first part of her married life, and up to the breaking out of the war, she had spent with as much peace and quietness as generally falls to the lot of mortals to enjoy. She, however, told him that she could say nothing definite upon the subject until the arrival of her son, whom they were now expecting hourly, observing that she herself had only her dower in the property; all of which Mr. Dexter knew perfectly well, but supposed that her son would be controlled by the wishes of his mother. Mr. Thurwood accordingly left without seeing Miss De l'Eur, and returned to the office. He there informed Mr. Dexter that Mrs. De l'Eur would be glad to part with the plantation, reserving, however, the little inclosure where her infant child was buried.

Time passed on as usual, without any thing to mark the events of one day from another. Mrs. De l'Eur was almost desponding about her son's procrastinated absence, when, just at twilight, he threw himself into the arms of his mother. The eloquence of language was exhausted in the exclamation, "My mother!" "My son! my son!" The mother embraced a son, whom, for a time, she had buried.

Silently, and through the subdued tear, she gazed into his face. Edith saw and felt that she must sacrifice the moment for the holiest purpose that is known to exist in the human breast, the transports of joy between a mother and son after an absence of peril. The mother's hopes and pride concentrate upon the son, and call forth that love and devotion inherent in her nature, and she is willing to sacrifice for that love her own happiness in this world and that of the world hereafter, if such sacrifice was necessary to insure his.

Edith stood near the window, trying to check the starting tear, lest it should pain her mother. Mr. De l'Eur led his sister to a seat, and then turning to her, said, as he delicately took her hand and embraced her, "Edith, have you forgotten your brother?"

She spoke not, but convulsively pressed his hand to her heart. For some moments neither uttered a word. The silence became painful. Of the five which once composed their family, but three were left. The eldest and the youngest were at peace. The youngest had been called away before this feverish life had seen its changes and its vicissitudes, its hopes and its fears. The eldest had parted with his own life in defending his wife and children, and he left the world in the performance of that solemn duty; nor would his exit to the land of spirits have been accompanied with a moment of regret, could he have been assured of their welfare here. As to their future state, he willingly resigned them to the great Parent of all, not desiring to oppose his own will to His, satisfied that when this life is over all would be for the best, notwithstanding the seeming hardship inflicted upon some here.

Poor old Diana! the untiring friend, the faithful slave—she who sought no higher pleasure than the doing of her duty to the satisfaction of her mistress—she stood in the door, meekly waiting for her turn to bid young master welcome, and to take him by the same hand in his manhood that she had so often held in her own during his youth, pro-

tecting him by her guidance from the thousand accidents that infancy is subjected to. He perceived her standing at the door fraught with joy and happiness, and when he took her hard, black hand, chalice with toil—the hand which knew no rest, nor desired any so long as aught was to be done to serve them—her cup of happiness was full; it was not expressed in tears or sighs, but with joy depicted in every feature.

“Mammy,” said Mr. De l’Eau, “I am glad to see you looking so well, and I fear we can never repay you for what you have done for us.”

“Oh! gol lal, Massa George! who Ise work for if not for my chiluns?”

“You have worked for us almost past human endurance, and now, Diana, I will work for you, as long as my life and yours shall be spared.”

“Ho! ho! Massa George! Ise die if Ise didn’t work. Oh golly, don’t talk so!”

Diana hurried into the kitchen, and, as if by magic, prepared tea. Once more, all that remained of them sat at the family board in the little parlor, and Diana in attendance. She had saved many nice things for her master’s return, and the repast was a multitudinous affair, and as diffuse in its elements as a country landlord could wish for. It refreshed them, and revived many a pleasant recollection, and banished many a melancholy one.

Though it is sad to look abroad into the wide world, when, by casualty, our friends have departed from it, and we see but two or three which are left, the loss is partially compensated by the superior hold the few have upon each other. The love which they bore the many is concentrated there, and if, in that few, there be parent and child, the band that binds them, though it be a silken one, its tenacity will only yield to the scythe of Death. Slander may detract—poverty may pale the cheek—enemies may plunder, but the affections are triumphant. And yet there was one absent, and he a comparative stranger, who was neces-

to perfect the existence of one of this little group. The order of nature! that that *one* should have a stronghold upon the affections to mother, brother, and all the world beside! Yet the mother was loved none the less, the brother less, but *differently*; yet as enduringly, as affectionately, perhaps more *devoutly*, but not so *passionately*. A brother can never understand this strange love in a sister, and its contemplation always leaves him behind. He conversed freely of his capture by the Indians; his treatment at different stages of his imprisonment; the great exertions his friend Standish had made for his release, and the success which he had met in saving a considerable sum of money owing to his father. He then silently drank in all that was said, and at last ventured to inquire "if Colonel Standish was much altered."

"Yes," was the reply, "he is greatly altered, although there are times when he appears much as he did at school. He is very impulsive, but soon settles down in a half-defensive attitude. The loss of his father and sister have a dreadful blow to him, and I doubt if he ever fully recovers his former buoyancy of spirits."

"Does he understand that he has been wounded?" said she, inquiringly.

"Yes, he has, several times. He rarely goes into an encounter that he escapes without a wound. He has received a saber cut in the face. You will think," said he, inquiringly, and yet with a brother's jealousy, "that he has lost his beauty; yet he looks now the very impersonation of a soldier. But I am tired," added he, looking up at his sister, who had been intently listening to what passed. "He has a few hundred pounds, which he has saved, of which (at the same time handing to his mother a small bag). Can you put it away where it will be safe? for I know how any more is to be gotten after this is gone, unless, indeed, Mr. Thurwood—I think that is his name—has something in store for me. But I fear that what he told

Standish has no sufficient foundation. And now," said he, "suppose we retire. I have ridden forty miles to-day. To-morrow, Edith, I have a message from Standish to you, which I shall disclose," at the same time patting his sister under the chin. "Good-night, mother; good-night, Edy;" and, looking back as Diana was showing him to his chamber, "your friend Thurwood insists that I am a *viscount*—in short, no less a personage than Lord Stevendale. But, if my father cared nothing for it, I do not know why I should trouble myself in grasping at more than I can hold."

Mr. De l'Eur and Edith were up betimes in the morning. It was clear and beautiful without, and the little feathered songsters sat in the branches of the clumps of trees near the river side, and sung the same notes, and as joyfully too, as they were wont to do at Oakford, and Edith fancied that she saw upon them marks which were upon her former little favorites, and that it were possible they might be the same.

"This is a very pretty place; and to whom are we indebted for it?" De l'Eur inquired.

"I do not know," replied his sister. "An officer who conducted us to town found it for us, after we had been at lodgings for some time, and said that in due season we would be made acquainted with the owner; but not to trouble ourselves about it, as it was quite at our service. From that time there has been no inquiries made."

"This is strange," said he, "and a generosity that must remain no longer unrequited. I told you," he continued, "last night, that I have a message for you, and I will keep you no longer in suspense. The message is, that Colonel Standish sends his kindest regards to you, and says that he will make the attempt to be here this night a week. The moon will then have declined; and he intends to take advantage of the darkness, and descend the river. I have agreed to have a light in a tree near the house, that he may know where to land."

Edith colored, and then grew pale. She felt a variety

of conflicting emotions. Joy, fear of a discovery, rapidly passed through her mind. At length she asked, "Is not the attempt one of great peril?"

"Yes, very great; but he is so accustomed to risking his life that he does not think of danger. Come he will, depend upon it; and he is so to regulate his time, that he will be here as near midnight as possible. He never speaks of you without deep emotion; and, upon taking leave of him, he said that his prayer was that he might live to see you once more."

Edith left her brother and walked toward the river. She felt the necessity of being alone. "And is it possible," she said to herself, "that Providence will permit me to see the man to whom my heart for long years has been wedded—whom I had given up in this world, and was awaiting him for another and a better?"

Instead of time relaxing its hold upon her affections, it seemed but to sanctify, purify, and exalt her passion for him until it became a spiritual aspiration, undebased by contact with the world. Though he was an enemy to her king, and in open rebellion to him, yet she heard of his daring feats, his fine martial bearing, and his unwonted courage, with pride and satisfaction; and although she would have given all she had on earth had he never taken up arms, yet, as he had done so, she felt that she would not have him do less than he did do, nor receive less honor than he did receive in the execution of his undertakings. She felt, too, that he was obeying the dictates of his conscience.

After she had composed herself, she returned to the cottage, and joined her mother and brother. They spoke of Mr. Snifling as little as possible, and but barely referred to his neglect, and his offer to purchase Oakford; but as to the kindness of Mr. Dexter, Miss De l'Eur spoke of him with much gratitude, and, above all, of the angelic character of his daughter, and of the thousand little things which she had done to relieve their necessities.

Mr. De l'Eur merely remarked that he could not, from

his previous knowledge of Snifling, even think of his bestowing a favor: and as for Oakford, if he would purchase it, he would consent, as it was quite useless to them, and they would want the money ere long.

De l'Eur and his sister, after spending an hour in conversation, had taken a walk to the banks of the river, when they perceived a carriage winding its way to the house. "There, George!" exclaimed Edith, "there is Miss Dexter now, making us one of her ever-welcome visits. She will be surprised when she sees you, although she knows that you have been long expected."

George felt a deep pleasure in becoming acquainted with one who had stepped out from the rest of the world in her benevolence. "I sometimes think," said he, "that God has his especial agents scattered over the earth, sent here to aid and comfort the distressed. They seem to be divested of the insane idea that the little time encompassed in their own lives is unlike the measure of time meted out to the rest of their fellow-men, by acting as if it had no end. They look at life as it is, and see and understand their ephemeral existence."

Miss Dexter, without perceiving the little party, sprang from her carriage, her bright and happy face radiant in its benevolence, and was about proceeding to the door of the cottage, when she saw Miss De l'Eur, with extended arms, rapidly advancing toward her, and a tall young gentleman, habited in black, following after. The greeting, as ever, was warm and enthusiastic. Miss Dexter involuntarily receded a few steps as he came up and was introduced by his sister. She had heard the latter so often speak of and describe him, that she almost felt an acquaintance beforehand, and, with the aid of a little enthusiasm, had drawn an image in her own mind which she was fond of contemplating; and that image was so far above the standard of those around her, that her heart preferred its own creation to any which she had yet seen.

Mr. De l'Eur, after he perceived that the first flush was

off her face, remarked that, "as the brother of Edith, he felt bound to thank her for the many acts of kindness which she had bestowed upon his mother and sister, and that he would almost consider his release from imprisonment a misfortune to them, if he should be a hinderance to the continuance of her visits to the cottage."

Miss Dexter promptly replied "that the pleasure which she had derived from her acquaintance, which she had sought, and, indeed, thrust upon his mother and sister, was of itself ample compensation, if any were wanting." Although she was able to reply firmly to the compliment thus paid her, yet she was not quite self-possessed. The color came and went more rapidly than usual, for there was the impersonation before her of that which she had created herself; for, though she was familiar with the latter, its imbodiment in the reality was a little unexpected.

After remaining a short time, she excused herself for the untimely visit she had made, at a moment when Mr. De l'Eur had a demand upon their time; and although she was urged to prolong her stay, she said that "she could not excuse herself by further appropriating it at present." Mr. De l'Eur handed her into her carriage. She thanked him gracefully for his politeness, and, in a moment, the whip cracked, and she was rapidly on her way home.

"What do you think of her, George?" said Edith. In the absence of an answer, she continued, "She is not strictly handsome, or striking in her appearance; but I wish that you could see her in the performance of some duty—in the act of relieving the afflicted—her tact in conferring an obligation, so as almost to make it appear that she was the recipient—to see the angel in her face at such times! Oh, George! how a man can resist such loveliness, I can not understand."

"I *can* well understand your partiality. She is certainly well bred, and has all the delicacy of the *woman*. But you must pardon me, Edith," said he, smilingly, "for not falling in love at first sight, or presuming much until I am

at least independent, so far as money is concerned, to enable me to cancel every obligation. For the promptitude—the delicacy with which it was incurred, that can never be repaid, and it would be cruel to divest her of the satisfaction it has afforded, if we could.”

Miss Dexter, immediately upon her arriving home, informed her father of the arrival of Mr. De l'Eur, and suggested to him the propriety of his calling and paying his respects. She said but little to him in relation to her impressions, but stated that he was a courteous and well-informed young gentleman, with whom she presumed her father would be pleased. Mr. Dexter accordingly resolved that the next day he would call to congratulate Mrs. De l'Eur upon the safe arrival of her son, and, at the same time, pay his respects to him.

Miss Dexter had so long been in the habit of hearing George de l'Eur described by his sister, that she felt acquainted before she had seen him, and feeling so, she was striving in her own bosom to reconcile the ideal with the actual. Her first impressions were greatly in his favor, and she felt solicitous, when again they met, to appear, herself, to greater advantage than she had in her accidental meeting with him.

We will now follow Colonel Standish for a while in some of the expeditions in which he delighted to adventure; the excitement of which, and even the exposure to danger, was far preferable to the hours of anguish when he had nothing to do but to bode over the past and despair of the future.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER Mr. Thurwood had been turned over to the farmer, in order to be conducted back to New York, as mentioned in the last chapter, Colonel Standish returned to his old encampment, keeping the Tories in order, and occasionally making a descent upon the marauding parties and foraging expeditions. The latter were sent up from the city, and the former attacked those from whom they expected little or no resistance. The officers who were taken in the surprise had been sent into the interior, where their safe-keeping had been insured by the impossibility of making their way so far back, and through a population principally opposed to the English.

Zimri Freeborn continued to keep somewhere near the camp, although the encumbrance of his machine prevented any rapid movement; but no matter if he was left behind, he felt quite as much at home with one party as the other, and the information he gave was generally not of so late date as to make it useful to the adverse side. His confidence in his machine increased the further he carried it, but, the more he tinkered upon it, the more complicated it looked, and, of course, the more mysterious to the soldiers, who, when off duty, would listen to Zimri's explanations of the *eternity* of time that it would go, and that it made no difference whether it was run down or wound up; yet still he could go where others could not, and there had been occasions when he had been useful.

Colonel Standish had been for some time preparing for his descent, in order to make his promise good to Miss De Eur. He had resolved to make his way, with ten men, to the Hudson River, and then, in the evening, to procure a boat, and, under cover of the night, proceed to the city.

He knew well that it was full of danger: *ix.* besides several ships of war that lay anchored in the stream, guard-boats were continually plying around the harbor in order to avoid surprise. He accordingly, as soon as it was dark, started for the Hudson, and, after riding fast all night, came to a deep ravine near the river, which was so completely sheltered by high cliffs and trees that it afforded him a safe retreat for the following day, during which he disguised one of his men in the clothes of a farmer, which he had taken the precaution to bring with him, and sent him up the river with instructions to purchase a boat.

After an absence of an hour or so, the soldier returned with one that he had purchased of a fisherman, and which was well calculated for the enterprise intended. He had calculated the tides beforehand, which would commence running down about dark. Four stout fellows were selected as oarsmen, and the rest were armed with pistols, cutlasses, and carbines. As soon as the hour arrived in which the tide would serve, they took their seats in the little bark, after muffling their oars, and silently made for the middle of the river. Every thing seemed to favor the expedition. They had not proceeded half way when a thick fog sprang up, that made it difficult to see twenty feet ahead of the boat; but, as they approached the island of Manhattan, it cleared away, and was succeeded by dark clouds, at short distances from the earth. Still, the boatmen silently plied their oars, and the little craft, at every stroke, sprang almost out of the water in obedience to the brawny arms that wielded them. Its bow was illumined with phosphorescent sparks, that gathered and rolled on in front of it, lighting its way in the darkness to the object that inspired the master spirit there to peril himself in once more beholding it.

One of the men in the boat knew every inch of the shore. The hour of half past eleven had arrived, and a man was stationed in the bow to look for the light that Mr. De l'Eur was to place in a tree by the water's edge, to direct their course. They lay by on their oars, and were drifting down

near the shore, when the light agreed upon was discovered. It was within a few minutes of twelve, and there was a heart on that shore that had but one impulse—the safety of him, without whom death would be a relief.

As the boat was rounding to, in order to make direct for the beach, they passed just under the stern of a sloop-of-war that had been anchored there that day. The sentinel on duty hailed the boat, but it returning no answer, he fired a shot; then all was still, and the little bark was rapidly making its way through the water. The alarm was given. A number of attempts had been made, by means of submarine agents, to destroy several English ships of war, and every thing was consternation on board, supposing the boat in question was on some such expedition. The jolly-boat was immediately lowered, filled with marines, and sent in pursuit, and, at the same time, they commenced sweeping the bottom of the ship “fore and aft” with a cable, to detach any thing that might have been fastened upon it.

Colonel Standish had got within a few hundred feet of the light, and he already saw the white dress of Miss De l’Eur upon the water’s brink, and with extended arms to receive him. It was a moment to him worth all the rest of his life of pain and toil, of fear and suffering. The woman with whose heart he had long years been wedded, was near him; her mother and brother had remained behind, that the first transports of joy should be unrestrained by their presence. A moment more, and Standish would have sprung upon the shore, and he was about doing so, when he heard oars rapidly “giving way” toward him. If he landed, he knew his capture was certain; he put his helm hard down, and, as the boat was coming round, he was within a few feet of Miss De l’Eur. He exclaimed, “God bless you, Edith! I am pursued.” He, at the same time, threw upon the shore a small bag containing an additional sum of money, that had been sent to him after the departure of Mr. De l’Eur by some conscientious persons who were indebted to his father.

In a moment, the head of the boat was directed up the river; directly after, a flash from the boat pursuing was seen, then a sharp report, then another, and another, in quick succession, and then a dozen at the same time; but all was blackness in front, and yet no reply. In a few moments another volley was poured into the retreating party, when, shortly after, a sheet of fire was returned from the men of Standish, so instantaneous that it brightened the very firmament, and for a moment, by its light, his whole figure could be seen in the stern of the boat, outlass in hand, and in full uniform; let come what would, he never disguised himself. He was a soldier, and his habiliments belonged to such. The pursuing boat was within a few feet of him, and from it went up fearful cries of anguish from the wounded, and dreadful imprecations, too, from those who were dying. Another volley rapidly followed from Standish's men, and other screams rent the air; then all was silent again. The pursuing party dropped behind, while the other, failing in its object, made its way up the river. The sloop-of-war was prevented from firing, lest her guns should be fatal to her own boat's crew.

Miss De l'Eur stood gazing upon the scene, immovable as a statue; neither did she leave until she was joined by her mother and brother. She spoke not, nor did she show signs of grief or fear; and after remaining passive for some time, she laughed outright, but the voice was as sepulchral as if it came from the tombs. There was an absence of the passions displayed in the face, cold and rigid, yet beautiful in the outline, and as white as if cut from Parian marble.

"Edith, my daughter," said her mother, tenderly, "speak! are you ill? Mr. Standish is not hurt."

"Mother, he's dead!" said she; "I saw his spirit ascend to heaven. He took mine with him. I am dead—dead—dead!" and these words she repeated over and over; "but oh! do not bury me; I do not wish to leave you. But I do not live here; my home is yonder," pointing upward.

She was removed to her chamber, and every thing was done to soothe her, but, alas! her mind was shattered; its frail tenement was unequal to sustaining so many years of grief. The faithful Diana, unbid, made for the town and procured a physician. He came, and endeavored to administer to her necessities. She was passive, and obedient to his directions; but it was obedience without a will—a mechanical influence of habit.

Mr. De l'Eur was so much distressed that he found it difficult to restrain himself, though his mother's feeble health demanded his entire self-possession, and with great exertion he preserved it. The physician remained by her bedside during the night. She slept quietly; a smile played upon her features; and if a seraph had descended from heaven, the representation could not have been more complete of innocence and beauty than the emblem that lay before him. She did not awake until a late hour in the morning, and when she did so, she still remained under the illusion that Colonel Standish had been killed, and had taken her spirit with him away.

The physician, upon his return, without hearing the cause of Miss De l'Eur's alienation of mind, informed Mr. Dexter of what had occurred, as he had heard that he visited the family. As soon as the horses could be harnessed, he and his daughter were on their way to administer consolation, if they could, to this unhappy family, doomed, it seemed, to punishment inscrutable to human understanding. They found Mrs. De l'Eur and her son as composed as it could possibly be expected, under this new and unlooked-for dispensation. Mr. Dexter took Mrs. De l'Eur by one hand and her son by the other, and said to them that this new affliction convinced him that there was a Providence concerned, that, in its own wise way, was working out for them years of happiness; that it could not be otherwise; but that the Almighty had, in his own wisdom, reasons for bringing about such an event through tribulation; and he concluded by saying to Mrs. De l'Eur, "From

this day look upon me as a brother ; and you," said he, addressing her son, "esteem me as a father ; whatsoever ~~is~~ mine, is yours." He had hardly finished the sentence when a sergeant and two men entered the house. The former, addressing Mr. De l'Eur, said to him, "Sir, you are a prisoner !"

Mr. Dexter was so astonished that he could with difficulty speak. Mr. De l'Eur calmly inquired what were the charges against him.

"High treason," answered the sergeant.

"Well, do your duty," said he ; "I am ready to meet the charge."

One grief sometimes will break through the strongest nerves ; but when they multiply, and fall thick and fast around, often the same individual will bear the many, where one would have overwhelmed him ; and he who had to call every feeling of manhood to his aid when he discovered the misfortune of his sister, was now as collected as if he was arraying himself for a dinner party instead of a prison. After he had spent a few moments comforting his mother, and commending her and his sister to Mr. Dexter, he told the sergeant that he was ready. Mr. Dexter, however, would not allow of his proceeding on foot, and took them both in his carriage, leaving his daughter to await his return, and the men to follow after.

Mr. De l'Eur was committed to close custody, and as he was to be tried by a court martial, Mr. Dexter proceeded at once to the office of the judge advocate, and expressed to him his unqualified conviction that there was some mistake in the matter, and that he could not conceive it possible how a charge could be presumed against him to warrant his imprisonment. The judge advocate replied for answer that he had the most ample testimony of the fact, and that he would as speedily as possible bring the matter before the court.

Mr. Dexter left without knowing hardly what to think. It was true that he was almost an entire stranger to him,

but if it was true that he had been for a long time imprisoned as a *Tory*, and that his father had been killed by the rebels because *he* was a *Tory*, it would seem very strange that he could, almost in the midst of all, be guilty of high treason. Full of these reflections, he extended his hand to the prisoner. "Be of good cheer; I shall see you again ere long," said he.

Mr. Dexter speedily returned to the cottage; but oh! what a house of sorrow! This last affliction was more than Mrs. De l'Eur could bear. She had been put to bed, in a high fever, by Diana, who, in the performance of her duty, was proof against all the ills of life.

Miss De l'Eur was up and dressed. She had adorned herself in her richest attire (and she had much that belonged to other and happier days), and had made a garland of lowers, and put it on her head, saying "that she was to be buried in her wedding garments; that her husband was waiting, and she wished they would hurry." She pointed to a little knoll, within the shadow of a large tree, and said "her grave must be there." She had in her hand a prayer book, opened at the burial service; and with her eyes directed to heaven, she proceeded slowly to read, "'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' 'For when thou art angry, all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, and, as it were, a tale that is told.' 'I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! even so saith the Spirit;'" and then she broke off suddenly, and said, in sweet and angelic tones, "Yes, I shall be ready, in a moment, to come to you." She plucked a few wild flowers that grew in the shade, and ran to Miss Dexter with them, and said, "Sweet Mary, these are for you. See," continued she, "they are still wet with the tears of pitying Heaven. We shall wait for you and brother, and we can not be entirely happy until you come."

Miss Dexter's heart gave way, and she burst into a flood

of tears. "Do I dream?" said she, "or is it that truth is stranger than fiction?"

"Do not cry," replied the beautiful maniac; "there are no tears where we are going—no, no!" and she tenderly embraced her. "Do not cry, but be happy as I am; tears are made for those of this world;" and she smiled again upon her, and carefully placed the little bouquet that she had made in her hair.

Miss Dexter sank, exhausted with emotions painful beyond her utmost conception; consciousness for a moment left her, and, as Mr. Dexter drove rapidly up to the cottage, what a scene was there to behold! His own beloved child senseless, and the deranged one soothing her, as one infant would soothe another, and busily employed in placing flowers in her hair. He seized his daughter in his arms, and in the agony of his heart, he cried, "Mary! Mary! oh, answer your father, or he can not live!"

The voice, that had ever been one of soothing kindness, was heard, and she faintly answered, "I am not ill, dear father, but am a little faint. I shall be better in a moment; do not be alarmed;" and she threw her arms around his neck, and relieved herself in tears. "Father," said Miss Dexter, "I wish to go home, but I can not leave her. She must go with us, and, by soothing her, she may in a short time be restored. Mrs. De l'Eur must have another servant—poor old Diana is nearly worn down—and a physician must be sent for. She has a raging fever, but yet does not complain."

"Yes," said Mr. Dexter, as he tenderly supported his daughter, "I have anticipated all this. A faithful nurse and a good physician will be here directly; but I fear," continued he, "that you are not strong enough to administer to her wants. You are not well, daughter."

Miss Dexter replied, and told her father "that she should be unhappy unless he permitted them to be together. I feel," said she, "that her society is necessary for me, even if she remains as she is; but I doubt not that she will soon recover."

In a short time the nurse and physician made their appearance, and, after Mr. Dexter had given them directions, and enjoined them to omit nothing that could be done, he went to the room of Mrs. De l'Eur, and comforted her by saying that he had no doubt that the mistake that had occurred in relation to her son would in a few days be corrected, and that he would be restored to them; that her daughter he had better take home with him, and he hoped that she would also be restored to her usual health. She feebly thanked him for his kindness, and said "she hoped that she should be spared for the sake of her unhappy children; were it not for them, it would be a mercy to her to be taken from this world."

"Madam," said Mr. Dexter, with great solemnity, "remember that 'whom God loveth, he chasteneth.' This life is but a momentary thing, and whether it be one of happiness or grief, it mattereth not much. I have been brought to see, by that sweet child of mine, the error of my ways. Oh! could I blot out all but the few of my last years from my memory! the thoughts of them consume me with a living fire, that the tears of remorse, I fear, can never quench." He then bade her good-morning, and hurried with his daughter and hers into the carriage, the latter showing all the joyousness of an infant at the change, and the delight she experienced at the motion.

On their way home, they met a party taking a walk, consisting of a pretty even number of ladies and gentlemen, and among them was Mr. Sniffling. He was gayly dressed, and attentively engaged in talking to a lady whom he appeared to have very much to himself. He looked with great indifference at the persons in the carriage as they passed by, and had pretty well perfected a certain *hauteur*, that a vulgar mind always first attains on his *entrée* into better society than he has been accustomed to. His recognition was very slight, and in strange contrast to the blandness of the times; yet the little party within heeded it not; holier feelings engaged their attention than the exhibition

of displeasure from the neglect of a man from whose heart nothing but selfishness had ever been known to emanate. Perhaps it was guilt ; for, stolid as he was, he knew enough to know that he never did an act in his life without it had direct reference to benefit himself, without regard to the injury it might inflict upon others.

It was known by several officers at the garrison that Mr. Snifling had an acquaintance with Mr. De l'Eur while he lived in the country. The light in the tree had attracted the attention of those in the sloop-of-war, and from the time it was put up it was closely watched, and every thing was made ready for any exigency that might occur. Inquiries were made then as to the names of the residents at the cottage, and their history. Mr. Snifling affected to know but little of them. The younger De l'Eur, he said, had been a classmate of his, but otherwise he knew nothing more than that his father lived in a section of the country well known for its numerous rebels ; that he had been very intimate with the notorious Standish, who was at the same school with him and De l'Eur, and that he had very good authority for saying that he kept up the intimacy after the breaking out of the rebellion ; and further, that he had been applied to by both of them to make advances of money to the mother and sister of De l'Eur, but all of which he had evaded, not wishing to "mix himself up" in matters that might turn out disloyal to his king, and, perchance, injurious to the country.

Mr. Snifling also caused a marine, who had been engaged in the boat in the attack, to be brought before him, and asked him if he had been near enough to distinguish any persons in the boat that had attempted to go on shore. The marine replied "that he was in the bow of the boat in the pursuit, and, at the time they received their fire, was not more than ten feet from their stern, and by the light of the musketry he distinctly saw the commanding officer ;" and when asked to describe him, he replied that "he was standing with a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other ;

that he should think him nearly, if not quite, six feet high ; and he distinctly saw a deep wound, as if made by a cutlass, across his cheek." This settled the matter as to the identity of Colonel Standish and the criminality of De l'Eur, as Mr. Sniffling said "that it answered his description as to height," and the scar on his face was well known to all the officers of the place.

The indignation of the officers was increased at the severe loss sustained by the boat's crew. It was reported in the morning that five were dead and seven wounded. Upon these charges and this evidence was George de l'Eur to be put upon his trial, and General Lord Lumberlegs was to be the presiding officer.

Immediately upon the arrival of Colonel Standish at his camp he prepared a letter to Miss De l'Eur, to quiet any fear she might entertain for his safety, and dispatched Zimri in charge of it. After describing the situation of the cottage, and enjoining upon him secrecy, telling him that it was to be delivered to no one except to herself, her mother, or brother, Zimri was promised a good reward for the speedy performance of the duty assigned him. He was soon on his way, machine and all. A couple of days after, he was in and about the head-quarters of the British army, talking to himself, and adjusting from shoulder to shoulder the result of his perseverance and mechanical skill. Mr. Sniffling would at any time as soon have seen his evil genius as to have seen *him*. It was not that he regretted that he had put him in prison without cause, or that he suffered for food there—for he had never, concerning the latter, made even an inquiry—yet still it annoyed him. His proverbial aberration of mind—his harmless manner—told in reproof even upon his base and abject mind ; and as he was arm-in-arm with General Lord Lumberlegs, in a morning's walk, who should he meet plump in the street but the identical Zimri Freeborn. The latter never spoke, but his little eyes twinkled as he peered down at him. It was to Mr. Sniffling a demon's look.

The latter excused himself, upon the score of an engagement, for the rest of the morning; but the truth was, the meeting of Zimri had disturbed him. He was uneasy and worried. He felt that the world would at last find out the dishonest and hypocritical trick that he had played upon this afflicted creature—afflicted with a monomania, that made him the slave of the merest chimera in the world.

Zimri had lost the diagram that Colonel Standish had given him, and he knew not where to go to find the cottage; but, as good luck would have it, he met Mr. Thurwood, who very kindly accosted him, and asked him where he was going.

"Don't know," said he.

"Where have you been for a long time past?"

"With the *inimy*," he replied. Mr. Thurwood could not help smiling at the simplicity of the answer.

"Have you seen Colonel Standish lately?"

"Yes; day before yesterday."

"Ah!" said Mr. Thurwood. "I hope he is well?"

"Yees, only hit in t'other leg; 'tish't bad."

"That will be good news for his friends here."

"Yees, I s'pose so. What friends?" inquired Zimri.

"Mr. De l'Eur," was the reply.

"Can I see him?"

"No; he is in prison."

"Ah!" said Zimri.

"You can see his mother, if you wish."

"Well," said he.

Mr. Thurwood gave him directions to find her; and, in an hour after, Zimri had delivered his message, and was on his way back to the camp.

Mr. Dexter had, in the mean time, fitted up spacious apartments for his poor patient, and a nurse was employed to be in constant attendance upon her. His daughter needed medical aid almost as much as herself, though she heroically said that she was better without it, and that a few nights' rest would restore her. Her mind was distracted

at the embarrassed situation that Mr. De l'Eur was in ; and although he was all but a stranger to her, yet, long before she had seen him personally, her heart's void had been filled with its own creation, and that creation had likened itself to a reality after she had beheld him. She at once perceived in him a man of refinement, high in his imaginings, sincere in his manner, cultivated and elegant in his tastes. She contrasted him with others of her acquaintance, and even with Mr. Thurwood, and the contrast was not only favorable, but greatly to the advantage of the former. But still his appearance was nothing to her. His spirit, in some mysterious way, had been shadowed upon her own, and the immaterial of them both belonged to each other ; and had they been impressed by any other, the opposing elements would have destroyed its nature, and, though it may have lived, yet the life would have been the writhings that precede the destruction of effects produced by unnatural causes. And then the absence of that delightful intellect, that could, at the same time, instruct and please !

The sun had broken brightly upon the morning, but, long before its zenith, murky clouds had arisen, and night had taken the place of day. Mr. Dexter saw, with fearful alarm, the changes that came over his daughter from day to day. The health of her cheek was gone, and she was unhappy when out of sight of her friend ; for the latter was indeed so, for her time was employed anxiously in decorating and soothing her, and her complaints were piteous when out of her sight even for a moment. Mr. Dexter knew not what to do. His own child was sinking fast by watching with her friend or from some other cause, and yet there was no appearance for the better, and her watchings were without avail. There was no raving, no self-will, no desire to escape, as often exhibits itself in cases of madness ; but her whole time was occupied in adorning herself and Miss Dexter, and comforting and consoling her, preparatory to the happy world to which she said they were journeying.

Mr. Dexter had learned from Mr. De l'Eur the whole cause of the charges alleged against him, and was quite satisfied of his innocence, and the entire truth of his statement. Colonel Standish had not only been his schoolfellow for a number of years, but his intimate friend. Mr. De l'Eur had been for several years a prisoner of the Americans. Yet the case was not without difficulty. The only acquaintance he had there was Mr. Snifling, and the equivocal manner in which he expressed himself not only injured him, but was the cause of his imprisonment. The light in the tree—the clearly established fact of the notorious Standish being seen, and in the act of landing—and a considerable sum of gold and silver that had been picked up by men sent early in the morning to make investigations along the shore, all had their difficulties, and these difficulties were not to be tried by a jury, but by a court martial—by men who had been taught to judge of acts, rather than the intentions by which these acts were committed. The reckless character of Standish was known, and it was a fair inference that he intended to seize and carry away some officer of note in the town, or to attach a torpedo to some of the ships and blow them up, and that Mr. De l'Eur, for a sum of money, was aiding and abetting him. To get unprejudiced testimony from the neighborhood of Mr. De l'Eur's former home was out of the question, and even if it could be obtained, it would come from the Americans, and their testimony would be taken but with great caution. The case not only had difficulties, but the strongest presumption was against him. It was even doubtful whether the court would allow counsel at all. The more Mr. Dexter thought of it, the more perplexing it seemed.

While he was in this state of anxiety about Mr. De l'Eur, his attention and time were not only demanded by the severe illness of Mrs. De l'Eur, but his own daughter was a source of constant anxiety to him. It was evident that she strove in her father's presence to appear better than she really was, and insisted that she was certain that her friend's

was better, and that, at times, she thought she rea-

Thurwood's time had, in the absence of Mr. Dexter, taken up at the office, but he left nothing undone to what assistance he could to all. It was at last announced in General Orders that a court martial would be held that day two weeks for the trial of George de la Roche, his majesty's subject, for treason, in conspiring with some of the crown to enable them to effect a landing near the head-quarters of the army for felonious purposes, viz: 1st. The destruction of the lives and property of the subjects; 2d. The conspiring to abduct certain gentlemen of his majesty's service, to be carried into the hands of the enemy; 3d. To enable the enemy to obtain information of the strength of the place, and the position of his majesty's forces; 4th. To hold communication with certain civil-disposed persons, and thereby to entice them to go to the enemy; 5th. By means of some infernal machine to blow up the ships of war in the harbor.

Mr. de la Roche had, in the mean time, returned to camp with information of the imprisonment of Mr. De l'Eur, the cause of which Colonel Standish readily imagined. But, unfortunately, while at the cottage, he left his machine in the hands of the while he was making the necessary inquiries of the neighbors. It was seen by a sentinel, who was stationed in the neighborhood, and seized upon, and sent to headquarters as a trophy, presuming it to be some destructive machine left by Colonel Standish in his flight. Zimri, upon finding his machine, was in great tribulation, but, as he was a man of principle in his head, he consoled himself that he could make another, and therefore bore his loss with as much philosophy as some Benedicts have been known to bear theirs, when bereft of all their joys, and several troubles, and the loss of their better halves. But he had learned nothing of the illness of Mrs. De l'Eur, or the insanity of her sister.

Colonel Standish at once determined that, should any ill

befall Mr. De l'Eur in consequence of his trial, he would retaliate by putting to death every British officer that he had under his control, and there were some twenty of them. He accordingly addressed a letter to the commanding officer, admitting freely that it was he who was in command of the boat on the night in question, but, at the same time, he pledged his honor as an officer that the expedition had nothing to do, in any manner, with any thing in a military point of view, but his business was solely private, and with a private person, and that, if he had not been attacked, he would have quietly returned home; and further, that Mr. De l'Eur and himself had been intimate friends from their early youth, and that through and by means of the unfortunate war each had lost a parent, had had their property destroyed, and all social ties had been broken up; and that it could not be wondered at if he and his should be of sufficient interest to run the risk he had incurred, as it was the only means left him of seeing them; and he closed his letter by offering to certify, under oath, the truth of his assertion; and he concluded thus: "that, however strange it might seem to interfere in saving the life of an enemy—for," continued he, "in a national point of view, the relation in which we stand to each other is of that nature—yet, for the cause of truth and justice, and of private friendship, I am bound to say thus much; and, having said it, I trust it may be believed; but, should my veracity be doubted, after having pledged my word for the truth of what I have stated, and in consequence thereof my friend shall suffer, not for any fault of his, but of my own, remember—and I now pledge you the word that has already been pledged—that a terrible vengeance awaits the officers of your army now prisoners of mine, and that each one of them shall receive the same punishment that you shall mete out to my friend; and depend upon it that I think enough of your good opinion not to sacrifice my word on this occasion."

This letter was the subject of a good deal of comment

and anxiety ; and there was not an English officer at head-quarters, who knew Colonel Standish at all, who had the least doubt but that he would keep his word to the very letter ; but this was no reason, in a military point of view, that the trial should be stopped. But there were parents and sisters who were thrown into great consternation for fear of the result, and the commanding general was incessantly importuned to cause the release of Mr. De l'Eur rather than incur the risk of the carrying out of the sanguinary threat of the American officer, who seemed to be acting independent of any other authority than his own and the assent of the adjacent country.

The English general determined at once that De l'Eur, if guilty, should not escape in consequence of threats of retaliation ; and he took means to inform Colonel Standish that, if he put his threats in execution, he would retaliate accordingly.

In the mean time, Mr. Thurwood received a letter from the Heralds' Office in London, informing him that the impress of the coat of arms which had been sent had been received, and that it was a *fac simile* of an impress there of the late Lord Stevendale ; and further, that among the papers of Albert de l'Eur, a number of letters from George de l'Eur in America were found, which showed that there was a perfect knowledge and recognition of the relationship of uncle and nephew between them ; and as there was much correspondence on the files of the office, he, with the letter, sent *one* for his examination ; and if the hand-writing was established to be that of Mr. De l'Eur, the father of George, on whose behalf he had opened the correspondence, then, as the next of kin, he was entitled to the baronetage of Stevendale and the property pertaining to it, which was understood to be considerable, as well as the estate of the late Albert de l'Eur, which was also large.

This was, indeed, good news, or, at least, would be to any person otherwise situated than George de l'Eur. Mr. Thurwood communicated directly with his partner, and put him

in possession of all the facts which the former had become acquainted with. Mr. Dexter took the papers and carefully examined them, and was surprised to find the evidence so conclusive; and the only link that appeared to him to be wanting in the chain of evidence was a recognition of the nephew by the uncle, in writing or otherwise, the place of birth of the latter, and the legality of the marriage of his parents, as also of the parents of the younger De l'Eur, now in prison.

It occurred to Mr. Dexter that Mr. De l'Eur would know whether there was any correspondence in existence between his father and the uncle of the latter, and he accordingly made his way to see the prisoner, and to gather what information he could in relation thereto. Mr. Dexter was a shrewd man, and he not only wished to establish his claim to the peerage of Stevendale, as desirable of itself, but for the purposes of the trial. If his claim could be fairly established, although a patent to that effect might not have been issued, yet he had a right to claim to be tried by his peers, and demanding that those peers should be of the degree of viscounts—the privilege being one of courtesy in cases that were undoubted—and by these means he hoped to gain time.

* While Mr. Dexter was preparing himself to aid in his defense, a secret council of war was held upon the discovery of the accumulative evidence, to wit, Zimri's machine, which had been sent to head-quarters. Upon carefully inspecting it, and pulling a certain wire, a quick, ticking noise was heard. General Lord Lumberlegs declared that in that lay the damning evidence of the prisoner's guilt, even in the absence of all others; for it was clearly an infernal machine, meant to blow up his majesty's shipping in the harbor, and he recommended that it should be removed to some distant place, for fear it might explode. It would have been unmilitary for him to have hesitated in the examination of its internal organization; yet when it clicked, there was evidently a little nervous excitability lest there

be a catastrophe, plainly to be seen in the increase white of the general's eyes.

He concluded that this discovery should be kept a dead secret, and that it should be the last piece of evidence introduced at the trial, in order the better to take the prisoner by surprise; for General Lumberlegs was not a tactician in the field, but out of the field; and he thought that if there was glory in decoying the enemy in fight, that it was equally glorious to decoy him before he could fight, and thus prevent the effusion of blood. At least it would seem to dictate such a course; and as he had never known to remain long in a place where there was much carnage, this, at least, was a fair presumption of discretion.

In the mean time, things remained pretty much as they were.

Both Mr. Dexter and Mr. Thurwood daily visited the old lady, consoling her by the almost certain advancement of her son to one of the highest positions recognized in the kingdom, and that they had good reason to hope for the speedy recovery of her daughter. She evidently was comforted through the judicious arrangements of her physician, who not only performed the duties pertaining to his profession, but also administered the consolations of a Christian. Although Mr. Dexter had told him that his charges should be paid for him, yet the same attention would have been rendered by Dr. Manly if he had known that his remuneration had consisted alone in the satisfying of his own conscience.

He made his visits twice each day, and prolonged his stay as long as he found his society agreeable to her; soothing her mind, as much as possible, from its brooding tendency over the afflictions of her children. He would then visit her unhappy daughter. By gentle and persuasive means he entirely obtained her confidence, so that he could perceive, from day to day, a less morose appearance, and greater consistency in her manner towards herself and those around her; and he was by no means without hope that her reason would soon return, the

more especially as her mother had assured him that this was the first instance of insanity that had ever shown itself either in her own or her husband's family.

Dr. Manly had ascertained from Mrs. De l'Eur the true cause of her derangement, and he felt most solicitous, if possible, as soon as her reason should be partially restored, in some manner to bring herself and Colonel Standish together. The evidence of her own eyes that he was still living, he knew, would be worth all the other means in the world to restore her again to reason. As it was out of the question that Colonel Standish could visit her in New York, he came to the conclusion that, as soon as she would be enabled to endure a short journey, he himself would undertake to escort her some fifty miles back into the country. He had no doubt that he could get such passports as would furnish him a safe conveyance to the lines of the Americans, and after that he felt as if all danger was over; and the more he thought of it, the more determined he was to carry out his project; and as Mr. Dexter was in civil life, he saw no reason why he, and perhaps his daughter, should not join the little party. They had been hemmed up on the island of Manhattan for a long time, and although their aspirations, of their own volition, might never have required more space, yet the doctor, in common with the rest of the world, felt an itching to go a little beyond where he could easily get. The only difficulty in the way now was to get his passports, and to get through with the trial of Mr. De l'Eur.

CHAPTER X.

THE evening before the day assigned for the trial of Mr. De l'Eur, a gay party of ladies and gentlemen were sauntering along the beach, viewing the scenery around the bay, and among the prominent gentlemen of that party were Mr. Sniffling, my Lord Lumberlegs, the commissary of subsistence, and the judge advocate assigned for the trial. The tiny waves of the bay came playing, coqueting, and expending their gambols upon the shore, and gentle zephyrs brought with them the aroma from the dense foliage of Jersey. A niece of Lord Lumberlegs, who had Mr. Sniffling by the arm, began a conversation by referring to the coming trial. She remarked that, although it was an evident attempt, on the part of Mr. De l'Eur, to league with the enemy, and particularly with that desperate man, Colonel Standish, to destroy the town, "yet," said she, "I can not but pity him, he is so young and handsome."

"Ah! then you have seen him?" said Mr. Sniffling.

"Yes; I, in company with some ladies, passed by his prison a day or two ago. He sat in the window, reading; he looked so sad! Ah me!" said she, sighing, "do you think he will be found guilty, Mr. Sniffling?"

"I see no reason," replied he, playfully, "why he should not be, unless you exert your influence with your uncle, and thus cheat the hangman."

"I am surprised," said she, fondly looking at him, "to find you so hard-hearted. I dare say if it were a pretty young lady in the same predicament, your influence would be exerted in her favor. Come, now, Mr. Sniffling, that's a good fellow, speak to my uncle in his behalf, and you do not know how much the ladies will be obliged to you."

"I should be happy," he gallantly replied, "to oblige the

ladies on all occasions, *lawfully* or *unlawfully*; but you do not seem to be aware of the firmness of your uncle."

"Firmness, Mr. Sniffling! oh pshaw! you must not think, because he is fat and red in the face, that that is firmness. And since you won't, you cruel man, I'll just interfere myself, and if uncle does not get him pardoned, oh, how I will cry!"

The conversation here turned upon other subjects, and poor De l'Eur was no further thought of. They continued their walk, and the young lady was full of sentiment, and Mr. Sniffling full of resentment at the entire neglect he had of late been treated with by Mr. Dexter and his daughter. He could not understand it. "What!" said he, musingly, "am not I the richest man in America? How is this, that the first ladies of England court my society, and these people treat me with contumely?" He was too uneasy to appreciate the unequivocal attentions bestowed upon him.

The general came up, blowing like a porpoise, delighted with the *tête-à-tête* Mr. Sniffling had had with his niece. "Stay by your uncle, you little minx," said he to her, patting her under the chin; "you must not wander off too far with young gentlemen. Mr. Sniffling," said the general, "this is a beautiful night—a glorious night—superlative! magnificent!" (the general breathing very hard.) "It puts me in mind of the night in Hindostan, after the great battle of Boodle Rumble—" But, before he had time for describing further either the battle or the night, a luminous body, in the direction of the magazine, burst forth, like a cloud of sand before the sirocco. It threw up, in huge curls, fire and flame to the very heavens, and in a moment all was as light as noon-day; and the thunder of a thousand pieces of artillery could not have exceeded the fearful crash that followed, and from fragments, thrown high into the clouds, serpent-like coruscations were emitted, intertwining themselves into a variety of shapes, and, high above the rest, a dark mass was seen poisoning itself in the red flame around it, preparing for its descent, and then, with a graceful curve

toward where the party were walking, defined by the lurid flame, came in fearful descent.

"Retreat! retreat!" cried the general; "there comes the infernal machine!" But, alas for generalship on such an occasion! for, had the general's nether limbs been longer, he certainly would have been demolished; for it came hissing down, and fell but a few feet in front of his lordship and the rest of the party, who were close in his rear, scattering its fragments in a variety of ways. This, to use a military expression, brought them all to a dead halt. The general, after waiting a moment to breathe in, declared profanely "that he would hang the villains who had placed the machine in the magazine." It was painful to hear him swear, and he frequently did so unwittingly, for he had, in early life, been accustomed to hear it, his father, for many years, having served in Flanders, where that vice was proverbial.

The pleasure of the evening's walk was destroyed by this unlooked-for casualty. The party hurried home, and took a hasty leave of each other, not knowing how soon another eruption would transpire. The town was in great alarm, not excepting among its inhabitants his lordship, who said "he was willing to fight an enemy fairly, face to face, in open day; but to be surrounded by torpedoes, and other contrivances emanating from the infernal regions, and liable to be blown out of existence in a moment, he felt himself bound to say that the contrivance was none other than the invention of a poltroon and coward, who was reckless of life if assured of his own."

As for Mr. Sniffling, his heart sunk within him. "How long," he thought to himself, "am I to be pursued by that creature?" and he shuddered as he thought of him. "Those little gray eyes—twinkle! twinkle!—and those skeleton limbs, and that swinging gait, like Time at work with his scythe! and, worse than all, the subdued and meek face—whew!" and the blood again crept slowly through his veins. "Oh, that I had never seen him!" articulated he, as he

looked from his princely hall upon the broad bay spread out before him. "Ah! that machine!" said he, and he shook his head; "it came from the clouds, as if sent by the vengeance of Heaven to kill and annihilate me." He retired to his bed feverish, dejected, and unhappy, and could not sleep. The wind moaned through the lattice, and he called a servant to fasten it. The leaves of the trees rustled in the fresh breeze; but instead of soothing, it nearly crazed him; there was no music to him there. The wailings of a mother over her deceased infant could not have been more painful to his ear. And thus he passed the night, losing himself but a few moments at a time in sleep, if portentous dreams and fearful forebodings could be called sleep.

At last morning came, but it brought with it no peace. His breakfast was brought to his room, but he loathed it; and a few minutes after he had sent it away, a valet, pale and out of breath, announced, in a hurried manner, that General Lord Lumberlegs was dead! Like a specter he sprang from his bed. He ran his fingers up the sides of his temples through his hair, and, compressing his head with both his hands, "Dead!" he exclaimed, in terror; "am I dead? say! say!" said he to his valet; and then, in more subdued tones, "I wonder that I am not, pursued as I am by that accursed creature."

"No, sir," said his valet, "it is not you, but his lordship, my Lord Lumberlegs, who is dead."

"Ah! well," said he, "he is older than I am. I never made any money out of him, and probably never would, had he lived to be as old as Methuselah. Joe," said he to a servant, "bring me some brandy and a pitcher of water." It was brought to him, and he drank freely. "There!" said he, "there is consolation in that;" and he drank again. "What a fool I was," continued he, "to suffer myself to be haunted in that manner." And, ere long, he replenished his glass, and drank that also; and shortly his eyes drooped, and he muttered, "I don't care if he is dead—hicough—he'd never die yo—younger—hicough. I—I—

do—n't care for his niece ; she'd bamboozle me if she could," and, before he closed the sentence, he was asleep.

Long before he awoke the town was astir. The blowing up of the magazine, the consequent death of his lordship, the severe indisposition of Mr. Sniffling, and the affright of the ladies, were the town's talk. The death of the president of the court martial broke up the commission for the trial of Mr. De l'Eur ; but the dreadful accident—supposed by the inhabitants to be caused by the captured machine—had greatly excited the people, and they uttered deep imprecations upon him ; and, to add to the consternation, all hands were called on board the ships, and never did men labor harder than their crews did in sweeping with cables the bottoms of their vessels ; day after day, and night after night, the labor went on unremittingly ; and when nature was all but exhausted, by the aid of grog and the song of "Chevy Chase," they toiled on, and the air was rent anew with "God prosper long our noble king," "Our lives and safeties all—haul ! haul ! our lives and safeties all !"

The military were also on the alert, examining suspected houses, and all persons were ordered to be arrested 'who had upon their premises unusual and complicated pieces of machinery, unless an engineer should be satisfied of its harmless nature. Disasters at home were succeeded by disasters abroad, and hardly a month passed before news was received at head-quarters of the surprise of a fortress, the defeat of a division, or the capture of an army. Colonel Standish was active in the field, and the Continental Congress at last conferred upon him the office of brigadier, and would have advanced him further but for his youth, and consequent indiscretions in exposing himself and men to what seemed inevitable destruction.

Mr. Dexter, though he much regretted the death of his lordship, yet was glad that the trial had to be postponed. He saw the indignation of the public at the prisoner in consequence of the torpedo ; but what it meant, or where it came from, he had not the least suspicion. It never for a

moment entered his head that it was the harmless machine of the still more harmless Zimri Freeborn. He sought information of the prisoner, and he saw at once, from his frank and open manner, that he was equally ignorant with himself. Mr. Thurwood also sought an interview with him in his prison in relation to the proof wanting to connect him with the Stevendale title. De l'Eur remembered that there had been a long correspondence between his great uncle and his father, but he was afraid, at the time the rebels set fire to their house, that they were all destroyed; but requested him, as soon as his mother got able, to ascertain if any were saved. Perhaps Diana might know if there were any; and he, Mr. Thurwood, could consult his own leisure in comparing any thing of the kind with the one he had received from London. As for the marriage of his father and mother, he presumed that it was legal, and in conformity with the usages of the Church, and the several statutes in relation thereto. He also gave him the place of their birth, and the name of the minister who solemnized the marriage.

Mr. Thurwood at once proceeded to the cottage. He found Mrs. De l'Eur more comfortable, and sitting in an easy chair. He at once informed her of his errand, when she said she feared that every thing of consequence to them had perished in the flames, but that she would call Diana, and if *she* did not know any thing about them, they probably had all been destroyed. The bell was rung, and Diana, in an instant, was at hand. When asked about any papers that might have been saved, she seemed to recollect what she had before partly forgotten, as they had not been inquired for before. She showed her delight by showing her teeth when she said that "she bury massa's papers in de garden close to de baby when da burn ole house."

This was good news to our amateur of genealogical researches. He hastened home, and informed Mr. Dexter of what Diana had done, and they had strong hopes now of establishing the correspondence beyond the possibility of

quibbling. Dr. Manly had given Mr. Dexter an intimation of the benefit that both his daughter and Miss De l'Eur would derive from a trip into the country, and as soon as Mr. Dexter had told Mr. Thurwood of the hiding of the papers, he resolved, as soon as the funeral obsequies of the general were over, that he would make the adventure as proposed by the doctor.

It was now the third day since the general's demise, and the bells from the steeples were uttering their plaints in slow and measured time, that told that a member of the human family had passed away, "to be seen no more of men." Crowds of servants were in waiting, with the sign of their vocation bound to the arm. The general's war steed was there, with the trappings of his master arranged in the saddle, and the military came wheeling into column with reversed arms. The whole *cortège* started in the solemn step, measured by music, arranged for the march that accompanied the soldier to his final home. His last resting-place was soon approached, the burial service was read, and he was lowered into the grave. A few volleys of musketry were fired over his coffin, and all was over. The forms were all gone through with, and he who but three days before had given law to etiquette—whose frown would have paled the poor soldier's cheek—who would have signed his death-warrant, for disobedience of his will, as freely as he would have put on his glove—who was singled out as one of the great and honorable of the earth, was now reduced to the level of all those, however poor and afflicted in life, who had gone before him, and all that was left was in the frail memory of those who had been suffered to remain behind, to be resolved into the same elements in a few brief years.

Mr. Sniffling was not at the funeral, nor had he been seen out since the evening of the accident. The shock that he received that night, the death of his friend, and the application to the bottle for relief, had been too much for his nerves, though the servants, when questioned, reported him

quite comfortable. He insisted upon having no physician, for he had taken it into his head that attempts were to be made upon his life in order to obtain his money, and that they, the doctors, were to be the executors of the plot.

His lordship, who had just paid the last debt of nature, had, after his return to his quarters, suffered himself to be much excited at the officer who had placed the machine near the powder magazine, and, being short and corpulent, and apoplectically inclined, had been seized in the night, and after a few struggles, had left a vacancy in the army to be supplied by one of his pall-bearers; but how much this junior in his heart mourned, it would, perhaps, be unfair to infer, and indelicate to allude to; yet it has always been observed that promotion is acceptable, and the recipient not disposed to criticise the ways of Providence in such cases.

Nothing was now wanting to prevent the projected visit, and it was speedily arranged that Mr. and Miss Dexter, the doctor and his patient, should form the party. Application was made to the commanding officer for passports through the lines of the English outposts, and also letters for the favorable consideration of whomsoever's hands they might fall into, and a day was set when they were to undertake their short journey. The doctor, in order to prepare his fair patient, frequently, in his visits, introduced the subject, and, upon the mention of Oakford, she recognized the sound at once.

"Oh yes!" she said, "I wish to go to Oakford to see my little sister; she has been waiting a long time, and must be tired. It is a cold place where we left her. Oh! how it blows there in the winter, and the white snow whirls around her in the night, and the winds howl and scream. Oh, doctor, 'twas cruel to leave her there all alone!" and she shuddered and said, "Doctor, was it not wicked for mother to leave my father when he was pale and dying? But," said she, with emphasis, "it was not Colonel Standish who killed him. We never harmed any one. It was

wicked men who fear not God. I am ready," said she, "if Mary is;" and thus she wandered on from one thing to another, yet showed herself better in every respect, and frequently scintillations of returning mind might be observed.

Mr. Dexter and Doctor Manly had made arrangements with the commanding officer, before their departure, for Mr. De l'Eur, with a proper escort, to visit his mother, as she was quite unable to visit him; and even if she had been, it would have been imprudent, as feeble as she had been for a long time back, to incur the hazard of further shocking her nerves at beholding her son in close confinement, and charged with a matter where his life was concerned.

The day at last arrived, and every thing was prepared for the journey. The air was cool and bracing, and the leaves had been just tinged with the approach of autumn. They started about ten o'clock in the morning, and proceeded by Kingsbridge road; at a gentle pace, the better to admire the never-tiring scenery that presents itself at every step. Groups of officers who had taken a morning's walk—the more humble private, who had also sought the country, were encountered continually for the first three miles of their journey; but as they proceeded onward, these pleaurists grew scarce, until they passed but a solitary rambler. After that, every house and farm seemed to be deserted, and the once cultivated field was now grown up with weeds. The inhabitants had been so frequently robbed and abused by the party who, for the time being, had been in the ascendant, that they abandoned all, and, in their desperation, too often turned freebooters themselves, in the way of reprisal.

The party finally came to the outposts of the English, where their passes were carefully examined and compared, and then suffered to proceed. Here they learned that Standish had been in the neighborhood but a few days before, and that a detachment from his corps had had a conflict with one from the English, and that a number of men had been killed on each side. They were told that, if it were possible, it would be better to remain where they were until a

note could be sent to Colonel Standish, and he would send an escort to conduct them wherever they wished within his lines; but the day was so fine, and all seemed so much to enjoy the drive, that they came to the conclusion to incur the hazard rather than remain over.

Miss Dexter, though pale, and a good deal absorbed in thought, affectionately retained the hand of her friend, looking smilingly into her face, to catch, as she occasionally did, her natural look, and a word now and then that showed signs of returning reason. She had hardly spoken a word since their first starting in the morning. She looked, she scrutinized, she contracted her brow, as if she was struggling to free herself from the thralldom of aberration, and break through the dark cloud that seemed to envelop her senses. Doctor Manly saw the struggle go on, and he motioned them all to be quiet, and to say nothing to her.

In this way they continued on until late in the day, occasionally stopping for half an hour to rest their horses. At last she carefully examined each person in the carriage, and said, "Where is my mother?" She pressed her temples for a moment, and again said, "Where are we going?"

It was so natural, but so sudden, that Miss Dexter could hardly restrain her feelings. She looked smilingly into her face and said, "Dear Edith, we are taking a drive to do you good."

"But," replied she, "I must go back, and see my poor mother and brother."

"But would you not like to see Colonel Standish?"

"Oh yes! but—but—" and she smiled—"I dreamed that he was dead, and that he was coming after me. Oh! how strange it is that I should dream this. It distressed me as much as if it had really been so;" and then again her mind wandered, and she talked wildly, but of not so long duration. At last she sunk into a repose, and slept upon the bosom of her friend for some miles, when a dozen or so of dragoons were seen coming down the road. Doctor Manly caused the carriage to be stopped, and advanced on foot to

meet them, that they might not frighten his patient. They very kindly stopped, and heard the reason that he had thus got out, and very courteously told him that they would pass by as silently as possible. They also told him that they belonged to Colonel Standish's command, and that he was with the main body about five miles further up the country, and informed them of a very comfortable farm-house not far from where they were encamped, and advised them, by all means, to stay there that night. They also offered to detach a couple of men to return back and inform the colonel of their coming. This polite offer of the lieutenant in command was thankfully accepted: the two men accordingly turned about, while the detachment went on the other way.

A little time, and they were at the farm-house named by the lieutenant, where they were kindly received, and every attention paid them that their situation required. The evening was cool, but pleasant, and a fire upon the hearth cheered the little party. A supper, and such a supper as is seen nowhere else on the earth, was spread upon the table upon a clean cloth, as white as soap and water could make it. Huge loaves of bread, of all colors but white; pitchers of milk; joints of meat; cakes of all shapes, long, round, and flat; honey and molasses; pumpkin sauce and apple butter; preserved quinces and quince sauce, besides a variety of pies, such as a confectioner had never dreamed of, all showing the thriftiness of the good housewife, and how well she was deserving, when they took their departure, of, in the language of Mr. Dexter, a *quid pro quo*, meaning thereby a fair compensation for what they had received.

After supper Mr. Dexter prepared a note directed to Colonel, but now General Standish, informing him of their arrival, the names of the party, the illness, and the nature of it, of Miss De l'Eur, and the anxiety of George de l'Eur to get the papers buried by Diana, and of the vast importance they were to him. He also, under the direction of the doctor, advised him not to present himself in person until

Edith was prepared for it, as it might have the opposite tendency to that intended, and that, if he was in the neighborhood, he would receive a note instructing him when she was prepared to receive him.

Miss Dexter and her friend retired early, the latter showing signs of fatigue. Their room was on the gable end of the house. The apartment was low, but sufficiently spacious, and gave a pleasant view of a new-mown meadow. It was clear, and not a cloud to be seen, and in a short time the family had all retired. Silence became almost oppressive to those accustomed to live amid the bustle and noise of a town. It was not long, however, before the insect tribe in the meadow commenced their serenade : first a short, grating note ; then another, at a distance, softer and longer continued ; then a sharp, shrill plaint from the tree top, and then "Katy did" and "Katy didn't" began, and, in a short time, the whole chorus, as if their lives depended upon the success of the effort ; and thus they went on, through the livelong night, enjoying, with all their might, the little time left before a frost should silence them forever. But who knows how far the instincts of these little creatures extend ? Who dares say that it ends with their lives ? The divine impress is surely there, and, despite of man's assumption, it may teach him a lesson that may detract much from his vanity and complacent conceit. How is it that their chants begin in the autumn of the year, and the nearer they approach the end of their lives, the more ardently they pour forth their thanks to the Creator for the brief summer they have been permitted to enjoy ? How is it that their sweet music should influence and incline the heart of man to serious meditation ; to dissipate the asperities that arise between him and his brother ; to soothe and compose his thoughts, and, finally, to make him a better man than when he first laid his head upon his pillow ? There are sermons that thus proceed from these little creatures which, thank Heaven ! there are but few who can not appreciate ; and doubly unfortunate must he be who has

neither the heart to feel nor the soul to understand these tiny messengers full of the Divinity that created them.

The morning broke in the superlative beauty of an American autumn, a season of the year wherein is combined all that is desirable of the other seasons, with but few of the shadows and changes which encompass the rest of the year. The serenity of the air, the fragrance of the fields, the rich harvest, combine to elevate the soul, regale the senses, and to remind us of the kind hand that protects and nourishes us.

Miss Dexter looked upon her poor friend ; she still slept ; her sleep was quiet, and as deep as that of an infant, though the morning was advancing. Her repose had been continued through the night. "Edith," said she, while she gently placed her hand upon her brow, "do you not wish to rise and enjoy this beautiful morning?"

She breathed deeply, opened her eyes, and smiled upon her friend. "How happy I am," said she, "to thus have you with me. I have been dreaming pleasant things," continued she. "The portentous storms which threatened us have passed away, and through the night I have traversed sunny lands and fertile fields, where the destroying angel is not permitted to come. I am better, dear Mary, but my heart bleeds yet."

"Look out upon that sweet meadow, and see how gayly the birds look in the trees," said Miss Dexter, trying to arouse her from her half-slumbering inclination ; "you feel well, I trust, this morning?"

"Yes, pretty well," she replied ; and she sat up in her bed and looked out of the window. "This is a beautiful world," said she, "but oh ! how it is marred and destroyed by caprice and selfishness. But, dear Mary," continued she, as she surveyed the room, "where are we?"

"We are in the country. We have come for a pleasant drive, in hopes that it will do you good."

"You are very kind. I fear I can never compensate you for all this attention. Where are my mother and brother?"

"They are at home, and—" As she hesitated, Miss De l'Eur quickly added,

"And what! are they ill? I must return. I can't stay from them. Who brought us here? Oh! dear Mary," continued she, sobbing audibly, "do let us return." Miss Dexter soothed her as well as she could by letting her know that her mother was getting much better, and that her brother had not been ill. "Oh!" said she, perfectly rational, "if my poor mother should die, what should I do in this dreary world. I have no father, like yourself, to protect me from its ills; I am too young to have drunk so deeply of the cup of affliction. I feel that my mind has been wandering—a dreamy uncertainty of where I am, or what I have been about."

The busy housewife had been, since the first dawn of day, engaged in preparing breakfast for her own household, and had already dispatched the male portion of them to their labor in the fields, where, with sickle in hand, they were gathering in the golden sheaf. And now she was busy at work preparing for her guests. The table-cloth was spread upon the board, which for the others had been naked, and the Horn of Plenty was transferred upon it, without regard to any particular meal for which it was intended.

The two gentlemen had arisen early, and had gone forth to the fields; they came back cheered by the beauty of the morning and the romance of their walk. The orchard was bending beneath the ripened fruit; the bees were at work in the white clover with the eagerness of misers; the cattle were busy with the grass while yet the dew aided in its mastication, and the whole distance from the city would have been as beautiful, and its people as happy and as hospitable, but armed men had been there—hospitality had not been respected. The fields were sown by their owners, and reaped by strangers. Its inhabitants had dared to be of an opinion, which others had seen fit to think they had no right to have, and, having it, they were fit subjects to be robbed and often murdered—and people, too, who would

cheerfully have given in charity, and extended to their destroyers the rights of good fellowship. Such means may conquer men, but never the heart, and the potentate who rules not by that has a hard task to perform, and is any thing but an object of envy.

The breakfast was announced, and the young ladies made their appearance. They were attired in white robes for the morning : they had rested well. The doctor looked anxiously upon his patient to see what change of scene and air had produced. There was a little uncertainty of expression, which showed itself in the less lustrous eye, than was quite natural. Her beauty was supreme, yet statue-like : it had not quite the entire play of life. It showed that the soul was still chilled ; yet she freely recognized Mr. Dexter and the doctor, and thanked them for their kindness, and expressed herself as better. She retained the hand of Miss Dexter, and it was rare that she relinquished it ; while she had it in her grasp, she felt herself safe and happy ; but the moment she parted with it, she trembled lest some one would do her harm ; and as they sat down to breakfast, she nestled close to her side, and her affection was always returned by a look of benignity that assured her of love and inspired her with confidence. She ate more heartily than she had done for months, and the good doctor felt himself amply repaid at the sure evidence of the improvement of his beautiful patient.

They had hardly finished their repast when the tramp of horses was heard. They all went to the door, and a mile or so in the distance they saw enveloped in dust a troop of cavalry coming down the road at a very fast pace. In a moment after they drew up, and a man was sent to inform the gentlemen that General Standish was with the troop, and would remain behind in accordance with the request made, but would be very glad if they would at once proceed.

Miss Dexter was cognizant of what was going on, but nothing had been intimated to the invalid of the kind ; she looked at the men as they came down the road, and also

upon the messenger with but little curiosity. He made known his errand, and they made ready to go as requested. They proceeded on foot, and when a little distance on their way, an officer, mounted on an iron-gray charger, with but a single attendant, advanced to meet them. They knew by the description that they had so often received of him that it could be none other than the general himself. The tall and well-made figure, the scar on his face, and the black plume towering above the others, was sufficient evidence that it was the renowned chief, of whose reckless and daring courage they had so often heard. He was much sunburned, and, notwithstanding the deep scar upon his face, his regular features, and his noble bearing, though saddened and grieved, gave him an interest, and, at the same time, a dignity of character that elicited their respect and admiration. At their approach he dismounted, and gave the bridle of his horse to the man who accompanied him, and then directed him to retire.

General Standish received them with great courtesy and kindness, thanked them with all his heart for the interest they had taken for Mr. and Mrs. De l'Eur, and as he was about naming Edith, this lion-hearted man, who had courted death in a hundred battles—whose sword had so often drank deep of the blood of the enemies of his country, turned away. He put his handkerchief to his eyes as he walked several steps from them, the better to hide his emotions. He took the doctor, as he returned, affectionately by the hand, and looked him full in the face. "I thought, sir," said he, "that the many afflictions that have befallen me in my career thus far in life, had prepared me for any suffering that might be in store for me. But this last I was not prepared for." He could proceed no further for some moments. At length he asked, as he turned his face to the farm-house, "Who are those two young ladies standing in the door yonder?"

Mr. Dexter replied, "One, sir, is my daughter; the other, the lady we are speaking of."

General Standish drew from his pocket a small spy-glass, and after attentively using it for a moment, said, "Gentlemen, you must excuse me for an hour; in that time I will meet you again." He stood for a moment beside his horse, with his head upon his hand, in deep thought, and then muttered to himself, "Take *her* away from earth, and the last tie that binds me to it is severed." He mounted, and rode back at a rapid pace where the troop had halted.

In the mean time the two gentlemen returned. Miss Dexter was radiant with delight as she informed them that her friend had held a conversation with her for half an hour, in their absence, that seemed perfectly rational; and, were it not for a great depression of spirits, she could perceive but little difference in her manner now than before her affliction. They all took a short walk in the fields, and the two young ladies busied themselves with plucking a flower here and there, as their fancy dictated. Every thing was new to them: the harvesters at work—the gathering of flocks of birds, claiming their share of the bounty. The perfume of the ripened apple, and the thousand field-flowers in the meadow, under other circumstances would have made it one of those little incidents of life that we are not often permitted to encounter, and which leave a green spot in the memory that we love to dwell upon, and which is retained upon it until all things have faded away.

The hour was just wasting itself, and the party returned to the house in order to permit the gentlemen to fulfill their appointment. General Standish had already returned, and was waiting their arrival. Perceiving it, they hurried on. He advanced and met them, and, with great frankness, excused himself for putting them to the trouble of going and returning, admitting that his feelings had quite overcome him, and would not allow of making the inquiries of matters that he was desirous of ascertaining. He requested them to go on, and give him the sad particulars of the family—the prospect of the acquittal of Mr. De l'Eur, the extent of the illness of his mother—their circumstances, and

the probability of the recovery of Miss De l'Eur from her mental estrangement. While he inquired in relation to the latter, his agitation was apparent. They gave him all the information in their power, and impressed upon him the necessity of recovering the papers buried by Diana as speedily as possible. The conference ended by advising him not to see Miss De l'Eur until after their return from the search for the papers. It was arranged that the following morning they should proceed on horseback, in company with a guard of fifty men, upon their errand, it being a distance of about forty miles.

As soon as the day dawned, horses were sent from the camp, with a guide to accompany them, to the place where the gentlemen were informed the general would join them. They were soon in the saddle and on their way. Less than an hour brought them to it, where they alighted, and in the tent of Standish they rested and partook of their breakfast. So early and unusual a ride to them had sharpened their appetites, and, thus far, it was a novel as well as a pleasant trip. General Standish, early as it was, was on parade at the period of their arrival, but immediately returned, and in a short time the three, with a guard of fifty men, were in full gallop for the interior. They had not proceeded far when a long line of posts with cross-pieces presented themselves to their view. Mr. Dexter and the doctor, after expending much curiosity and many surmises as to the purposes for which they were intended, and arriving at no satisfactory result, at last questioned the general of their use. General Standish, without hesitating a moment, replied that they were erected for the purpose of hanging a British officer upon each gallows if a hair of the head of Mr. De l'Eur was hurt. "I have written to the commanding officer at New-York," continued he, "to that effect, and at the same time pledging my honor that Mr. De l'Eur is innocent of the charges alleged against him, to my certain knowledge. To punish him under such circumstances, there can be no excuse."

"Would not that be punishing the innocent for the wrongs of the guilty?" inquired Mr. Dexter.

"I am not in the habit, sir," he replied, rather severely, "of having my justice or my motives questioned."

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Mr. Dexter; "it was by no means my intention to question either. It was merely the hardship of the case I referred to."

General Standish bowed an assent to the explanation. They rode on some miles in silence. The general seemed lost in thought; but every few miles he drew his glass from his pocket, and with it swept the horizon. A lieutenant, upon being questioned as to the cause of this precaution, said that there were a good many Tories in the neighborhood, and that they sometimes appeared in force, and had committed a number of murders; but since the general had caused a brace of them to be hanged, they had been quiet.

They came to a halt about eleven o'clock at a small tavern on the road, kept by a man said to be a Tory. They dismounted, and were served with some refreshment; and at the end of half an hour, the bugle sounded, and the men, in an instant, were in marching order. The horses of the doctor and Mr. Dexter were before the door quite fresh, for they were so accustomed to these trips that it was nothing to them; but quite different was it with their riders. It was with a kind of hop and jump that they got beside their beasts; but when they came to put foot in stirrup, it seemed quite out of the question; several attempts were made, but to raise the foot more than a few inches from the ground was quite impossible. The men, notwithstanding their discipline, showed symptoms of relaxing the muscles of the mouth as they turned their eyes askance at the abortive attempts, preserving their discipline, however, in not turning their heads the hundredth part of an inch, though the temptation, from the contortions of face of *the two recruits*, was a strong one. The lieutenant reported their disability to the quarter-master, who in a few moments had the horses harnessed to a wagon belonging to the tavern-

keeper, who was too happy in granting an accommodation which he knew would quite as freely have been taken without his assent as with it. Thus, newly equipped, they proceeded quite comfortably along, excepting an occasional bump which a traveler in a country wagon without springs, over a bad road, is subject to.

Nothing occurred throughout the day deserving of notice, except the occasional appearance of the blackened remains of a house which an unlucky Tory might have inhabited, who had been indiscreet in his expressions, or, perchance, once the residence of a Whig, who had also been unwise in condemning his neighbors whose principles were the reverse of his own. Although the day was well-nigh spent, and even the wagon had become irksome, yet neither the guard nor the horses showed the least symptoms of uneasiness, but still swept over the country at the rate of eight miles an hour, only occasionally halting for a short time for the benefit of Messrs. Dexter and Manly. The lieutenant kept up their spirits by occasionally informing them of the diminished distance they had to overcome.

As the day was drawing to a close, they entered a rather hilly country, spotted with groves of trees and matured orchards, watered by a variety of small rivulets issuing from the gorges of the hills. As the sun set, it cast its subdued light into the dark foliage, revealing the innumerable hues of the leaves: green and gold; russet, edged with orange; a deep scarlet, sprinkled with pink, were among the most prominent colors that attracted the eye. For a moment they were making their way around the base of a wooded hill, then along the embankment of a rivulet, until at last the sun set behind the hills, and the beautiful scenery faded from the view.

The lieutenant dropped behind, and informed them that they were now on the grounds of Oakford, and that in a few minutes they would encamp for the night. They proceeded at a slow pace. The whippowill began his plaints, and occasionally a fox or a hare could be seen springing

across a road, which of late had been so unfrequently used that they had made their burrows in it.

The fact of their being then upon the grounds of Oakford, the once peaceful and quiet retreat of its former occupants—its considerable extent—the grandeur of the scene, and its beauty, which they had seen enough of to appreciate, caused in the bosoms of both these gentlemen many an involuntary sigh.

They now arrived at the end of their journey. It was announced to them that they were within a quarter of a mile of where the house stood. They encamped for the night in the same grove of trees where Captain Millbank had had his affair with the rebels, but who, in less than a year after, had fallen, gallantly fighting at the head of his company. His, poor fellow! was a soldier's grave; unshrouded and uncoffined, he lies in the land of the stranger; not even a "*hic jacet*" to arrest the eye of the passing peasant.

The horses were provided for, and the quarter-master sent the two gentlemen a blanket apiece, wishing them, at the same time, a quiet night and pleasant dreams. But it was chilly; they had no pillow; this mode of lodging was quite new to them; and, in fact, they enjoyed the hospitality with not much better grace than did Mr. Thurwood.

It was a long night to them; but daylight at length showed itself, greatly to their relief. At its first blush, the shrill bugle aroused the sleepers from their dreams, and in a very short time they were preparing their spare meal. Mr. Dexter and the doctor were invited to partake of the hospitalities of the general. They did the best they could to appreciate it, but all in vain. He observed it, and excused himself by saying "that he had become so used to a soldier's fare, that he was not aware, until he reflected, how difficult it was for those unaccustomed to it to partake of that which to himself was acceptable; but he regretted to inform them that it was the best the commissary had." They excused themselves the best way they could, and

tried again with but little better success. Their repast was no sooner ended than preparations were made to search for the buried papers. A spade was procured, and with a man to use it, they proceeded to the spot to begin the search.

The same desolate appearance surrounded every thing as when General Standish was there before. He led them directly to the place designated. As he stood for a moment to look upon the little mound, former times rushed upon his memory. Each foot of earth seemed to him consecrated ground, and each withered leaf rife with a fond but mournful recollection. The two gentlemen saw the war that was going on in his breast; and though at times stern and harsh in manner, they had seen too much of the world not to know and respect the sentiments and feelings which were then passing there. A sigh involuntarily escaped him. "Hand me the shovel," he said to the man, sternly; "the dead lies here." The man sprang to obey him. He seized it, and planted it in the earth; again and again he buried it deep, and in a few moments the shovel struck something that sounded like metal. Another shovelful of earth, and a tin case, that the faithful Diana had placed there, was taken from its hiding-place.

Mr. Dexter took it in his hands, and said to General Standish, "In that, sir, I feel, is contained the full evidence of the right of your friend George de l'Eur to the baronetage of Stevendale." The doctor could hardly restrain his expressions of delight.

"If it contains," said Standish, with great gravity, "aught that will restore the broken heart—relieve the prisoner—assuage deep-rooted grief—then, then there may be for me a little light. But all is darkness now. The grave itself is all I hope for."

"It is not always, I trust," replied Mr. Dexter, kindly, "that this darkness is to continue. There is a bright spot above, which, if we will but keep our eye upon it, will guide us through the tempest, and finally lead us from the many

quicksands that obstruct our way in our journey here. You are young yet, and should not despond. Life is full of vicissitudes, and they should be met with philosophy."

"Talk not," said Standish, firmly, "of philosophy to me. As well might you talk of the return of spring to the oak, whose limbs have been riven by the winds, its trunk scathed by lightning, and its roots dried up for the want of nourishment. Have you not learned," said he, "that your king has left me without a relative in the world? has burned and destroyed all that would have been mine? maimed me in my limbs, and deformed me in my person? and that his base representatives are threatening a family, in whose memory I only live, with death and ruin? Do not," said he, fiercely, "talk to me of philosophy, but go back to your king's minions, and tell them to burn, torture, and destroy;" and then, in a low and solemn voice, added, "There is a day of reckoning coming. Your land of tyrants will yet feel the Puritan's prayer, if not his steel."

His manner was so earnest, and almost threatening, that no reply was made. They returned to the guard; and as they drew near, they saw them all in a circle, with their lieutenant in the center, singing a psalm. In a moment Standish took his cap from his head, and reverently stood in silence until they had finished. When that was over, they knelt, and one of the men made a prayer, to which the others responded. When these services were over, Standish told Mr. Dexter and the doctor that he only waited their pleasure, and would return at their convenience. His manner was now gentle, though impressive. Another half hour, and they were on their return. They stopped for the night at the little tavern where the wagon was borrowed. The only two spare beds in the house, at the request of the general, were appropriated for the occupation of the doctor and his friend.

Early in the morning they were awakened by the little band in the field close by. They were thus early at their devotions: a psalm was sung, and a prayer said, asking to

be led in the right way, to be delivered from their oppression, to be enabled properly to interpret the Scriptures, and, finally, for their enemies. It came over the fields in the clear morning distinctly and reverently, and with a solemnity that insured it from the heart. It was a touching sight to see and hear these poor fellows, who for years had periled their lives, with seldom a place to lay their heads, scantily clad, asking the God of battles to do good to their enemies, to protect the widow and the orphan, and to assuage the calamities incident to war.

Mr. Dexter and his friend were soon dressed. The solemnities that they had seen performed by these hardy and war-worn men, and their devout manner, impressed them, that, if the American army was made up of such men, Great Britain had as much upon her hands as she would be enabled to dispose of, and that the sooner she made terms, the better it would be for her.

In the morning they resumed their journey, leaving their wagon, and taking to their saddles again, and were informed that on their account they would go slow, as they had the day before them. They returned the same way they went, and by the middle of the afternoon they came in sight of the camp. The regiment of dragoons had been joined by one of infantry, all to be placed under the command of General Standish, with orders to hold himself in readiness for distant service, it being considered that the minute men* were strong enough to repel any incursions the English would be enabled to make, the whole force having moved down within a mile of the farm-house. The tents extended along the base of a hill to a considerable distance, and groups of officers were conversing with each other as to the nature of the service upon which they were destined, and what could be the general's business with the two gentlemen, most of them coming to the conclusion that they were commissioners to make arrangements for a cartel.

* Connecticut raised in the Revolution nearly 32,000 troops of the line, besides great numbers of militia, called "Minute Men."

A man was dispatched to accompany the doctor to the house, to receive a note from the latter in relation to his patient. Standish dismissed them, and urged, with a good deal of solicitude, that an interview should be had as soon as possible, and, as he urged it, trembled in every limb. The long time since they had met, the death of her father, the imprisonment of her brother, her mother's illness, her own malady, but, more than all, his intense affection, strengthened by their long separation, constantly occupying and absorbing his mind, had impressed upon him feelings that one would be expected to possess in meeting some loved object who had been long lost; and then to be met, and perhaps by one estranged by time or by the clouding of the mind, rendered the anticipated meeting one that he felt might add another blow to the many that Fate had already allotted him. But still, no anguish could be greater than the suspense he was in, nor any misery more complete than the years he had spent apart from her.

Miss Dexter and Miss De l'Eur saw them coming. The former had before never been absent from her father. The meeting was a happy one, for who ever saw a father and daughter meet after an absence who did not envy the reciprocated delight! Miss De l'Eur stood a little back: she had recovered enough to understand her own bereavement, made the more sensible to her at the joy evinced by her friend in meeting her parent. The doctor advanced to his patient, and addressed her tenderly, saying,

"How has my daughter been in my absence?"

"My daughter! my daughter!" slowly repeated she; "is not my father dead?" looking the doctor in the face.

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, "and now you are my daughter."

"Oh! thank you," said she; "I had—had—oh! I remember now—my father was killed."

The doctor changed the conversation, and gently intimated that he had seen Colonel Standish, as by that title she was more accustomed to hear him spoken of. She

looked at him steadily for a moment, as if striving in her mind whether to place him on earth or no.

"To Colonel Standish," said she, solemnly, "I am affianced; but—but—it seems to me it was not to be consummated until I am dead. It is so strange," said she, as if in pain, "that I can not collect my thoughts. Why does he not come to me?"

"He will come, if you wish it."

"Wish it! wish to see my husband that is to be! How strange," she replied, "that you should ask."

Mr. Dexter came now to greet her, but she turned from him and said, showing a little jealousy, "Doctor Manly is as kind to me as you are to Mary." This almost broke the heart of poor Mr. Dexter, for he had been lavishing for some time his caresses upon his daughter, and felt a little guilty in not sooner turning his attentions to his charge, for whom he felt almost the kindness of a parent, and endeavored all in his power to recover the favor he had lost; but during the whole day she seemed anxious to remain near the doctor. This was the first time that she had preferred in her manner any one to Miss Dexter, the latter showing the greatest uneasiness at being thus rivaled, and left nothing undone to recover her confidence.

The doctor thought he could see very strong evidence of her speedy and entire restoration, and he informed Standish, through the messenger, that he thought he could pay them a visit in the early part of the evening, and as near 7 o'clock as possible; and that he must be particularly on his guard to express no other feeling than a warm cordiality at their meeting.

The brigade could be seen from the house, and the party amused themselves, in the afternoon, by looking at them from a distance, while they were going through their evolutions—marching, countermarching, forming squares, falling into line, wheeling into column, and advancing *en echelon*, the doctor familiarizing her with the colonel's expected visit, which, however, she seemed to doubt.

"Who is that?" she inquired, "away yonder, whose clothes glitter so as he rides in front of the soldiers, and whose plume waves in the wind?"

The doctor replied pleasantly, "Well, my daughter, I am not so young as I once was: let me see," said he, as he put on his spectacles; "now point."

She pointed him in the direction of the figure on the side of the hill.

"That! why that, if I can see rightly, is General Standish!"

"General who?" she inquired.

"Colonel Standish, I mean," said he.

She clasped her hands together, and for a moment remained silent, evidently communing with herself. "God be praised!" she exclaimed at last.

Standish held in his hand a spy-glass. He turned and put it to his eye, and she was brought close to him; she extended at the same time her arms, looking that way beseechingly. He could remain no longer; and although it was an hour earlier than the time proposed, he turned over the command to a senior officer, put spurs to his horse, and advanced toward the house.

"He is coming," she exclaimed, "he is coming!"

As he came near, he drew up his horse, dismounted, and tied him. Mr. and Miss Dexter were watching with intense anxiety the meeting. Miss De l'Eur seized her by the hand instinctively. Standish took off his hat as he approached, and with all the calmness he was master of, advanced and took her tenderly by the hand, and pressing it in his own, said,

"Edith, do you not know me?"

"'Tis the voice of William Standish," said she; "but he was not so scarred: he was fair, and did not wear such clothes, and he was younger too; yet oh, 'tis he! my long-lost!"

Her strength gave way, and she would have sunk upon the earth, but he caught her in his arms as he would an

infant. He bore her to the house, and it was thought advisable to cause her to be conveyed to her apartment, to enable her to rally somewhat.

As soon as she was out of sight, he gave vent to his feelings. He had seen and had had in his arms the beloved of his youth, as beautiful as ever; yet not to be fully recognized at once was more than he could bear.

The family of the farmer were agitated at the appearance in their house for the first time of a man who was looked upon by them as the champion of freedom, and whose name was never mentioned without reverence. Although his encampment had been a long time in the neighborhood, yet he had never before paid them a visit. They saw his grief, and did what was in their power to relieve him. He excused himself by saying he would return in the evening, and then mounted his horse and slowly rode to the encampment.

It is rare, yet it sometimes occurs, that death is busy with a whole family at the same time, and the circle that in each other was gay and happy, have disappeared like a dream in a few months; and if, perchance, there is one that has been spared in the spring-time of life, he is to be pitied, if he has a sensitive mind, far more than they who have gone before him. He finds himself a stranger upon the earth; he looks around at the annual festive board, and sees the gathering of families together—the hilarity attending it—the affections bestowed—mutual gifts and mutual pledges—but he sits himself down alone. The recollection of former days and former kindnesses occupy the mind but to freeze the soul. Youth is not prepared for this desolation of the heart. Nature has not prepared him to live without parents, or brothers, or sisters; their place can not be supplied, because at that age it is unusual and unnatural; no matter how many professions of friendship or kind attentions others may show, they can not fill the void when the heart is thus blighted.

And thus with Standish; ardent in temperament, sin-

cere in attachments, honest in his designs : the world in his youth had many gifts for him in the future ; but in one little year from his leaving school, there was no one living with whom he could claim affinity.

These things came so suddenly upon him that his very nature seemed changed. A settled sadness became habitual ; it was easily mistaken for natural austerity, but nothing was further from the truth. It was a refinement of feeling and of thought in one whose heart was too sincere to adapt itself to the caprice of fortune.

Miss De l'Eur, after she had retired, had fallen into a doze and slept for an hour. She named him repeatedly in her sleep, and after she was awake she inquired of Miss Dexter whether it were true that she had seen Colonel Standish, or whether it was a mere dream. Upon being assured that it was not a dream, but that she had actually seen him, and that he would be there again in the evening, "Then," said she, "he was not slain, as I supposed. If you can assure me of this, the world to me is something again."

"Certainly, my dear Miss De l'Eur, I can."

"Well," she replied, "I think it is so ; I think I recollect it."

All this was said in a perfectly rational manner, but with a want of memory, and they continued to converse until supper-time. She could be seen occasionally going to the door, and when she supposed that she was unobserved, would watch intently up the road, the direction in which she expected he would come.

"I like that," said the doctor : "a good symptom. She has found out at last the difference between reality and a dream."

The evening promised to be pleasant. The men had come in from their labor ; the cattle had lain down in the fields, and the feathered race were silently examining the fence around the barn-yard, to see if high enough to protect them from the marauding fox. With the keen in-

instinct peculiar to them, they would survey one part and then the other, and were sure to reject that which was near enough to the ground to be within his reach.

Standish soon made his appearance, and the friends of Miss De l'Eur were as much rejoiced as surprised when with dignity and grace she arose to receive him. The simplicity of the child, or, rather, its indiscretions, had disappeared, and in its place the woman stood. Her cheek was pale, but the eye soft and expressive. Her tall but fragile figure contrasted with his powerful though apparently slight-made person. The hardy soldier—his naturally fair complexion bronzed by exposure to the weather, and his military costume, set off and fully defined the fair creature whose hand he held grasped in his own. He led her to the door, and in an under voice exclaimed,

"Heaven be praised! I had supposed that I was the mere plaything of fortune, but I am from henceforth persuaded that I am not entirely cast off."

He looked down intently upon her as her head drooped, lest her mind was still wandering; but his eye brightened, and the smile, as of other days, came over his features as she replied,

"I feel now a new life, and our preservation until this day, and our meeting here in this strange way, satisfy me that there is a Providence that has checkered our lives for some good purpose, and I have no question but that his glory and our happiness will be the end, and that the changes and vicissitudes we have felt are the means through which it will be obtained."

They remained silent for some moments, looking into the expanse above them, when he said to her, "Do you recollect that star in the east, Edith, which you pointed out to me the first evening that we ever passed together?"

"Yes, quite distinctly," she replied; "I have watched its risings as long as I can remember. Its superior brightness first attracted my attention. At last it became one of my familiars, and I learned the day and hour of its ap-

pearance, and when it set it seemed as if there was something wanting. I became uneasy until it appeared again. I am," continued she, "a little superstitious too. I do not know how it is, but when I see it obscured, I feel as if some evil portends, some pleasing influences have gone. Indeed, I look at it as the star of my destiny. In ancient times it was believed that particular ones influenced certain persons. I have sometimes thought it might be so, and that when we die some mysterious agent would carry those there who are thus influenced by it here."

"The mysteries with which we are surrounded," he replied, "have prepared me to doubt nothing where general laws are clearly ascertained; but of those laws, few of them are within the reach of man's feeble intellect—those only the most obvious to his senses. I have often regretted," said he, "that so many of the observations of the aged are called superstitions, and I am not prepared to say that thus the world has not lost much that mere philosophy never can attain. The latter may labor on, and, the more it labors, the further the works of God recede from it, until it finds itself precisely where it began. The philosopher may give names to the elements, and ascertain the relation that particles bear to each other; but this knowledge obtained only tends to show how immeasurably the wisdom that created them is beyond man's comprehension. You speak of your own superstition. I would not," said he, as he pressed her hand to his heart, "have you otherwise; for, as far as my observations go, the further we advance in the scale of intellect, from the mere idiot who sees as the brute sees to the highest grade of man's estate, so, in the same ratio, the more we are disposed to revel in the sunny world of the future, and invest ourselves with some of the consequences and mysteries which appertain to the state of man in the invisible world."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said she, "for it is unpleasant to be different from the rest of the world; and I should be very sorry to believe that that bright spot" (point-

ing to the star) "was not to be our abiding-place when we shall leave this world; and as it influences me here, why not hereafter? I love to gaze upon it, and to believe that purity and goodness dwell there. There are other stars adapted to other dispositions and wishes. Why should it not be so?"

The doctor now came to the door, and said kindly, "You must not keep my daughter in the open air too long. She has a little flush of the cheek now—perhaps a little fever. Come in! come in!"

He had hardly repeated these words when a horseman dismounted, and inquired for General Standish, and said to him, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard, that the enemy, in great force, were advancing from below. In a moment after an aid came from the camp, and gave him the same information. He calmly directed that each man should supply himself with three days' provision, that the baggage wagons should be sent to the rear under a strong guard, and that all should be ready to march.

Miss De l'Eur heard all this, and in some alarm she inquired what it all meant. He smiled upon her, and said, "See how brightly our star of destiny shines. Look upon it an hour hence, as I shall do, probably in battle. I am strong in the faith that I shall be preserved, and I wish you to think so too. That we shall finally overcome our enemies, and that this beginning in time will end in the freedom of a mighty empire, I firmly believe. Do you believe with me?" said he.

"I do," she replied.

"I must leave you now; my country calls. Ere long I shall see you again, never in this world, I trust, to be separated."

She held him firmly by the hand, and went to the door with him. As she raised her eyes to the star, "How red it looks!" she exclaimed. "It portends, I fear, a fearful struggle."

"Doubt not! doubt not! do you promise me?"

"Yes, I do," said she; and as he unloosed her grasp, she added, "Oh! Father, protect him!" In a moment more he was in the saddle and on his way to the camp.

Her friends endeavored to induce her to retire, but all in vain. She sat in her room with Miss Dexter, looking toward the encampment. The fires, one after the other, were extinguished, until all there was blackness.

After the lapse of an hour, a dense mass of men passed by, among whom several pieces of artillery were masked. Upon the right was a strong body of horse. Their errand was to destroy magazines of provisions that lay some forty miles beyond. The Tories had given the enemy precise information of the encampment, and also of the number of men there. They intended to rout this force on their way, and nothing further would intervene to prevent their march. They here deployed into line, their cavalry on the right, but left their artillery in the rear, as it would be useless in a night attack.

General Standish, guessing their object, and being too weak to venture a general battle, determined to keep between the enemy and the stores they intended to plunder. He formed his forces in four parallel columns, in open order, twelve abreast, the heads of which were toward the enemy. His cavalry he left to act according to circumstances. Some light troops on each side were advanced to act as skirmishers, and presently several muskets were discharged. Fearing that this would frighten the ladies, the doctor and Mr. Dexter went to their chamber, the windows of which overlooked the combatants.

After a brief interval the firing increased. Shortly thereafter the heads of the American columns became engaged, but they were outflanked, and soon pressed so hard by overwhelming numbers, that they slowly gave ground; the head platoons delivered their fire, and then, wheeling right and left from the center, fell into the rear, where they reloaded, waiting until they were advanced by those in front performing the same maneuver as themselves, and thus a con-

tinual roll of musketry went on, until General Standish had receded as far as the eye could reach. At last the reports could be heard no longer in the distance, but the heavens were illumined as if by an *Aurora Borealis*; the flashes, reflected upon the sky at intervals, denoted the same regularity of firing as when they commenced, until it faintly died away in feeble flickerings upon the passing cloud.

Miss De l'Eur bore the whole, to the amazement of the rest of the party, with quite as much fortitude as the rest of them, assuring them that, however much she deplored the sacrifice of life, she felt assured that General Standish was safe, for she now began to believe that he was on a mission that had for its end the accomplishment of a great work. Poor Miss Dexter felt in far greater need of consolation than her friend, and there was little rest there that night; and long before day they all took to their carriage, making the best of their way to the city, leaving the poor farmer and his family in the greatest alarm, expecting, on the return of the English army, to have every thing destroyed, even should they escape with their lives. By easy stages, they arrived in New York in less than two days.

The tin box was examined, and found to contain not only a long correspondence between the late Mr. De l'Eur and his uncle, but the evidence of considerable property in England as well as in New England. A vessel was ready to sail, and Mr. Thurwood dispatched the additional evidence to the proper officer of the lineage of the De l'Eurs and their connection with the last Lord Stevendale.

CHAPTER XI.

A MONTH had elapsed after the arrival of the party when a new commission was ordered for the trial of George de l'Eur, upon the specifications that had before been objected against him. His close confinement had impaired his health, yet he uttered no complaint, and was only desirous that his trial might be proceeded with as quickly as possible. During his imprisonment he gained every heart that had access to him; and the most of his visitors, whether through curiosity or pious motives, never went away without being impressed with his innocence of any intentional wrong.

After the arrival of his sister, and her comparative restoration to health, and the improving condition of his mother, he even appeared cheerful, and built up in the future many a quiet and hallowed hour, such as the pensive mind delights to revel in. His mind was one capable of the utmost enjoyment; for in its serenity and composure the little things which disturb the many, or make up the sum of their happiness, passed by him as the idle wind. He found no enjoyment except in the analyzation of a philosophy that had for its basis the divinity which presented itself in each and every atom of physical nature. He held that the affections of the sexes toward each other in marital life were based upon mutual responsibilities and moral obligations, while the former was spontaneous in its origin, and seemed to be directly operated upon by the great hand that presides in the spiritual world. With such sentiments, he seized hold of the broad principles of right and wrong, little understanding the sophistry that a base mind will use to make them yield to suit its peculiar necessities.

Not conceiving or understanding how his solemn asseveration of his innocence could be questioned, he was not a

little surprised when he was informed that his trial was at hand, and that the issue was one of life or death.

Mr. Dexter, upon returning home from his short journey, immediately repaired to the prison to counsel and advise with him. He found him self-possessed, affable, and anxious that the day of trial should arrive, but was equally solicitous that his sister should remain in ignorance of his situation, lest it might shock her nerves. Mr. Dexter busied himself in taking notes of his conversation, in order to become accurately acquainted with the history of the case, the better to enable him to sift out such circumstances as would be the most likely to make in his favor.

At length the day of trial arrived, and the prisoner was conducted, under a guard, to the place appointed. He was dressed in black, and was supported by the arm of Mr. Dexter. He bowed to those in the windows, who appeared to look down with sorrow upon one so young and handsome, and, withal, with a face so expressive of innocence. Long before he had arrived, the spacious room was filled with the wives and daughters of officers of the garrison, anxious to get a sight of him who had the hardihood to connive with the notorious Standish in making his descent upon the town. They, for the most part, had expected to see a ruffian, whose exterior would comport with his bloody designs; but what was their surprise when they beheld, led in by the soldiers, a young gentleman of noble bearing, whose every look was that of a kind and generous nature. He was pale, it was true, but it was the pallor occasioned by confinement, and not by guilt. His light brown hair gave him even a more juvenile appearance than was really the case. As he entered, a buzzing noise filled the room. A dozen voices at the same time inquired, "Who is that?" while a dozen other fair daughters turned to half as many mothers, and said to them, "I hope it is not that handsome young man they are going to hang;" while several mothers informed their daughters that "handsome young men were generally the worst, and that they must always be cau-

tious, and have as little to do with them as possible." "I am sorry for that," innocently said several of them at the same time.

After waiting a while, the room was again thrown into a state of excitement by the arrival of several military gentlemen. The officers appointed to hold the court martial, as is customary in such cases, were clad in full uniform, and as they approached, drew their swords, and laid the naked blades crosswise upon the table. They took their seats around it, and Mr. Dexter and the prisoner occupied a portion of one end. The eyes of the court became fixed on De l'Eur in a manner that indicated that they too were surprised at his youth, as well as his high-bred manner. He was courteous but dignified, and he gave no evidence of the least constraint.

As soon as they could organize, they proceeded to business, and the judge advocate, after carefully filing a copy of the specifications with the court, read another to the prisoner. The latter arose and stated that he plead not guilty to each and every of the charges except the last, and to that he also was not guilty of any criminal intent; that it was true that he expected at the time a visit from Colonel Standish, and he admitted that he caused a light to be put in the tree to aid his landing, but that his business was of a purely private nature, and that, had he not been molested, he would have retired under cover of the night, as ignorant as he came of any military information. He also recounted with great dignity the evils which his family had suffered; the loss of his father, the destruction of their property, and, finally, his own long and severe imprisonment by the rebels, and, therefore, the injustice that any act of his should be construed into treasonable purposes. During his short exordium, he was listened to with respectful attention by the court, and with deep interest by the spectators. A pin would have been heard if it had fallen upon the floor. They had all been taken by surprise as to the intelligence, appearance, and character of the accused;

and those who had gone there to see a rough and uncouth individual, could not repress giving utterance to their amazement when they discovered the vast difference between the creature of their imaginations and that which they witnessed with their own eyes. He was tired of his imprisonment, and as he felt strong in his innocence, he did not, nor could he, realize the consequences of a conviction. The day was principally occupied in preliminaries; and as the material facts, with other circumstances, were admitted, the court adjourned for the day, in order to allow the prisoner to write out his defense; and he was accordingly conducted back to prison, with a multitude of people pressing after him, to gratify a morbid curiosity in witnessing a fellow-being in a condition worse than themselves.

After Mr. Dexter had returned home, he appeared ill at ease, which his daughter discovered, and, for the first time, began to suspect the cause. She had been led to suppose that Mr. De l'Eur would be released as a matter of course, and was fondly looking forward to the time when they might again be thrown together; but the anxious appearance of her father showed too plainly his own fears. She, believing his judgment to be unerring, retired to her room, and gave utterance to her feelings in the anguish of her heart.

The evening was a pleasant one, and her father sent for her to take a walk with him. Wishing to conceal her feelings, she put on as much cheerfulness as possible, and in a few moments was ready. They passed on from one street to another in silence, until they came to the open fields, and in sight of the old jail, with its gloomy walls, rusty, iron-barred windows, and hooks of the same material fringing the eaves of the uncouth pile. A little to the west of the prison was a row of half a dozen gallows, furnished with halters, ready to meet the demand of the hapless victims that were almost daily consigned to them for political offenses. In the second story of the southwest corner there was a faint light, which was dimly reflected through the

iron grating, and when they had approached sufficiently near, they heard a melancholy tune from the flute. It floated soft and sweetly upon the air. It was a sad memento of the past, and told of thoughts borne back to happier days, while it was also tinged with fear of the future.

"I believe, Mary, that you are not acquainted with Mr. De l'Enr, are you?" said her father.

"I have seen him once only," she replied, timidly.

"Ay, I forgot. I recollect you told me." Mr. Dexter breathed heavily.

"I am informed he is on trial for treason, father. He can not be guilty?"

"No, daughter, he is not; but I have no confidence in a court martial. It is rare that one finds a well-disciplined mind in a military man. They suppose humanity to be incompatible with their profession, and that *their* glory is necessarily to be gaged in blood."

"You do not fear—" Here she faltered, and was unable to proceed with what she intended; but added, "In what part of the prison is he, father?"

"He is in the room," was the reply, "from which the light proceeds, and it is he who is playing upon the flute. It is a favorite instrument of his."

"Can you not save him?" she asked.

"Prisoners are not allowed counsel by martial law, and it is a matter of favor that I am permitted to throw out suggestions to him; but he appears determined not to shelter himself under them, and has already made admissions that were quite unnecessary."

Miss Dexter was unable to resume the conversation, and expressed her desire to return home. Her father discovered her agitation, but did not suspect the true cause which produced it. They returned in silence. In their lonely ramble they had seen the prison that held the object of their solicitude, and the gallows too, awaiting its victim. They had heard, perhaps, the last strain which told of departed happiness that he was ever destined to make, and the fee-

ble light that showed the cold walls to George de l'Eur that night when closed, perhaps to him was closed for the last time. These reflections rendered that night, to the father, one of anxious solicitude; to the daughter, one of intense agony; yet so gentle and meek was she in her deportment, that no one would have suspected how utterly blighted was her heart. The night was a cruel one to both of them, but the morning was more painful still; for then he was again to be dragged from his prison—to be made a spectacle in the streets—to confront those who seemed thirsting for his blood. The public, like an over-zealous man, frequently demands a victim, without much regard to his guilt or innocence; and there were many loyal men then, in and out of the army, who thought it would be a disgrace to the community if some one was not punished for the lives which had been lost in preventing the attempt to land on that fatal night.

The clock had hardly told the hour of ten in the morning when a multitude of men was seen rapidly advancing from the prison, and the nearer it approached the denser it became. The populace had, the day before, been apprised of the trial, and of its being adjourned over for that day, and they had, at an early hour, clustered around the jail to witness the departure of the accused.

There had one taken her seat in a far-off corner, but where the officers who formed the court could be seen as well as the prisoner, and that individual was Mary Dexter. The heart that shrunk from the gaze of man, and keenly felt for others, had braced itself to witness the ordeal that George de l'Eur was destined to go through. In the mean time, the seats were all filled, and hundreds were at the door who could not obtain an entrance. The officers, as on the day before, had placed their swords upon the table, and were awaiting the arrival of the prisoner, when, of a sudden, a mass of men came rushing on like a torrent, and those who had him in custody hoarsely called out, "Make way for the prisoner!" Those who lined the entrance to

the table were thrust back by the soldiers, and Mr. De l'Eur was provided with a seat near his counsel. So rapidly had he been ushered on, and so thick was the crowd around him, that large drops of sweat rolled from his forehead, and his hair was matted close to his head. Yet he had not lost his self-possession, for, as one of the court had requested him to be seated when he entered, he acknowledged with grace the politeness of the officer.

The judge advocate at once proceeded to inform the court that the *onus probandi* now lay with the prisoner, in showing his innocence of any criminal intent, inasmuch as he had, the day before, in effect, pleaded guilty to the principal specification in the several charges preferred against him; that, in his opinion, the act itself was treason, and there was nothing to justify or excuse it, and if any thing at all was to be offered by the prisoner, it could only be in mitigation of punishment.

Mr. Dexter himself saw, as well as the prisoner, the jeopardy he was in. It had not occurred to Mr. De l'Eur before that a legal wrong and a moral right could characterize the same act, and he saw now, for the first time, his true situation. He had occupied the night before in preparing his defense, and when it was intimated by the court that they were ready to hear what he had to say, he drew from his pocket a paper, which set out, in the most ingenuous manner, a history of his family, their loyalty to the king, their consequent suffering, and his own long imprisonment; and, notwithstanding all, his reciprocated attachment to his old school-fellow, William Standish, now a brigadier general in the rebel army. He denied in the most positive terms the idea that he was committing a wrong in aiding the landing of Standish, or knowing or believing that the latter had any design to commit an aggression. His sincerity was so apparent, that when he concluded by saying "that to himself his life was worth but little, yet, for the sake of his widowed mother and afflicted sister, he would wish to be spared," the court was much moved, and

many a handkerchief was employed in wiping away a tribute to the feelings of the by-standers.

The sudden termination of the trial, and the evident sentence that must follow, had quite paralyzed Miss Dexter. Her eyes became fixed upon the prisoner; not a nerve moved. The prevailing expression of her face was astonishment; and even when the sentence was passed and promulgated "that he must die upon a gibbet the following day," no other expression succeeded except a rigid paleness, which is rarely seen except in death.

The court broke up, and the prisoner was hurried back in the same manner that he had been ushered into court. From among the multitude who was leaving the place of trial, Mr. Sniffling was seen to emerge into the open air. He exhibited his satisfaction of all that had taken place by a shrug of the shoulder, accompanied by the remark "that such was the fortune of war."

After the first blow was over, Miss Dexter recovered somewhat her self-possession, and felt determined to do what her feeble efforts would permit to save the prisoner's life. The morning was well advanced, and they were in the habit of executing the condemned as soon as daylight appeared. She at once resolved to proceed to the quarters of the general-in-chief, and there beg for his life; and she immediately put her resolve into execution. She found him surrounded by a brilliant staff, and the gay and light-hearted young men who composed it were talking as cheerfully as if nothing had occurred. It was announced that "*a young lady* was waiting to see the general."

"A young lady!" quoth he, looking mockingly mysterious at his brother officers, and which was carried out with sly winks by them. Miss Dexter saw the whole, and understood it; the blood came indignantly into her face; and when the general bowed and invited her to retire to an inner room, she said to him, with spirit and firmness, that her business was of a public nature, and required no secrecy. She then looked around indignantly upon the gen-

tllemen who had been disposed to amuse themselves at her expense in so expressive a manner that they perceived the insult was understood and appreciated. They accordingly, one after another, left the room, until Miss Dexter found herself alone with the commander-in-chief. She shortly told her story, and the attachment that had long existed between the sister of the prisoner and the rebel Standish, and that she had good reason for saying that the visit of the latter to the town was intended expressly for her.

The general heard her with much seeming attention, and appeared to sympathize with her in her distress; and as she dropped upon her knees and begged for De l'Eur's life, he kindly raised her up, and told her that he had felt much moved for the young man, and that the signing of the death warrant had been one of the most painful acts of his life. "But you must not forget," said he, kindly taking her by the hand, "the consequences of his rash attempt in aiding to effect a landing of a boat's crew of armed men, thereby occasioning the death of a number of his majesty's subjects. If the act," continued he, "was of a military character by the rebel enemy, then the aiding and abetting them was one of the highest crimes that a man could be guilty of."

Miss Dexter saw that she was expending her time to no purpose, and that probably the victim's grave was already dug. She took a hurried leave, with the involuntary expression of, "Oh! heavenly Father, save him!"

Half frantic, she proceeded home. On her way, she encountered, near her house, Zimri Freeborn. She hurriedly asked him if he knew where General Standish was. He informed her, in his usual quiet manner, "that he had crossed over to the *Jarsies* with his brigade, and was after the Hessians."

"Can you inform General Standish that George De l'Eur is condemned by a court martial to die?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Here, then, is some money. You must lose no time." She hardly knew what she did or what she said, or the

object of it. Distressed to the utmost, and weary with her efforts and the excitement of the morning, she regained her room, and threw herself upon her bed in the greatest despair.

Several hours had elapsed while she lay in a half-unconscious state, when she heard the door open, and her father's ever-welcome footsteps enter. She also, as was usual with him, heard his inquiries after her with a solicitude that denoted his fears that she might be ill, or that something had happened, as a nervous person will on receiving a message from a dear friend before he has read its contents. She soon arranged her toilet, and went down to meet him. He was too much absorbed with the afflicting events of the last two days to appear in his usual serene manner; his mind seemed rapidly passing from one thing to another. He arose from his chair, walked a moment, and then seated himself again, his daughter, looking at his apparent distress with most anxious solicitude, fearing to ask him a question, lest the answer should have no hope. She had such entire confidence in his power and resources that she did not entirely despair of his arresting the execution of the extreme penalty to which George De l'Eur had been consigned. At last she summoned sufficient courage to ask "if Mr. Sniffling had not some influence at head-quarters."

"That occurred to me an hour ago," he replied. "I have taken measures accordingly."

"Do you think there is hope?"

"Not unless it be through the cupidity of Mr. Sniffling."

"In what manner do you allude to, father?"

"He wishes to buy Oakford. A part of the fee is in the prisoner; and I do not feel bound, under the circumstances, to inform him of the escheat in consequence of his being attainted of treason."

"Where is Mr. Sniffling?" she timidly inquired.

"I have given him to understand that it might take a week or so to make out the title deeds, &c., and that a short reprieve would be necessary. He is now at head-

quarters for that purpose, and I am anxiously waiting for the result. I have just come from the prison."

"Oh! father, how does he bear the dreadful fate which awaits him? Is he not frantic? Did you comfort him?"

"I felt the need of consolation far more than he did. By his manner I should not have known that any thing had occurred. I stayed but a few minutes with him. He was busily employed in writing. He excused himself by saying that he had just been informed that his execution was to take place the next morning at the break of day, and that he had barely time to execute some family matters. He desired me to thank you for the interest that you had taken on his mother's and sister's account, and requested that I would attend him in his last moments."

While Mr. Dexter was almost unconsciously detailing the interview he had had with George De l'Eur, Miss Dexter had swooned away. Death, since she had arrived at womanhood, had never presented itself to her in the person of one whom she loved, nor had a violent death, before, been brought directly to her notice.

Mr. Dexter was now sent for to go to his office. Mr. Sniffling was there, and wished to see him immediately. Upon his arrival, he informed him that, at his urgent request, the commander-in-chief had granted an order staying the execution for three days, Mr. Sniffling at the same time remarking that he thought that was quite long enough to make out the title deeds in. Mr. Dexter shook his head; but, wishing to show no extraordinary solicitude for the prisoner before Mr. Sniffling, observed that "he would do his best to have it done." The latter, after impressing upon Mr. Dexter his anxiety to complete the purchase, hurriedly left the office.

What was now to be done? A short reprieve had been granted. Were matters made any better? And was not the execution to take place at the end of three days? And what was the next step to be taken, and how was Mrs. De l'Eur to be made acquainted with the horrible doom await-

ing her son ? These, and a hundred other matters, painfully passed through the mind of Mr. Dexter, and he had no sooner resolved upon one course to pursue than a dozen difficulties presented themselves, which rendered it impracticable until the afternoon of the second day had passed away. Mr. De l'Eur sent a note, at this time, to Mr. Dexter, requesting him to have the papers ready to execute, as his mother and sister would require the avails of the sale to subsist upon, and also requesting him to accompany them to the prison prior to the hour of his execution, inasmuch as, since his conviction, they would not allow him to make his usual visits.

Mr. Dexter and his daughter immediately proceeded to the cottage, to make known that which they felt convinced would overwhelm them ; and it was this duty, and nothing less imperative, that induced them to perform the melancholy task. Miss Dexter passively obeyed her father's suggestions, and seemed listless to almost every thing which transpired. A deep and settled gloom seemed to lock up every thing like animation in her features.

They found the mother and daughter walking beside the river, the latter supporting, as well as her delicate frame would permit, the tottering steps of the former. Perceiving the carriage as it drove up, they hastened back to the house ; and as Edith was about embracing her friend, as was customary with her, she involuntarily started back as she looked upon her rigid features. There was no cordiality in return, but an unnatural settling down of her frame. Her father was not much more composed than herself.

Mrs. De l'Eur, perceiving the despair depicted in the face of both of them, instantly divined the cause, and her first exclamation was, " Oh ! what has happened to my son ? " Receiving no answer, she was confirmed in her conjecture that the worst had befallen him. She sank upon the earth, and as she gasped for breath, repeated, " Oh, my son ! my son ! my murdered son ! "

The situation of Mrs. De l'Eur required all the energies

of the whole party to be exerted to restore her to some sort of composure. Diana was instantly at hand, and, with the aid of Mr. Dexter, removed her to her apartments. She seemed, after this, quite unconscious, excepting when, at intervals, she exclaimed, "Do not let them murder my boy. He never harmed any one in his life. Poor George! come and comfort your old mother, and do not let her die so!" Edith, with almost superhuman composure, went to her bedside, and, taking her hand, soothed her by saying that they must hope for the best; but the only reply which she was enabled to get was, "Oh! do not let them murder him! Good, kind people, he is my boy; do not kill him!"

Mr. Dexter saw that it was out of the question to convey her to the prison the coming night to take leave of her son. But Miss De l'Eur anxiously expressed her solicitude to see him, and arrangements were made to take her there an hour before the break of day. For a few moments she seemed lost in meditation. A solitary tear stood upon the ball of her large clear eye, as it was upcast in silent supplication. Her light hair had fallen from its fastenings upon her neck and shoulders. There was a look that seemed not to belong to earth; and the superstitious might have easily believed that she was about winging her way to the skies.

Mr. Dexter and his daughter left the cottage after intimating that he would send the deed to be executed as soon as he arrived home, and would call himself to take Miss De l'Eur to the prison at four the next morning.

In the mean time, Mr. Thurwood had been busy in circulating a petition addressed to the commander-in-chief for either a pardon or commutation; but he was met, in the most of his applications, by indifference, or anathemas against the prisoner. He endeavored to obtain admission to the commander-in-chief, but could not succeed; and, as the sun went down, he felt that nothing could avert the sentence being carried into effect. He had endeavored to enlist the influence of Mr. Snifling, but the only answer he

got was, "that he felt delicate in further troubling the general upon the subject, as he had already procured a suspension of the execution for three days." As all hope was now over, the deed was sent to the cottage, and afterward to the prison, and executed, Mr. Dexter demanding and receiving the purchase money in gold of Mr. Sniffling to the extent of five thousand pounds currency.

The after part of the day became chilly. Murky clouds were flying one after the other from the northwest; and when the sun went down, it was veiled in cold blue clouds, and soon afterward the whole expanse of heaven was black; not a star could be seen, and the wind was piercingly cold.

"It looks like a storm to-night," said Miss Beverly to Mr. Sniffling, while they were playing a game of loo at the house of the former in Queen-street.

"It feels like snow," said Mr. Sniffling. "It is time. We have now the 20th of December, and we have had but very little. By-the-by," continued he, "are you fond of sleighing?"

"I do not know whether I am or not, as we never have snow to lay long enough in England to make the experiment."

"I beg your pardon. I now recollect of hearing that you do not. Should it snow sufficiently to-night, perhaps you would like to try to-morrow."

Miss Beverly bowed an assent. They had become so much absorbed in the game that it was near midnight before they were conscious of the length of time that had been consumed.

Neither Mr. Dexter nor his daughter had gone to bed at all. The night was one of anguish. They did not attempt, as usual, to console each other, as when ordinary misfortunes had occurred; but deep sighs alone escaped them, and these, with the wailing of the winds out of doors, were all that broke upon the silent monotony of the night. As for the prisoner's mother, she had become almost passive as she lay in her bed. A feeble exclamation occasion-

ally, in the most piteous tone, of "Do not murder my boy," was all that escaped her.

Edith was sitting up, and Diana and herself were watching with Mr. De l'Eur. The window of the room looked out upon the Hudson. The house was fully exposed to the north and west, and the winds had already drifted the snow to the bottom of the casement; and as it came sifting in the room between crevices imperceptible to the eye, Edith went to the window for the purpose of preventing it, when the storm came driving upon the panes of glass with a force that seemed enough to break them in. All was fearfully black without, except the pelting snow that drove against the cottage.

Edith cast her eyes to that part of the heavens, in superstitious reverence and hope, where her star of destiny, in a clear night, could be seen. At first, all was inky blackness; and, as she still gazed, the wind screamed and howled around the corners of the house, as if the destroying angel had been let loose to desolate the earth. She shrunk within herself as the thought came over her that the wrath of Heaven and of man seemed to conspire in making her life and those she loved one of bitterness and desolation. Hope had not, until now, deserted her: the life channels had not before been dried up. As she was still looking intently upon the heavens, a black cloud, that had been furiously driven by the winds, parted for a moment, and her star, solitary in the vast space above, shone forth as bright and as beautiful as it had been wont to do in the days of her childhood. As it gently withdrew itself from her vision, it seemed to whisper her to hope for the best, and to trust to the judgment that destiny might pronounce. She was comforted and satisfied, and felt that she had a right to hope that the fearful sentence of her brother would be averted; but how, and in what manner, she did not venture to inquire. The night had now been pretty well spent, and the storm, instead of abating, seemed to gather in strength.

As the hour had nearly arrived at which she expected

Mr. Dexter, Diana, to avoid detaining him, had carefully wrapped Miss De l'Eur up in her warmest attire. She had not waited long ere he made his appearance with his daughter. Edith opened the front door, when a huge drift of snow, that had piled itself up at the entrance, came tumbling in upon her. Mr. Dexter, muffled in his great-coat, made his way through it. Wretchedness was depicted upon his face, and he seemed not to know what to say or do. He was not a little surprised to find Edith ready to encounter the storm; and though her countenance was one of deep sorrow, yet it was not of despair. "Poor little soul," said he to himself, "she can not realize the horrible scene that is to follow."

Mr. Dexter went to the carriage and brought his daughter in his arms. Edith tenderly embraced her, but there was no return of affection; unconsciousness had come upon her, and she was in but a little better situation than Mrs. De l'Eur herself. It became evident that it would be madness to attempt to take either of them to the prison.

"Do I not hear a rapping at the door?" said Edith, as she listened attentively.

"It is the jarring of the casement by the wind," replied Mr. Dexter.

"I am sure it was a rap at the door," said she, as she hastily went and opened it.

"Softly, softly," said a person, muffled to the ears in a great-coat, with a handkerchief tied tight round his head, the whole covered with snow. Edith surveyed him with astonishment from head to foot, as she saw the end of a saber reaching below the bottom of his coat.

"Who and what are you," said she, "who are obtruding upon the afflicted at this time of night?"

"I am William Standish, of the Continental army," replied the stranger, looking Edith in the face, which he saw by the reflection of the lamp that was burning in the hall. "I am come to rescue your brother. Who is in the inner room?" he quickly asked.

"God aid you, William!" Edith feebly articulated.

"Show me quick to some apartment," he said; "I want information, and do not wish to incur the hazard of communicating with any one more than I can help."

She opened a door to the left of the hall, which led into a room unoccupied, and he stepped into it.

Edith quietly returned to the room as if nothing had occurred, and Mr. Dexter had forgotten what had called her to the door. "It is three o'clock," said he, "and as the snow is deep, we shall have to go slow. Do you feel able to accompany me?" he tenderly asked of Edith.

"In a few moments I will be ready," she replied, with a cheerfulness that surprised him. "How is it," thought he, "that women are never strong only when the mighty are to be vanquished? Strange order of nature!"

Edith excused herself for a few moments, and then hastily returned to Standish. He rapidly inquired of her the hour of execution, and if she knew of any one in whom she could confide who knew where the sentinels were placed about the prison. He was informed that Diana did; and she immediately called her to the room. Diana started back as she perceived her mistress standing by a stranger covered with snow; her eyes rolled, and she threateningly opened and shut her mouth as she receded. On turning toward him, however, she got a glimpse of his face, and knew him at once.

"Golly, Massa William, where you come from?"

"Hush! hush! Diana," said Edith.

As soon as Diana knew what was wanted, she said she would go along and show him the way. Standish then informed Edith that twenty confidential men had crossed with him from the Jersey shore; that they were waiting for him out of doors; and that he had been informed, from time to time, of what was going on, by Zimri. He advised her that she had better at once go to the prison, and that he would follow on, and rescue her brother when he was brought out for execution.

In a few minutes after Mr. Dexter and Miss De l'Eur had left, Standish and his men, with Diana as a guide, were on their way, in the darkness of the night, wading to their middle among drifts of snow. It came whirling down so thick that not an object could be seen a foot before them; but there was no part of the neighboring country which had not a hundred times been explored by Diana, and although the pathways were all filled up, yet she accurately led them to a morass, but now frozen over, perhaps an eighth of a mile to the north of the prison. "Dar, dat way is de jail where Massa George be," said Diana, as she pointed to the south.

While Standish had succeeded in making his way near to the place he was in quest of, Mr. Dexter and Edith began almost to despair of getting to the prison in the carriage. The coachman was benumbed with cold, and it was with much difficulty that the road could be kept. Often the horses were compelled to stop, and, floundering in the snow, threatened every moment to overturn the carriage. After much difficulty and delay, they succeeded in gaining the main road; this being wider, the snow had been swept by the winds to the sides of the fences in huge embankments in a thousand fantastic shapes. In some places, under the lee of an oak, or at the corner of a fence, it would assume the form of one of the orders of architecture, a Corinthian, a Doric, or an Ionic capital. Notwithstanding the delay, they arrived at the prison at the appointed hour. The lights were all out except a yellow, sickly-looking one, that was burning in its socket in the entrance. The under-keeper's room was a little to the right of the iron-cased door which opened at the foot of the stair-case that led to the second story, which in different wards contained the prisoners. Mr. Dexter and Miss De l'Eur had not remained in the grand entrance long ere they heard a noise in the under-keeper's room as if some one was kindling a fire. A moment after, two persons were talking together.

"I say, Jack," said one of them, "when do you take him

out? Every thing all right? rope noosed—coffin come—grave dug?”

“All right,” said the other. “Short job when the guard comes. Whew! how it snows!” added he, as he looked out of the window. “Dark as the d—l’s hole.”

While this dialogue was going on, Mr. Dexter and Edith were trembling with cold, and almost paralyzed at what they heard. The former opened the door and asked for admittance into the prison.

“I don’t know about that,” said one of them. “I s’pose you want to see the lark we are going to hang; be’s that you want?”

“I wish to see my brother, if you will be so kind,” said Edith. “Mr. De l’Eur—he of whom you speak.”

“Well, you be a pretty kind of kitten. Won’t you blubber? for you see it’ll do no good.”

Miss De l’Eur looked at the man for a moment in pity that there should be a creature fashioned by the Almighty so debased, and so undeserving to be classed as a human being. After some little parleying, Mr. Dexter put a guinea in his hand, which had a talismanic charm. The iron-cased door swung upon its hinges, and they were conducted to the room of the prisoner. A light was furnished, and in one corner of the room he lay sleeping as calmly as if the day that was about to dawn was to be one of worldly peace and happiness. His sister sat down by his side, and intently looked upon his calm and classic features; the blue veins swelled upon his temple, and a healthy perspiration showed itself upon his forehead; and although the winds whistled and moaned through the iron grating, yet it had not disturbed him. When he laid his head first upon his pillow, he had made up his mind to die in the morning. He might die before: hundreds upon the earth would die that night. Death must come; it was but a matter of time, and that, at the most, a short time. He had nothing upon his conscience to embitter his exit; and when the debt was once paid, the threatenings of death would cease. Unwilling to disturb

him, they remained until the executioner should arrive. At last a stamping was heard below, as if detaching the snow from the feet, and then a noise as if a simultaneous dropping of half a dozen muskets upon their ends. It was now not far from daybreak, when one of the persons before referred to came into the room with a cord and shroud across his arm, and, addressing Edith, said,

"I am sorry, *marm*, to hurry, but the guard's come. Is the gemman asleep what's wanted?"

Mr. Dexter and Edith looked upon this preparation with horror, and as a piece of barbarism unworthy the age in which they lived. She fell upon her brother and awoke him by pressing her cheek to his, and with moaning groans. After breathing deeply two or three times, he awoke, and his first exclamation was, when he looked around,

"Has not my mother come to take leave of me, and to give me her blessing? Ah! well, perhaps it is better thus," he continued; "it would overcome her."

In the mean time the hangman stood by, much pleased that the prisoner made so light an affair of it, and several times invitingly held the shroud toward him; but Mr. De l'Eur not understanding him, the executioner said,

"These *ere* are *yourn*. You must put this on;" and, accompanying the word with the action, attempted to put the cord over his head.

"Stop, sir!" said Mr. De l'Eur to him, commandingly. "As to the first, you can put it on when I am dead; as for the latter, I can do it myself as soon as you will want to use it."

"But it's contrary to law," said the man.

"Then I'll break the law," said the prisoner, in a determined manner.

The executioner was about to call up the guard to assist him in carrying out the usages in such cases, when Mr. Dexter slipped another guinea in his hands, the virtue of which overcame all his previous scruples, and he declared "that it was a pity so fine a young man should deserve to

hang. But I s'pose I must tie your arms." The prisoner was about submitting to what seemed inevitable, when his sister fell upon her knees, and begged the hangman, in the most imploring manner, not to tie her brother.

"Why, marm," said he, "don't cry; I won't hurt him. Never tie my prisoners *tight*—just to answer the law. Come, get up, that's a pretty puss: *I* won't tie him, no how."

The tap of the drum was heard below, which meant that he should be brought down. He took leave of his sister and Mr. Dexter, telling them that he trusted he should meet them in a better world than this, and enjoining it upon the former to counsel and advise his poor mother for that which would be the best, and requested his sister not to injure her health in mourning for him; that, as he felt no regret himself in leaving the world, neither should she; that his family should feel in nowise degraded by the manner of his death, as he died innocent; and that it was the crime, and not the form of punishment, that constituted the stigma.

Although Edith had entire confidence that General Standish would attempt nothing that he would not effect, yet the suspense was a cruel one. He might not find his way through the darkness and storm; and, if he did, it might be frustrated by a discovery. When her brother embraced her, and, as he supposed, bade her adieu forever, she uttered a deep groan, and fell on the bed upon which he had rested during the night. Mr. Dexter was so entirely unmannered that he was neither able to console nor aid her in the least. Edith had not dared to whisper to any one what had transpired before they left the house, lest something should escape that might frustrate the designs of General Standish. She now lay upon the bed in a half-unconscious state for nearly an hour, and every thing in the prison had been silent: daylight had fully made its appearance, and the snow had ceased to fall. The head keeper now made his appearance in the room, and asked them how long since the prisoner had been removed, and what they were doing there. Miss De l'Eur gave him all the information in her power.

"Very strange! very strange!" said he, as he turned and went below.

Edith now breathed again as with a new existence. She felt certain that Standish had completed his work, and then, for the first time, intimated to Mr. Dexter what she suspected had taken place. He was all amazement. He could hardly believe what he had heard, and made her repeat it over to him again. As they looked out of the front gratings toward the town, detachments of cavalry were seen wallowing through the snow in every direction; and shortly after, deep but deadened reports of artillery from the men of war that lay in the Hudson were heard. Every thing was so filled and choked by the fallen snow that sound became unnatural and its elasticity lost; yet the smoke that struggled upward from the neighborhood of the shipping left no doubt that it proceeded from them, and that the party were discovered in their retreat to the Jersey shore.

They now took their departure for the cottage, and on their way thither they learned that the garrison were thrown into confusion; that the guard, under-keeper, executioner, and the prisoner had all disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and that they were suspected of being in two boats that were seen from the ships, just after daybreak, passing across the river. Whether the guard had deserted or had been surprised, no one seemed to know. But, to show their contempt for a broadside thrown after them, they returned a shot from a small swivel in the stern of one of the boats, and then displayed the rebel flag on the end of an oar.

Mrs. De l'Eur was too unwell to hear the glad tidings; but Diana, who had returned long before, showed her delight in mimicking the contortions of the features of the guard, who had been gagged to insure their silence.

Miss Dexter, when she was told of what had occurred, appeared like one recovering from a deep sleep; but when she began to realize the truth, a flood of tears came to her relief. It was, however, a long time before she could shake from her memory the terrors of that fearful night.

CHAPTER XII.

THE season of gayety had wellnigh passed away, and with it its dissipation; and though the English had, in the dead of winter, been driven from one post to another by an enemy whose naked and bleeding feet marked their course, yet the revelry had gone on in the city as regardless as if an empire was not at stake. Many a belle had entered the lists of contention as to the designs of a gay dragoon, the fitting of a dress, or the genuineness of a brilliant; and it was to them of far more interest than the suffering of the armies, who were almost daily waging deadly strife with each other, and whose artillery could often be heard by them as they safely sat in the banquet hall.

One pleasant day in spring, a bevy of young officers, of recent importation, were sauntering along in the neighborhood of Whitehall, tricked out in the livery of their master, criticising and sneering at many of the ladies who were passing to and fro. This one had large feet; that one the neck of a goose; the other waddled like a duck; some carried their heads as a camel, while the rest looked like a forlorn hope.

"But who is that?" said one of them, as Miss De l'Eur was tripping it on to see her friend Miss Dexter.

"There is blood there, by Jove!" remarked one of the others.

"She is from *home*, I'll swear for it. There is nothing of Yankeedom in her," reiterated the rest.

"There she goes, Tom. Come along; we'll track her."

"There's a figure for you!"

"Five feet two: a Venus, by George!"

"She looks as straight ahead as a sister of charity!"

"But what eyes! how clearly the light strikes upon the blue orb!"

"Is it that wicked little bonnet that sets her off, or is it herself that looks so confoundedly pretty?"

"Holloa, Thurwood!" cried one of the party, as the former was espied turning a corner. "Who is that?" pointing to the direction in which Miss De l'Eur was going.

"What is that you say, Mr. Everington?"

"Who's the lady that passed down the street as you came round the corner?"

"Oh! you mean, I suppose, the Honorable Edith de l'Eur, the sister of Lord Stevendale."

"Oh ho!" replied one of the party, "I thought I discovered blood there. But pray," he inquired, "who is Lord Stevendale? Is he of the army?"

"No; he is a prisoner of the rebels at present, but is expected at camp before long."

"But, Thurwood, do you know the lady of whom you speak?"

"Very well," he replied.

"Will you introduce us?"

"It will do you no good, gentlemen. She is engaged."

"But it must be broken off. Pray to whom is it?"

"It is a singular affair. You could not guess unless you went into the enemy's camp."

"Why the jade! She shall be tried for treason. But who is the happy man?"

"Well, I will keep you no longer in suspense. It is Brigadier-general Standish, of the rebel army."

"Brigadier who?" they all inquired. "Not that outlaw, whose head is valued at a thousand pounds by the king?"

"The same, faith! and none other."

"But he is a brute—an illiterate clown, Thurwood. You surprise us. Ah! you joke, you rogue," said one of the party, looking quizzically at him.

"No, I was never more serious in my life. It is true. I speak authoritatively."

"The d—l! Do you know of any one who has ever seen him?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Thurwood, looking at them with much gravity. "I once had the honor of being made a prisoner of war by that very same General Standish."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared out all of them. "When were you a soldier? Ha! ha! you a prisoner of Standish's, and your throat not cut? Excellent! You must have been messing with a detachment of marines of late. I suppose *they* believe all you say."

"But, seriously," said Mr. Thurwood, "I accompanied, as a sort of staff volunteer, a detachment in an expedition up the country, and our whole party was surprised and the most of us made prisoners."

The curiosity of the young men became much excited, and they hurriedly inquired Standish's age, his appearance, and if he was not exceedingly illiterate. Their inquiries were answered by assuring them that he was not older than the youngest of the party present, and that, although he was taciturn, and evidently care-worn, yet he was a fine specimen of the soldier; and as for his courage, they had had too many evidences of it, and disastrous ones too, to leave it at all in doubt. That he had a sound education, he should think, if he could judge from what little he had seen of him, although, he smilingly said, he doubted much if he could dance a minuet or perform a hornpipe.

Upward of three months had elapsed from the time Standish had rescued Mr. De l'Eur, owing to the activity of the winter campaign, before he could communicate at head-quarters; but in May, there being a little cessation of hostilities, he took the opportunity of communicating the facts at the English head-quarters, and stated that he had incurred the risk for the friendship he bore his prisoner, he himself being the innocent cause of the terrible situation Mr. De l'Eur was in. He also stated that it was his prisoner's wish to return to his mother and sister in New York, but that he, General Standish, would not allow it, unless he had the assurance of his receiving a full and complete pardon.

The commanding general, upon receiving the American

flag, had at once dispatched a note to Mrs. De l'Eur, whose case he seemed sincerely to commiserate, informing her of the above facts, and added that he had forwarded such pardon to her son, and also that he "congratulated her, upon reliable information, that he was unquestionably the heir to the baronetage of Stevendale."

Almost immediately after the onslaught Standish had made upon the guard, and his capture of his friend, Mr. Thurwood had received full information that the heir-at-law would have been the elder De l'Eur, and upon his demise it descended in *male tail* to the next of kin.

As soon as the note had been received, Edith, with a light heart, hurried to her friend Mary Dexter, to impart the tidings to the only female in the world who had sympathized with her in her misfortunes, and who, she had good reasons to believe, could equally share with her in the fullness of her joy. He who could have witnessed that intelligence could never have suspected the fullness of happiness which was shared between them. It was not in tears, neither was it in smiles, nor in raptures of expression, but with a sigh from the bottom of the heart, which brought up with it the anguish that had long lain there, and which imparted to the spirit a serene influence, a sense of the interposition of Providence, and the thankfulness of a grateful heart.

Mr. Thurwood, after he had received the last intelligence which assured him of his success, had communicated the same to head-quarters, together with the written evidence of the facts, for the purpose of procuring the return of the prisoner.

After a silent and warm embrace, Edith left the house, and returned to her mother under the protection of Mr. Thurwood, who had come in at the moment she was taking her departure. After they had walked some distance, Edith remarked to him that the unwearied interest he had taken for her brother called for some expression of gratitude, but she felt how inadequate her thanks were, and

that, in the absence of her ability to do her feelings justice, he must rest satisfied with the approval of a good conscience, and that the obligations they must ever be under to him would never be forgotten. Mr. Thurwood said that he regretted that he had not been able to serve them more effectually, and that the little he had done had been a source of pleasure rather than a burden.

Every thing that was heard of the English army was, and had been for some time, disastrous. The Americans were closing in upon them from all quarters, and hardly a week passed that news was not received that gradually they were driven into their lines, and that they were intrenching their positions, and acting upon the defensive. The ill success of the British arms made their general view things in quite a different manner from what he had been accustomed to while in the full tide of success. An officer of the American army had then been a rebel, and, of course, a felon, and, as such, subject to the pains and penalties of the law. The privates were murderers and outlaws, and the Continental Congress guilty of treasonable practices. But of late their rank was acknowledged, and they were treated with upon terms of equality and reciprocated courtesy; and the times were now assuming an appearance that made Mr. Sniffling fear for the safety of his purchases of landed estates, lest the Americans should succeed, and their sequestration be the consequence. He had, of late, been out of spirits, and mixed but little in society; and when, occasionally, he went out, he was sullen, talked to himself a good deal, and gesticulated when alone.

Zimri Freeborn was in town much more frequently than formerly, and, by dint of industry, had constructed a machine as good as the other. Though his affections still seemed to linger around his first-born, he, notwithstanding, regarded with pride and satisfaction the results of his last labor, and was ready to explain the philosophy of its mechanism to whoever had the patience to listen and the wisdom to understand.

Zimri had become a favorite of Miss Dexter, and whenever a wheel was wanted, a triangle out of place, or a screw loose, he was sure to find a patron in her; she was ever ready to foster a genius that was never at fault, and an industry that never tired. She had heard from her father his story, and her sympathy had been strongly enlisted. Though he was taciturn, on ordinary occasions, to others, yet to her he was tractable, and was happy under her influence. He would, however, always leave the house the moment Mr. Dexter came into it, although the latter took every means to conciliate him, and had frequently offered him money, which he invariably refused. He seemed fearful that some trick was to be played upon him, and that it might be the means of his being locked up. This worried Mr. Dexter, and he did all in his power to regain his confidence, but it availed nothing; the more he tried, the shyer he was; and Zimri could often be seen in a morning at the corner of the street, with his machine upon his back, waiting for Mr. Dexter to leave the house for his office, that he might visit the only creature in the world who felt deeply for his infirmity, and who always received him with cordiality.

Zimri was making one of his morning calls, and was enjoying himself before a good fire in the ante-room, when Mr. Sniffling came in for the first time in more than two months, and before he saw who it was, he was close upon him. Zimri looked at him in his quiet manner, but as Mr. Sniffling caught his eye, he sprang for the door, and never stopped a rapid walk until he arrived home. He immediately bolted himself in, or, rather, bolted others out, and, rubbing his head violently with both his hands, he inquired of himself whether the creature he had seen was really Zimri, or whether it was a ghost; and, being full of a subject that had long haunted him, he was induced, through his heated imagination, to believe that Providence had created that strange creature to track him throughout the earth, and to be present at times when otherwise he could be happy. "I

will emigrate," thought he, "as soon as I can convert my goods into gold, and leave this goblin to haunt some one else. Why does he not torment others?"

Thus thinking, and ruminating upon the events of his past life, Mr. Sniffling again called to mind the time when he had imprisoned that poor harmless creature, knowing him to be innocent; and he came to the conclusion that the sooner he left the country, the happier he would be; but he seemed to brighten up as it occurred to him that perhaps he inferred too much against himself, and that possibly it was Mr. Dexter whom he was after, as he was guilty too. This, for the time, quite consoled him; although he had no confidence in resisting evil spirits *himself*, yet he had in the ability of Mr. *Dexter* to do so; and if the poor little creature could have been certain that he would be attacked jointly with Mr. Dexter, he would have felt quite sure that the enterprise would have failed; but to be attacked in detail!—oh, horrible! and he shuddered as he thought of the little twinkling gray eyes of Zimri. The bell rang, and instantly he rang it again. A servant came panting to the room to obey the mandate of his master. "Bring me some brandy! brandy! quick." The servant hurried to the butler, and the butler ran to the cellar, and in a moment the magic decanter, upon a golden salver, was invitingly placed before the swimming eyes of Mr. Sniffling. He clutched the neck of the decanter with one hand, while with the other he grasped the tumbler, and held it with tenacity enough to crush it; he filled it to the brim, and drank it off at a draught.

For the space of two minutes not a muscle stirred, neither did he sit down the decanter or the tumbler, but held them without altering his attitude in the least. "There, curse him!" said he, as he threw, with all his force, first the tumbler and then the decanter into the fire-place. The servant bowed and retired. Another two minutes elapsed, when he arose from his chair, and began in hasty strides to pace the room, and, at the same time, to make violent gest-

ures. "Come on, Zimri! come on, wizard! imp of Satan, you have tormented me long enough, but now I am ready to meet you, and all the little devils I see around me," and Mr. Snifling put himself in a boxing attitude, striking one way, and then the other, as he saw them advancing upon him; but he was soon overpowered by the devils within as well as those without, and he sunk upon the rich rug before him, and, for the space of two hours, was unconscious of the existence of his greatest enemy—an uneasy conscience.

While Mr. Snifling was thus tormented, hardly a day passed that the name of General Standish was not mentioned in the gazette, in connection with an attack, or an encounter in some way with the Royalists; and the prisoners among the officers who had been exchanged, or set at liberty upon their parole, were now loud in their praise of the American chieftain, who, they said, was as humane as he was brave, and generous and confiding to the last.

One day, while Mary Dexter and Edith were sitting in the newly-furnished little parlor at the cottage, looking out upon the glassy river and the ships of war that lay anchored there, Diana, who had been to town upon an errand, handed the newspaper to Edith, wet from the press. She opened it, and soon a paragraph struck her, written by the editor, who had been commenting upon an affair in which the Royalists were worsted. Miss Dexter saw a slight tinge upon her cheek, and wondering what could be there to cause it, put her head close to Edith's, and, following her eye, hit upon the sentence which seemed to absorb her.

After commenting on the affair that had occurred, the editor concluded by remarking that "he, Standish, was no ordinary personage. All the officers agree as to his high intellect, his nice sense of honor, his courage, yet that his severity of manner had impressed some unfavorably as to his temper; but this evidently grew from the zeal he felt in the cause he had undertaken, and the responsibility resting upon him, and perhaps a mind ill at ease. Had

he," continued the editor, "done half as much for his king as he has against him, his name would have occupied one of the brightest pages of English history, and royalty itself would have acknowledged its obligation."

"So, then, they do not call him a rebel any more?" said Mary Dexter to her friend Edith.

"No; they have called him every thing but what he really is," was the reply. "Had he been unsuccessful, he would, in their estimation, have been quite infamous by this time."

"Surely not so. His intention, if right in the beginning, could not have been made wrong by the want of success."

"Yes, dear Mary, I thought so too, until misfortune made me acquainted with the world; but, alas! affliction is a schoolmaster which inculcates many truths that the heart revolts at; many virtues are ingrafted upon vices. William of Normandy, had he been driven back to his own country, would have been a freebooter; but William of Normandy with Harold slain became William the Conqueror, the rightful heir to the throne of England. So vice impurpled becomes virtue, and virtue in misfortune is suspected to be counterfeit."

"But, dear Edith, the economy of nature seems to be to create and to destroy, without reference to the vice or the virtue, the beauty or the deformity inherent in the creature itself; and when we see death overtake the good and the great with the same pains and penalties as the wicked, we must submit to the mandate, and bow to the wisdom, though we can not understand its justice."

"As to death," Edith replied, "I do not think there is such a thing even corporeally. It is change—change; merely a difference of combination of the same elements. These changes and combinations are perfect, harmonious, and certain: it is their transit from one state to another which we call death. It is, at most, but a few days that the body will remain in the grave when put there: its ele-

ments escape, and go careering about in the flowery field, breathing upon the rose and the citron, and then hie away to form part and parcel of the new-born babe."

They were interrupted in their conversation by a servant in a rich livery riding up to the cottage, and delivering a note elegantly written and sealed with much care, directed to Lady De l'Eur, and a similar one to the Honorable Edith de l'Eur.

"What can all this mean?" said Edith, as she read and looked with astonishment at the superscription. "Have we made ourselves so obnoxious as to be mocked?"

She opened the note directed to herself, and found it was an invitation to a breakfast party at the house of the general-in-chief. She conveyed the other note to her mother's chamber, and found that also of the same import. What it meant, how or why they were invited, was altogether a mystery. The courtesy was offered, and they felt, much against their inclination, bound to go. Edith was convinced that there was some object to be attained beyond mere civility. Why were the prefixes attached to their names, which they were unaccustomed to, and which were any thing but agreeable to their tastes or flattering to their pride? It was a strange mystery, and even the curiosity of Edith had been awakened; and although Mary Dexter knew that she herself was too humble a person to be invited, yet she rejoiced to see her friend noticed, as she saw that she was yet inclined to a tinge of melancholy.

"Well, I shall go, my dear friend, but it would give me far greater happiness to breakfast with you in your little parlor, and your good father with us, who really has been such to me, than any pleasure that I expect from a people foreign in tastes, in habits, and interests to my own. I can not imagine what are the inducements to this civility, coming from a man who, scarcely six months ago, signed the death warrant of my brother, causing me more anguish than years of happiness can cancel. As the invitation is for the day after to-morrow, I will accompany you to town,

and procure some little things necessary in the arrangement of my toilet."

As Miss Dexter had already thrown her shawl on, they both in a few moments were on their way to the city. Their minds ran upon the same subject, and that was, what could have induced the greatest aristocrat in America to seek this unknown mother and her daughter, at their humble dwelling, to make up a party at his own stately mansion. "Let us stop here," said Edith, as they came near a small shop in William-street. "It was here I sold my work, and here you bought it, was it not?"

"Yes, the same place," was the reply, "and there is the little woman, arranging her merchandise the same as when I was a child."

"Good morning, Mrs. Tiffany," was the salutation of Edith as she entered the shop. Mrs. Tiffany looked for a moment, and when she discovered who it was, dropped the smile she had worn before, and at once put her mouth at a dolorous angle, ready to drive a bargain to the best advantage; and thus she stood behind the counter, with her head already half turned in the negative, in anticipation that an offer for sale of some of Edith's work was about being made, at the same time courtesying to Miss Dexter, who had long been a profitable customer to the establishment; but what was her surprise when she heard Miss De l'Eur inquiring for some expensive laces. She could hardly believe her ears. She hesitated for a moment lest she had misunderstood her.

"We have some," she at length said, "but the *quality* will want them the day after to-morrow, to go to an entertainment his lordship the commander-in-chief is to give. It's going to be a great affair, and my store would get a bad name if my supply should fall short."

Miss Dexter saw that the woman did not understand the present situation of her friend, and she was determined that her feelings should no longer suffer by her half insolence. "Mrs. Tiffany," said she, "the lady who is making the

inquiries is the Honorable Edith de l'Eur, and the sister of Lord Stevendale, and has come to purchase some laces for the purpose of attending the party you speak of."

Mrs. Tiffany was speechless, and Edith looked at her friend half disapprovingly for the publication of what she knew not that it existed, and even if it did, felt not the least honored by the adventitious event, it having nothing to do with her own merits. The purchases were made, while poor Mrs. Tiffany was so frightened that she hardly knew what she was about. "The Honorable Edith de l'Eur! the poor girl who sold me her work!" alternately ran in her mind, and puzzled her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tiffany," said Edith, in a kind but dignified manner, after she had completed her purchases and was leaving the store; "you must hereafter be more liberal with those who labor for a living than you have been with me. The want of money is a great misfortune, but the want of feeling is a far greater one."

She could make no reply, and by her vacant gaze from the window it could be inferred that she felt more uncomfortable while they were there than the pleasure she had received in the large profits she had made out of the hard labor of her fair customer.

Edith parted with her friend and returned home, and employed herself that day and a portion of the next in arranging for the events that were to follow. Mrs. De l'Eur was hardly disposed to go, yet, for the sake of her daughter, and to break in upon the dull monotony of her life, she concluded to do so, to enable her to see something of the gay world within doors.

Long years had passed since she herself had seen any thing of it, though in her girlhood she had loved the merry dance and the gay assembly, and many a noble heart beat high when favored with her hand for the romping reel; but years had flown so swiftly since the period when she was united to Mr. De l'Eur, that she had forgotten that the fashions then were not the fashions now; and the heavy

velvets that she had worn just after her marriage, were brought out from their hiding-places to be once more put in requisition.

Miss Dexter, more thoughtful than her friend, drove over in her carriage early the next morning, that it might be put in their service. She found mother and daughter busily arranging their dresses, and Diana in an ecstasy of delight. They were all amused at her outrageous taste when she recommended "dis for young missus" and "dat for ole missus." Miss Dexter displayed her taste upon Edith in arranging many little things which had escaped the latter's observation; and by eleven o'clock she was fully attired, and a more beautiful and aristocratic creature never graced baronial hall or smiled upon a knight of old. Her mother looked the matron, and felt the repose which those always feel who know no superior, and who are accustomed to mixing with high-bred persons. As an old war-horse on furlough for life will curve his neck and prick up his ears at the sound of the bugle, so will a person used to good society breathe anew upon being thrown back upon it again, however long the interim may be after leaving it.

As they were about stepping into Miss Dexter's carriage, a coach and four, with two liveried footmen, came dashing up the avenue to the house. It had been sent by the general to carry Mrs. De l'Eur and daughter to his mansion. After a few moments' consultation, they resolved to send it back and to proceed in that of their friend's; the plainness of the latter coincided with their feelings, and, besides, it could not for a moment be supposed that they were capable of the indelicacy of rejecting the humble though comfortable equipage which had so often been placed at their disposal. When Miss Dexter saw it drive up, she looked anxious for the moment lest it might be the case, and that, by degrees, her friend would be estranged from her.

Edith read her thoughts, and tenderly embraced her, assuring her that it was her desire that they might never be separated; that her friendship was worth more to her than

she could express. They slowly drove to town, and left Mary at her house. They said but little on their way, and regretted accepting the invitation. It looked cold to thus part with their untiring, warm-hearted friend—a friend to the friendless when the act was uncorrupted by the hope of gain, either in position or the estimation of others, freely flowing from a pure heart and a generous soul.

As they approached the mansion there seemed a bustling in front of it. A sentinel stood at the door, and a detachment of dragoons were continually passing up and down the street before the door, and carriages with liveried servants were driving up and discharging their occupants in rapid succession. A gentleman was in waiting at the threshold of the house to conduct them to the reception-rooms, and to announce their names as fast as they arrived. The costumes of Mrs. and Miss De l'Eur, but more particularly the former, attracted general attention. It savored so much of the respectability and grandeur of the olden time, and the independence of wearing it, too, created such curiosity, and, at the same time, respect, that the inquiry became general who the distinguished strangers could be. Some thought them foreigners; others, that the elder was some dowager who looked upon the fashions of her girlhood as the only costumes ever intended for a lady.

Although this was the first time that Miss De l'Eur, after she was grown, had ever seen English society of the highest rank, yet, true to the instinct of her nature, she bore herself with peerless dignity and self-possession, though the blushes of the girl were not lost in the dignity of the woman.

The general was seen making his way through the crowded saloon; he was inquiring for, and felt anxious to find, his new acquaintances. He was a man, perhaps, of sixty, rather thick set; he wore by his side a dress sword, and under his arm he carried his chapeau; immense golden buckles fastened his shoes; and over a silken stocking, displaying a finely-turned leg, he wore the order of

the garter. His hair was powdered, and he wore a *queue*; the amplitude of his coat and waistcoat gave him an ease and dignity of appearance in strange contrast to the scanty made-up Frenchmen, several of whom were there who had just been paroled. He was evidently a courtier; but a head less than the usual size, and wanting in some of the requisites of mathematics, showed that he was not a great general.

His new visitors were at length pointed out by the master of the ceremonies, and were formally introduced. He offered an arm to each, and conducted them to a more retired portion of the saloon, and introduced them to his wife and daughters, and gave himself almost exclusively to attending to them; so much so, that it was remarked by most of the company.

A gay young cavalier, who had his eye intent upon Edith ever since he had entered the room, threw himself in their way, and was introduced as the Honorable Captain Devereux, of the Guards. He appeared about thirty, and was a tall and well-made man. He offered his arm, which was accepted. He endeavored to make himself agreeable, but his dialect was so different from her own—gnarled, quick, indistinct, and husky, that it strongly showed its peculiarity—so much so, indeed, that he quite failed in his attempts. When he was told that she was reared in a secluded part of the country, where she had never seen society, properly so called, he almost doubted if such could be the case. “Do you think of returning back when the war is over, or do you intend to go *home*?” he inquired.

“We hardly know what we shall do. It will depend upon my brother, and—”

“I suppose you feel attached to the country?”

“It is quite natural. It is the land of my birth,” she replied, “and with it are the attachments of childhood—associations that can never be supplied in after life, no matter how fair may be the land or how bright the sun that shines there.”

"I should suppose the want of society would be an insuperable objection."

"It depends much upon what we call society. If it means honesty, intelligence, industry, truth, and charity, a residence in their absence would be insupportable: if it means the cut of a garment, a certain way of making a bow, the gilding of a carriage, the furnishing of a house, or the grace displayed in a minuet, then, not having been much accustomed to these accomplishments, they would be but little missed. Could these usages be united to the virtues, it would truly be desirable; but the human heart can not hold too much, and its peculiarity seems to be to reject the actual for the apparent—indeed, I may say, the good for the worthless."

"Your estimates seem too low of what some call the essentials of life, and others even the evidences of civilization; our happiness has much to do with external appearances; and even arbitrary etiquette has its use in restraining and refining coarseness," replied Mr. Devereux.

"Yes, I will admit that it has the merit of making what is coarse *appear* refined, yet it has the demerit of promoting *duplicity*, and then follows the rest of the train of evils incident to it. Would it not be far better to appear as we are at all times, than to change ourselves as we do our apparel?"

A long table had been loaded with refreshments, and upon another beside it was a splendid service of gold and silver. The gentlemen were busied in helping the ladies, and Captain Devereux was glad, by helping Miss De l'Eur, to escape from an argument in which he was fearful of being worsted. In drinking a glass of wine, he, with perfect good breeding, good-naturedly and laughingly said that she had made a proselyte of him, and that when the war was over he would resign his commission, live in the country, and forget how to dance. She, with equal good nature, replied that she would be most happy to rank him among her friends, and that she should take good care that he

should not forget his dancing as long as there was a chance of her improving by his example.

A person at this moment passing hurriedly by pressed hard against the left arm of Captain Devereux, which made him wince with pain. "Oh! that unfortunate arm of mine is sure to be hurt if any one comes near me," he fretfully exclaimed, and looking at the intruder as if he could give him a kick with a hearty good will.

"Is your arm lame?" kindly inquired Edith.

"Yes; and I fear it always will be. I gave him as good as he sent; that is some consolation. Oh how it pains me!" he again exclaimed, with several grimaces and contortions of face.

"Is it a wound that you have received in the war?" she kindly inquired.

"Yes; it is from that notorious Standish; but I marked him in the face, and would have finished him, but he uses a sword as big as Goliath's staff: it came down like a blacksmith's sledge—made two pieces of my cutlass, and nearly the same with my left arm."

Edith colored, and it was perceived by Mr. Devereux, who at once inquired if she knew General Standish.

"Yes," she replied, "and have reason to be grateful to him as long as I live."

"For what, pray, if I may take the liberty of asking?" looking her intently in the face.

"For rescuing my brother from the unmerited sentence of a court martial."

"Your brother! Is De l'Eur, who was under sentence, your brother?" he exclaimed, with surprise. "Why, how is this," he thought to himself, "that his mother and sister are here?"

"Mr. De l'Eur, sometimes called Lord Stevendale" (laying a strong emphasis on the first word), "is my brother, the person you refer to."

"Excuse me," said he, perceiving that he had not mentioned the name with the respect he ought to have done

when speaking of him to a connection. "I was so surprised at what you told me, and—and—"

"And that *I*, his *sister*, should be here, you mean, I presume." He looked at her, as much as to say "Ay," when she added, "You are not more surprised than I am. I can only account for it upon the presumption that they see their error, and know the agony we endured, and are thus polite to us in the way of reparation."

"It is not *that*, depend upon it; they are so used to blundering that it would take all their lives in doing penance should they begin at the head of the category. I have suspected for some days that there was something afoot," he continued, "probably as wise as the rest they have done. The rebellion would have been suppressed long ago if matters had been managed right."

At this moment his lordship the general (having left Mrs. De l'Eur with his lady) came pushing his way through the crowd to where Edith was standing. "I have found you at last," said he, playfully. "As I am responsible for you, I shall leave you no longer with Captain Devereux. Come," said he to him, "you have had your share with the young lady. Go and look after Miss Evelyn."

"I must obey orders," he said, in reply; and, bowing, was soon lost in the crowd.

After a few commonplace words had passed, the general offered his arm, and walked with her to a corner of the room, where he commenced a conversation by inquiring of her if she knew whether General Standish could be conciliated.

"In what respect?" she asked.

"In making terms with the king."

"Of General Standish I know but little for years," she observed.

"I beg your pardon—excuse me; what I say is confidential. I have understood that you were affianced to the general; if so, I wish to, and believe that I can, promote your happiness."

Edith colored to the eyes, and at last said that she knew enough of the general to be convinced that she had not the least political influence with him of any kind, and that if she had, she had so much respect for his judgment and his sense of justice that nothing would induce her to exercise it.

"But," his lordship said, "I do not wish you to influence him. I have learned that your family have all been loyal, and that events of late have transpired that must always induce them to remain so, and that possibly General Standish might regret his hastiness in espousing a cause that many have reason to lament already. I should dislike exceedingly that any of *my connections* should at the end of the war be stigmatized as rebels."

Edith looked up at him inquiringly and searchingly to gather what he meant by using the word *connections*, but made no reply.

"We expect a re-enforcement," he continued, "before the summer is over, from home, of ten thousand men; and although we have had some reverses of late, they can soon be repaired. The Americans are without money, food, or clothing. General Standish has been wounded a number of times, and twice severely. He could withdraw now from the army, and I have, should he choose to do so, full authority to grant him passports to England, with an adequate pension for life, and my pretty little cousin can, if she pleases, accompany him as Mrs. Standish."

Edith again looked at him, displeased, and with a degree of severity that he at once understood; and, in order to counteract her feelings, which his enigmatical language had induced, quickly added, "I have the honor of being the grand nephew of the late Lord Stevendale, my grandmother being his sister; and I deeply regret that I had not known of it before the late events transpired. I feel thankful that it ended as it did, and the gallant Standish I shall ever honor for his daring on that dreary night."

"Is it true," Edith inquired, changing her aspect, and looking him full in the face, "that you are a connection of ours?"

"If you are the De l'Eurs connected with the Steven-dale title, I assuredly am."

"Whether we are of the eldest branch or not, one thing is certain, we are connected with them, and not remotely either."

"There is, I feel it, no doubt of the fact;" and he took her hand in both of his, and added, "I now claim you as my cousin. I have no blood connections nearer than your family, except my children, and there are times when children can not feel a father's isolation, he being the fountain from which all their necessities are supplied."


"Have you told my mother what you state to me?"

"I have, but she received it so coldly that I was in doubt whether I should mention it to you."

"My mother, of late years, has had so much to distress her, that I wonder almost that she is living. The death of my father by the hands of the rebels; our subsequent poverty; her deprivation of all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life, and then the condemnation of my brother—" Here she drew a deep sigh from the heart. "I wonder that either of us is living, and I do not think that we should be, but an administering angel was sent to comfort and to save us."

The general, for some moments, was unable to reply. The deep feeling that she spoke with, and the rebuke that he felt she intended, gave him apparent pain, and he was most anxious, if possible, to excuse himself, but felt fearful to do so. He at length said, "A commanding officer has an arduous and often a painful task to perform. We owe a duty to our king and country, and we are bound to execute the trust without reference to our own inclinations or the calls of humanity. After having performed what I then conceived was my duty, I can assure you that I did not regret what the daring Standish had done."

They then parted. Edith was too full of the events of the day to notice much that afterward passed. A connection discovered in the commanding officer, and the dashing



company with whom she was encircled, so unlike what she had ever before witnessed, seemed to her more like a dream than a revelation of facts. Upon looking out of the window, she saw Miss Dexter's humble carriage in waiting among a score of others, with emblazoned arms upon the panels, from the gartered earl to the simple knight. She intimated her wishes to her mother, and they were about retiring, when her new connection approached, and said to them, in a low voice, "I wish you to remember that General Standish can now retire with honor from the cause he has espoused, if he wishes. This is all that is asked of him. I think I am not going beyond my instructions when I say that a peerage would be his reward."

CHAPTER XIII.

It had been a bright day in May, and Mrs. De l'Eur and her daughter, with their friend, Miss Dexter, had stepped from the cottage to the banks of the river to enjoy the breeze that fanned its bosom. The sun had more than half sunk below old Neversink ere it occurred to them that it was time to return to avoid the damps of the evening. Mr. Thurwood was waiting at the cottage, and when he perceived them on their return, his face radiant with delight, he extended toward them at arm's length a packet.

"All right," said he, addressing them. "The *Thesens* has just arrived, and I have the evidence here that every thing is satisfactory; all he has to do when he returns home is to pay the fees at the office, and his rights will be fully certified."

Mrs. De l'Eur, who was now much recovered from her prostration consequent on the severe trials that had followed one after the other in rapid succession, expressed her thanks

to him in all the tenderness of a mother's heart, but, at the same time, remarked "that her son had so imbibed the sentiments of his father in all the rules of moral conduct, that she doubted whether he would accept of an honor not won by some merit of his own. As to the fortune, if it rightly belonged to him, that was quite another thing. The question in such a case would be, whether he would receive it, or whether it should escheat to the king, who, in the absence of an heir, would have a legal without an equitable right; but, at any rate, her son felt the full weight of the obligation that he was under to the unwearied kindness bestowed upon him by Mr. Thurwood and Mr. Dexter."

Mr. Thurwood was invited into the house, where they found tea had already been prepared. The white cloth was spread upon the round table, and a bunch of flowers adorned the center of it, all arranged by Diana. Although she never asked any questions, and generally remained silent, yet in all that pertained to the welfare of her master or mistress she was ever on the alert, and not a word was dropped that was not caught up and remembered, and what seemed strange was, that in the most trying part of their misfortunes, when not only the hearts and energies of the family gave way, but the few friends which had been left them also, she then gathered up new strength, and seemed to be proof against peril, and insensible to the slavish toil which seemed to have no end. Her happiness was now complete; her old mistress had regained her health, and the rose was gathering itself upon the cheek of her young mistress; her master, though nominally a prisoner, had escaped from apparent destruction; the little group which sat around that table seemed to be infused with a new creation; the winds from the fields came softly upon them from the open window, which, but a few months before, had been choked by the drifted snow, whirled onward and onward by the wintery blast.

The party were too busy in communing with their own thoughts to have much to say to each other, and two of

them lived in the ideal; those who lived in the every-day world, and took notes of the incidents which concerned the busy throng, and whose pleasure it was to live upon the smiles of the great, were too meretricious for the independence of the heart warmed by a holier flame.

Mary Dexter had from her infancy made a confidant of her father in all that affected or might affect her. She never before had felt the least delicacy in doing so, but now she could not; she had made several attempts, but the color came to her face, and she found that her emotion would not allow her to proceed; and even when Edith would name her brother to her, it was never responded to, but she waived the conversation she loved: it was a sentiment of her own, and she had lived upon and nourished it so long, that it became to her a material thing; yet no advance had ever been made to her by the object of her affections, and she had not the slightest reason to suppose that he hardly bore the impress of her image upon his memory. Knowing this as she did, she would rather have gone to the grave than have committed herself in a manner where her heart alone was concerned, unresponded to by another.

Mr. Thurwood was too much in love with himself to be troubled much about the love of others; and when he did imagine that he felt the tender passion, it was of so general a character, among so miscellaneous a set, and prompted by so many adventitious circumstances, as well as plans arranged, whereby position might be attained, that the particular goddess he worshiped was as much mythologically as actually existing among the exclusive cliques where he sometimes supposed his heart had made a lodgment upon a favored one. He had fancied Mary Dexter and Edith, and a score of others, and his vanity had in his own mind made each of these at different periods reciprocate the passion that he supposed he had felt. This was enough for him: the victory was too easily obtained, and the spoils he felt himself entitled to had not the charm or the glory that they would have had in a well-contested field. His

pride was sometimes put to the test by seeing his imaginary victims apparently falling in love with actual admirers; but all such cases he put down as marriages of convenience rather than of affection. Yet he had a good many fine traits of character, and he would at any time put himself to inconvenience to oblige a friend, as has already been seen, and he became deeply pained for the misfortunes of his supposed victims. He would then speak of the impossibility of controlling the affections, and that the heart was a tyrant that neither listened to reason nor duly felt for the blighted hopes of others.

As for Mrs. De l'Eur, her own existence was merged in that of her children, and as the mercury is expanded by the warmth of the sun, so her heart now dilated at the change which a few months had produced in their favor. The grave had been disappointed of its victim, and reason now beamed from the clear blue eye of Edith as intellectually and as beautifully as before it had wandered in the labyrinth of uncertainty. The pallor of sculptured marble had long and painfully set upon her brow, and the rigid features of despair had taken possession of her expression. She had appeared like one commissioned from heaven to warn the vain and the ungodly that the end of all things was at hand; but now, the ardor of hope was prominent, though a little gravity softened the smile that before her illness had been habitual. Yet there was enough of the latter to show that, if the heart was not entirely sure of its destiny, it had no reason to despair, and enough of the former to make certain of the abiding sentiment that lay there. The eye of the mother was almost continually upon the daughter, and it drank in each expression that denoted pleasure. As Mr. Thurwood cast his eyes upon an embankment near the house, he was observed steadily watching through the window some object under a spreading tree.

"Who, or what is that, twisting something in a long box under a tree yonder?" he inquired.

The ladies all rose from their seats, and simultaneously

answered, "It is poor Zimri, as sure as the world. Ask him in," continued Mrs. De l'Eur, "and let him have something to eat."

"So it is," responded Mr. Thurwood; "I have not seen him for many a long day," and he rose to do the bidding of Mrs. De l'Eur.

As he drew near him, Zimri, perceiving the partner of Mr. Dexter, hastily gathered up his tools with which he had been at work upon his new machine, and was making off, which Mary perceiving, walked rather hastily. He no sooner saw who it was in pursuit than he halted, raised his left foot, and threw out his right arm, intending the gesture as a bow, a thing which he had never before accomplished or attempted to do. He was so delighted at finding that she had come to his relief from the lawyer, that he expressed his gratitude in the before-mentioned manner, although this was the only expression of feelings on the occasion.

"Will you not come in and take some tea?" she asked.

"You don't live here?" he answered.

"No, but Mrs. De l'Eur does, and she wishes you to come in."

"Where is Mr. Dexter?" he inquired.

"I left him at home; I suppose he is there now."

"But Mr. Thurwood is here: he is a lawyer."

"Mr. Thurwood will not hurt you."

"Won't he?" said Zimri.

After much persuasion he was induced to go into the house, but during the whole time that he was there and making his meal, he kept his eyes fixed upon the law-partner of Mr. Dexter, placing his machine between his legs to prevent its being conjured away.

Mr. Thurwood good-naturedly inquired of Zimri when he expected to finish his machine; but he showed some impatience, mixed with fear, and the former perceiving it, and the sympathy for him by the ladies, forbore to annoy him any farther. Mrs. and Miss De l'Eur both endeavored to

draw him into conversation, by asking him where he had been since he left town; but he paid little attention to what was said to him, his eyes being divided a portion of the time upon Mr. Thurwood, and the rest of it upon his new perpetual motion. Mrs. De l'Eur, knowing the influence Miss Dexter had with him, requested her to ask him if he had lately been in the camp of General Standish. His reply to this question was, "Yes, marm."

"And where is General Standish now?" she further inquired.

"At Battle Hill, in the Jarsies."

She was then desired to ask him if he had seen Mr. De l'Eur.

"Yes, marm."

It was noticed that Mary Dexter colored to the eyes, and hesitated as she pronounced the name, and Mrs. De l'Eur affectionately inquired if she were not well. She hesitated, but at length replied that there was nothing seriously the matter. At this moment Zimri carelessly laid a letter upon the table, and walked off; and, to the surprise and joy of the party, they found its direction to be in the hand-writing of Mr. De l'Eur. The seal was soon broken. It was, sure enough, a letter from him to his mother, containing a note from General Standish to Edith. It simply informed his mother "that he was quite well, and as he had now permission to come within the lines of the English, his anxiety to be with her and his sister Edith would have induced him to have been there, but that his friend Standish had been suffering much from an old wound, and he disliked leaving him until he was better, which he trusted he would be in a very few days; besides, his companionship became necessary to his happiness." He also stated that, "notwithstanding the general was often in the saddle the whole day, he would sometimes spend an evening with him recounting over the adventures of their school-days, and that, on such occasions, the same hearty laugh and frolicsome jest as then would make the room ring again; but the responsibilities pertain-

ing to the camp, and the recollection of the scenes which followed the first outbreak of the war, and, as he suspected, the abiding love for Edith, would suddenly throw over his face a shadow, and from the mirthful laugh quickly succeeded deep and gloomy abstraction, and he seemed unconscious that any one was with him." The note to Edith was as follows:

"DEAR EDITH,

"In a few moments I shall be on my way, with my brigade, upon special service, and as it will be hazardous, I feel that I can not leave without informing you thereof. Even your brother has not been made acquainted with it. I gazed long upon our star of destiny. It was bright and glorious as when we first saw it. As I mused and looked upon it, every act of my life seemed to pass by me in solemn review. You were by my side as in days gone by. It seemed to say, 'Strike the blow, and an empire shall live.' I resolved, and doubted not the power of accomplishing that which before seemed too hazardous to be undertaken. Trust not General ———. State policy and truth have little to do with each other. Overtures of the basest nature have been made me by the English government, but the sword began the war, and so it shall end it. Heaven has our mutual pledge in trust, and I believe a little more time will accomplish the work. Edith will then wed, not a rebel, but one whose faith has held out to the end, the reward of which is a tyrant's overthrow and the vindication of human rights. Adieu."

After the letters had been read the conversation took a more cheerful turn, and even Edith, although she knew that General Standish was again risking his life, after raising her eyes to heaven with a holy smile that spoke the confidence she felt of his safety, in a few moments joined the rest in a spirited conversation in relation to the merits of the war, condemning the English for the non-conciliating tone which they assumed upon its first breaking

out, Mr. Thurwood good naturedly parrying the long list of facts which she presented one after the other, and Mary Dexter occasionally helping him from the many dilemmas which he found himself in.

"Dear Mary," said Edith, "I did not know you were so much of a Tory, although it is natural that you should adopt your father's views. When mine—" Here she paused; her lips became pale, and a tremor seemed to come over her whole frame. She never could allude to her parent without producing the most gloomy bodings.

The evening had sped much faster than they had supposed. Mr. Thurwood went to the door, and came back shivering with the cold. "It is ten o'clock," said he. "It is as dark a night as I ever saw, and not a breath of air is stirring. Is your carriage coming?" he inquired of Miss Dexter.

"Yes," she answered. "It should have been here two hours ago." With that she went to the window. "Why, there are the lights now! How stupid in the coachman not to let us know that he was waiting. The night is very dark. Does it thunder?" she inquired, looking round upon the others in a listening manner. "It does," she continued, as a distant booming noise from the west just reached the ear.

"It is certainly much like it," Mr. Thurwood replied; "yet who ever knew it thunder in so chilly a night as this?"

"It must be so," Miss Dexter replied. "Pray call the coachman, Mr. Thurwood, and let us go before it rains. No," she said, to a warm invitation to spend the night; "my father would be alarmed, and I fear is so already."

In the mean time Mr. Thurwood had gone to the coach, directed by the lights, and ordered the coachman to drive up to the front of the door. Instead of obeying, he inquired "what that strange light was in the west? and the noise that came from it too?"

"Why, it is a thunder-storm, I suppose."

"No it ain't, for it don't move, and the light what's around it looks smoky. If it hain't a fight, then it's a wolcane."

Mr. Thurwood proceeded to the house, and the coachman drove up to the door. Edith was looking intently from the window in the direction of the light in the west; the clouds in that part of the heavens were withdrawn, and there the same bright star shone as brilliant as in her early love, when she and Standish had first remarked it through the stately elms which graced the court-yard of her father's residence—the star that they had seen at the same time, and watched its course, though under different circumstances; and it was there in that wintry night, when hope would else have deserted her; and it was there now, and she doubted not that he whom she more than loved was engaged with his foe in deadly strife.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Thurwood, as the earth trembled and the window casements rattled, "there it is again! It is artillery; there is a battle not far off. If you are glad that Standish should be there" (trying to rally Edith), "I am glad that I am not. Let who will be there, there is hot work of it."

A night telescope had been found in the garret of the house when first occupied by Mrs. De l'Eur. This occurring to Edith, she proposed going to an upper floor to see if it would aid in determining what the strange phenomenon might be. In sweeping the horizon, an eminence could be distinctly seen enveloped in a dense smoke, which swelled often as it slowly ascended, and as it swelled it brightened like a cloud beneath the setting sun, and then it would contract itself in gloom, and through its darkness belching flame would pierce it, when the volume would again brighten and swell as before.

"Sure enough," said Mr. Thurwood, as he laid the glass down, "it is a dreadful battle. I think I distinctly see masses of men in the midst of flame, charging up the hill, while sheets of fire are hurled upon them as they ascend it. Look," said he to Edith, "and try what you can make of it."

He arranged the focus, and pointed it to the proper place.

She looked steadily for a few moments at the point indicated. She hardly breathed; but there was no tremor in her arm, and her face was as placid and serene as if viewing a landscape familiar to her eye, when suddenly the darkened chamber became as light as noonday, and the horizon and all within it seemed as if the whole light of the sun had been gathered together and hurled upon the earth. Every thing for the moment was distinct to the eye. The battalions, in close column, were upon the side of the hill; that which a few moments before had been a fortification, in black masses was high in mid air. The eyeballs of a noble charger seemed of liquid flame as they boiled in their sockets; the animal was in the act of leaping a ditch, and for the moment was suspended in the air. The sword-blade of his rider reflected the light a thousand different ways, and the high black plume was in somber contrast to the grandeur of the moment. An instant after, hundreds of souls had passed through space to eternity. It was the plume that had been adopted to mourn for a father and sister, and that sad catastrophe was ever kept in view by the emblem, as, cap in hand, he cheered his men on to the conflict. The light was succeeded by the trembling of the earth, and the panes of glass burst from the casement. The blaze of light was of momentary duration, and night, in all its dreariness, settled upon the scene. The magazine of the fortification had been fired by one of those spirits who can not brook defeat: a defeat, too, by a rebel army was worse than death.

The little party descended to the sitting-room in silence, Mr. Thurwood and Miss Dexter looking wistfully at each other, and fearing to speak lest Edith should be frightened, and consequences as sad as before occur. They were, however, not a little surprised and rejoiced when she returned from the window, where she for a moment had surveyed the heavens, to hear her speak in the utmost confidence that General Standish had escaped unharmed.

It was now nearly midnight, and Mr. Thurwood and Miss Dexter hurried to the carriage and were driven home.

They found Mr. Dexter in the utmost alarm, not only on account of the absence of Mary, but the strange light and the distant roar like thunder had quite unsettled his nerves. His daughter's return, however, put every thing to rights again, and it mattered little to him what became of the rest of the world so long as she was safe.

Early the next morning barges were crossing from the Jersey shore to the city full of soldiers, under cover of the men of war in the river. They would occasionally throw a shot into their rear to check the advance of their pursuers. Groans and imprecations came from the wounded in the boats over the still smooth water, and their impotent threats to the *Yankees* came with an ill grace from those who were suffering from their steel. All that day groups of men with long visage were collected at the corners of the streets, some despairing, others encouraging to resist to the last; while some, among whom was Mr. Sniffling, were most anxious as to what would become of their property if the rebels should succeed. Mr. Sniffling, indeed, seemed in utter despair, and he made several offers that day to sell his freehold estates, but there were so many in the same predicament that all were sellers and none so simple as to purchase. He had, however, got hold of an over-zealous and confident Tory, who gave him some consolation, and talked a little about a purchase; but, in the midst of his solicitude and hopes, Zimri Freeborn and machine, in turning a corner, came unluckily upon him. A shadow could no more suddenly start upon moving the substance than did Mr. Sniffling, but in a contrary way. "Devil's damned!" exclaimed he, as in quick time he moved off to his mansion.

As he entered his room, he turned the key inside and threw himself upon his bed. "It's all over! years of toil lost. Zimri is a devil in disguise;" and he went to his cupboard, where he now kept his brandy bottle, and glass after glass was tossed down his throat; and, after talking to himself for a few moments, he dozed; and while he slept, he placed himself at the head of a large army, to retrieve

the fortunes of the day. The drum beat, the flags flew, his men were giants, and he himself towered above the rest; and as he charged the enemy, the ground trembled under the feet of his legions. But lo! when he was about clearing the world of his foes, he perceived that Zimri was in command of them. He hesitated, faltered, and then ran away, and so did his army. His responsibilities and fatigue awoke him, and, to refresh himself, he drank the two thirds left in the decanter; after which his courage increased, until he fell from his chair; nor did it diminish until he slept, nor even then. He retrieved the fortunes of the day, but, unluckily, lost them after the space of six hours. Zimri then, with his *shield* upon his back, and followed by a race of monsters whose breath was as poisonous as the *upas*, annihilated his army, and he alone had escaped. After several groans, he awoke, but the realities that presented themselves were but little better than the phantoms which he had been engaged with during his sleep. He was satisfied in his own mind that his property would be confiscated, and he comforted himself by exclaiming "that it was purchased much below its intrinsic value." All of the next day he occupied himself in watching the actions of groups of people in the streets, and consulting his butler upon the future prospects of the war. The latter knew enough of his master to advise him not to despond at the untoward events which now were continually occurring, lest the former, in a fit of despair, should discharge him.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDITH and her mother, accompanied by Diana, were sitting under an apple-tree near their favorite walk upon the banks of the river. The ground was strewn with the fragrant fruit, and its branches bent with that which had not yet fallen. An early frost had touched the outer edges of its leaves, which rustled together, as the birds made their lodgments to feed upon the yellow harvest. George's return had been anxiously looked for for many months; yet it had been delayed, expecting that his friend might return with him, as negotiations had been going on for a peace, with reasonable expectations that it would have been consummated long before.

"Mother," said Edith, "is this war never to end? Are all we love on earth to be separated from us as long as we live? What have we done, that we should be thus left desolate?"

"My daughter," answered her mother, "you ought not to complain. We have been mercifully dealt with. Think how many have suffered more than we during this unnatural strife. Many families have all been destroyed; what the sword left, the tomahawk completed. Friends, true friends, have been raised up to relieve us, whom in affluence we would never have known; and the worthless have been revealed to us, and we know how to value them. With a few friends in this world we should be satisfied, and how is that satisfaction sweetened when we know that they are 'pure gold, many times tried in the fire.'"

Edith reddened before her mother had half concluded, and, nestling close by her side, placed her hand in hers. "I see I have done wrong," she answered, with a slight tremor of the lip, "in complaining. It is the first time

that I have done so since I have been grown, and truly you are right when you say that a few tried friends are worth many who are untried. Indeed, you have rendered me quite happy in making me remember the much—the much we have to be thankful for.”

“I did not intend to chide you, daughter. I know that your young heart is anxious to realize its early dreams; but it, by some disappointments, will be purified. Would you ever have known the beauty of character of Mary Dexter, or the selfishness of Mr. Sniffling, had not want—I will not say misfortune—thrown you in their way? Would you ever have supposed that the king, through his servants, would have solicited our influence to persuade William Standish to disgrace himself? And have you not been thus taught that the great are only so in common with all who possess nobility of heart, and that the wearing of a crown is no evidence of the greatness of soul, any more than the decoration of the garter is of the beauty of the limb which it encircles.”

Edith for some time remained silent, sorely repenting that she had wounded the feelings of her mother, as otherwise she would not have taken so much pains to illustrate the advantages which their experience had given them; and, wishing to give their conversation another turn, remarked that “she was disappointed that George had not more admired Mary. She is pretty; her figure well turned; she is thoroughly, although not *fashionably* educated. If he knew but half of her sweetness of temper and kindness of heart, I trust he would value such a treasure too high not to exert himself in possessing it.”

“Nothing,” replied her mother, “in this world could give me so much pleasure. Hers is a character of which there are many in the world, but they are so equally distributed among the infidel, the savage, and the Christian, that they are comparatively few among either; and one may journey on through life, without its ordinary vicissitudes, and not meet with one. It is true, without those vicissitudes they

would not be needed in healing the broken heart; yet we should go to the grave deceived to the last. The hand of deceit would be grasped in gratitude at the bedside at our departure, and unpretending merit would remain unnoticed, for the tear that had been shed would be wiped away, lest it should intrude itself upon the grief of others."

Evening was now robing itself in its somber vestments, and they had risen from their seats for the purpose of returning to the house. They delayed going until they could see the direction of a boat that had suddenly shot out from a cove on the opposite side of the river. Directly they perceived that it was a twelve-oared barge, and as it neared a sloop of war, and was about passing it, a shot was fired, accompanied with an order to "come alongside." The order was obeyed, and after some little delay the boat was permitted to proceed. Mrs. De l'Eur and Edith's curiosity was excited, as it appeared to be heading directly toward the spot where they were standing, and it had approached sufficiently near for them to perceive a white flag rigged in the stern. A moment more, and the oarsmen could be seen with the Continental* uniform, and a gentleman in a citizen's dress seated in the stern sheets.

"Golly, missus," exclaimed Diana, pointing to the boat, "dar is Massa George, as sure as dis world is dis world."

"What do you say?" said her mistress, trembling with emotion.

"I says dar is Massa George, sure; it is him, and none oder. I knowed him if I seed him any whar."

The boat came on with the swiftness of an arrow, and its impetus carried it almost "high and dry" upon the shelving shore. The embankment ascended, and in a moment mother and daughter were held in the embrace of a son and brother who for a series of years had been persecuted alike by friends and foes. They moved silently on to the cottage, his mother holding him by one hand and his sis-

* The American soldier always used this term for the Americans in contradistinction to the English.

ter by the other, while Diana brought up the rear, chattering like a magpie, occasionally turning round and shaking her head in defiance to the English men of war in the harbor.

It was a long time before they could command their feelings sufficiently to enter into conversation. Diana, however, unbidden, in the shortest possible time had the tea-kettle singing in the kitchen, and the table in the little parlor covered with the whitest of linen, the rolls prepared, and the center graced with a plate of fresh butter. In the excess of joy at meeting his mother and sister, Mr. De l'Eur had overlooked the poor slave. She no sooner showed herself in the hall than he took her by both her hands and pressed them to his heart.

"Faithful creature!" he exclaimed; "surely there is some blessing in store for you. I can not repay you, but Heaven will. A second mother in my childhood—the friend of my youth, and the benefactor of my manhood. You are free, Diana; but let me serve you the rest of my life, and then you would not be half compensated." The philosopher and Stoic gave vent to the best feelings of his heart in the silent tear.

"Why, my chile! who should I work for if not for my family? I hab but two—you and Edy. Come, Georgy, dat's a good boy, don't feel so bad; dem bad people ober de water will hab to go back agin de same way dey come; den we'll go back agin to Oakford, and be disturbed no more. Come, dat's a good boy, eat dis supper."

As Diana seemed quite happy in discharging her duty to the family under whose roof she had been born, and either not understanding, or not wishing to understand, how her situation could be bettered by separating her from those whose affections were mutual, felt herself much relieved when her master permitted her to go and finish the arrangement for his evening meal. After it had been partaken of, and the excitement of the moment had terminated, the conversation turned upon past events. He said that the whole American army felt entirely confident of suc-

cess, and the old troops who had been enlisted for the war were among the best in the world; and that Standish, with these troops, inferior in numbers, had just stormed and taken a fortified camp, and the English were now driven in on every side; "the blowing up of the magazine must have been distinctly seen here," he added. "It was the most sublime sight that I ever saw."

"Where were you, George?" inquired his mother.

He smiled, and said that "William had ordered him in the rear, with the baggage and the sick."

"Noble fellow," his mother replied; "he looks to the safety of every one but himself."

"He is unharmed in person, but he is mourning over another misfortune," he answered.

"What is it?" interrupted Edith, who had been listening to the conversation with intense anxiety, her cheek paling at the word *misfortune*.

"Well, Edy, you know he wore a miniature of yours?"

"Yes," said she, coloring, "I know he *had* it."

"It was always over his heart! A ball struck it, and broke it in a hundred pieces, but it saved *him*."

Edith drooped her eyes, and after communing with herself a few moments in silence, replied, "There is a destiny in this; it must be fulfilled."

Wishing to change the conversation, he inquired "what had become of Mary Dexter, their good friends her father, the doctor, and Mr. Thurwood."

"They are all well," Edith answered. "Mr. Thurwood and Mary spent the evening of the battle with us. We saw the light; our room was filled with it; and we saw, or thought we saw, by the aid of a glass, a portion of the engagement. I suppose the imagination made up what we did not actually see." Edith tried to draw her brother into conversation in relation to her friend Miss Dexter, by making allusions which she expected would elicit inquiries, but all in vain. At last she could restrain herself no further. "George," said she, "I am a little disappointed that you

do not admire Mary Dexter. If you knew half as much of her as I do, you assuredly would."

"Why, my dear sister, I have only seen her once or twice, and then," said he, "you know under what circumstances. I have felt, and must ever continue to feel, a reverence for her character, and shall always be under obligations I can never repay. The tender passion, Edy, is an arbitrary one. Experience, philosophy, or even good taste, is not always consulted."

"Yes," replied Edith, "and that is the reason there are so many unhappy marriages."

"Another one may be," he replied, "and the chief one is, that we are so unhappily constituted, that we only fully appreciate a thing in expectancy. Possession, like a bawble in the hands of a child, is played with for a while, and then thrown aside and forgotten. We are made for a higher destiny, and the mind, looking into the future, proves it."

The conversation was continued until eleven, Mrs. De l'Eur gazing at her son, and drinking in each word as it passed his lips; Edith smiling, talking, and blushing whenever the name of "William" was mentioned, as by that he was known by them when in familiar conversation.

"George," said Mrs. De l'Eur, as she arose and placed her hand upon his forehead, "you are fatigued, and had better retire for the night."

"I think I had," he answered, "for I am a little weary through so much late excitement. We will have a little conversation about the Stevendale affair in the morning."

"Have you heard any thing of the matter since you have been from the city?"

"Oh yes! from all quarters, and especially from headquarters. There is not the least doubt that I am the legal representative. It is a subject that I have not made up my mind how to act upon, as you and Edith are indirectly concerned."

"That need not influence you, George," said his mother; "satisfy your conscience, and we are satisfied."

"Good night, mother ; good night, Edy," said he, as he embraced them. "I must, I suppose, report myself at headquarters in the morning, and a good night's sleep may be necessary to prepare me for a long examination. Good night !"

The sun had hardly risen when a rap was heard at the door, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Is his lordship up yet ?"

"Dar is nobody here but old missus, young missus, and Massa George."

"Is your master up, then ?" was the inquiry, made by a young gentleman in the undress of a staff officer. At that moment Mr. De l'Eur, coming down stairs, saw him at the door, when the inquiry was again made if Lord Stevendale was in.

"I have assumed no such title," was the reply, "but I presume I am the person intended."

"You were formerly George de l'Eur, Esq., of Oakford ?"

"The same."

"It is his excellency's wish that, if quite convenient, you will do him the honor of attending at head-quarters at one P.M. this day."

"I do not know that I have any business with his lordship, or that I have ever received any courtesy from him that would require a formal acknowledgment," De l'Eur replied. He then paused for a moment, and before he had time to continue, the officer said, in a most respectful tone, that "he presumed his excellency would have called himself, if etiquette permitted it."

"If that be the case," was the answer, with great dignity, "then tell his lordship I will be there at the specified time."

"Will you be so good," said the visitor, "as to present the respects of Captain Devereux to Miss De l'Eur ? and," continued he, "I would have done myself the honor of calling before, but the day after I made her acquaintance I was ordered off upon distant service." He then, with a bow, retired.

The captain, for certain reasons, had been transferred to the staff of the general in command. His connections, who were persons of influence in England, were mostly strong Whigs, and he himself was not indisposed to make the most of every military blunder; and it was supposed by the general to be a stroke of policy to place him in a confidential situation.

The morning passed away in the most delightful communion with each other. The present hour stood out in bright relief from the dark and ominous clouds which had settled for a series of years on their heads. Captain Devereux had no sooner gone, than George inquired of his sister "where she had made his acquaintance."

"Did I not mention him in my letter when I gave you the account of the *fête*?"

"I think not," he answered; "I should have recollected the name."

She then went on and stated to her brother the freedom with which he spoke of the impolitic course which had been pursued during the war at head-quarters. She also remarked that his manner, though gentlemanly, had something in it she did not like; yet his frankness and independence made him, upon the whole, rather agreeable than otherwise.

The morning was spent in the bestowal of the affections, in recounting the many incidents which had transpired since they were driven from home. But that which gave them most pleasure was in talking over the fair fame of William Standish; the honor he now received from the very persons who, but a year or two before, had tried to tarnish it. He had never condescended to reply to them except in the field, but these replies had sent many a wail over the broad Atlantic. The widow mourned for her husband, the orphan for its parent, and the maiden for her lover. They had come to a foreign land to hunt men as they would the beasts of the field, but they had been stricken down in the pride of youth and the maturity of man-

hood, by the strong arm of the sons of those very men who, under the guidance of Cromwell, "had never found their equal in any field."

Just before the appointed hour, a carriage drove up to the cottage. Edith knew from the livery that it belonged to General Dangerfield. "I will not accept it," George thought to himself, "nor will I accept any favor at his hands;" and he courteously dismissed it. "I can walk a couple of miles," he said to his mother, "and back, without fatigue, as I have, of late, been accustomed to take much exercise."

"Will they not detain you, George?" his mother, with a saddened look, inquired. "Such strange things take place that I have become very nervous, and at times fear my own shadow."

"I think not," he responded: "they know too well the power of their enemy, and have learned, of late, to respect it."

He was soon on his way, and the space of half an hour brought him to head-quarters. The first thing that struck him was the gorgeousness of the display there presented on every side: magnificent equipages, splendid uniforms, beautifully-dressed females, richly-appareled servants, tastefully-arranged furniture. As he waited in the ante-room, he was lost in meditation. This was all new to him. The American camp was entirely a different thing. Many a soldier on parade had no covering for the head,* and many of their coats had been converted into *jackets*. The wives of the officers were appareled in neat fabrics manufactured by themselves, and the decorations of their husbands for the field were made from their trinkets. The feet of many of the men had been badly frost-bitten, and in marching they hobbled rather than walked; yet, with Standish at their head, they eagerly sought the enemy.

* Many years ago, an officer who had served through the war of the Revolution informed the author that, before the battle of Princeton, many of the soldiers cut up their hats to make soles for their shoes, and the skirts of their coats were used for the uppers.

De l'Eur's meditations were interrupted by a liveried servant entering the chamber from the room within, and with a low bow announcing that "the general would now receive his lordship." He was met with the utmost urbanity by General Dangerfield, who, after seating him with his own hand, stated that he had no particular business with him, but was anxious, since he had found out who he was, and probably having some of his own blood in his veins, to pay him every courtesy in his power, and assured him that an officer was on the way to the prison, on the night that he was rescued, with a pardon, and that all that was done was for the purpose of satisfying public opinion. General Standish had also been informed that the extreme penalty of the sentence would not be carried into effect.

"Yet General Standish would not incur the hazard," answered Mr. De l'Eur.

"Then the general doubts my sincerity?" Mr. De l'Eur remained silent. "I regret that he is not here. I respect him too much to wish to lead him into error. What force is he in? Has he any artillery?"

Mr. De l'Eur looked at his lordship with a fixed gaze for a moment, and then answered, "I was not in the American camp as a spy! Under any circumstances, it would be an office that I trust I should feel unfitted for."

"I beg a thousand pardons," quickly answered the general. "I supposed it your duty to give such information as openly fell under your observation." De l'Eur looked at him for a moment, and the curl of the lip could hardly be suppressed; but he did not deign to reply. "Perhaps," added the general, "the king might feel himself disobliged. He might suspect you of not being a loyal subject."

"I do not know what obligations I am under to any of the servants of the king, but I will answer generally that I believe the Americans are in sufficient force to drive his majesty's army into the sea, if peace is not made in a year."

"It has been said," observed the general, carelessly, as if he had not weighed what he was about to say, "that

every man has his price, and I presume Standish is not an exception to the rule."

"Will you allow me to withdraw?" said De l'Eur, at the same time rising from his seat. "He is my personal friend, and whatever may be your lordship's experience or estimate of men, mine has been formed in a school where such dogmas have been rejected."

"Be seated, my lord, be seated. As one of his majesty's subjects, I am bound to obey him, and do him what service is in my power, and I supposed that I might rely upon the good offices of a peer of the realm."

"I am not aware," replied Mr. De l'Eur, "that I am a peer. If it were so, I do not know that obligations would accompany it that would disgrace a more humble subject."

"I see, sir, you were not educated in the camp. If you had been, you would not have taken exceptions to the very reasonable requirements I suggested."

"It is true, I know nothing of the camp," replied De l'Eur, "or its code of honor, and I felicitate myself upon my ignorance, if what you intimate is its standard."

Mr. De l'Eur was tried upon several other tacks with a degree of forbearance deserving a better cause. It was a desperate and dying effort; force had been overcome by force, and pride and austerity yielded to dire necessity. From information that he had of late, from time to time, received from England, Mr. De l'Eur had no doubt that there was a blood relationship existing between himself and General Dangerfield; and he more than suspected that the latter was aware of the fact before the former had been sentenced, and that all his pretenses of kindness were merely feigned. He had been foiled in his designs in getting rid of an apparent heir to considerable estates which were then in abeyance. If he had succeeded, his own eligibility would be unopposed; besides, the commissary of subsistence and himself were too intimate not to have induced the idea that the latter might have an interest to portions of landed estates in the city held in the name of

the former; and, inasmuch as his first project had failed, nothing but a successful peace would guarantee what he possessed on this side the Atlantic. These surmises were forced upon the mind of George De l'Eur, and he left headquarters with a thorough disgust for the character of the individual with whom he had been in contact for the last hour.

On his return home he was passed by gay cavaliers; splendid equipages rattled onward, and the occupants seemed as happy as if their cause was not ruined; but in the streets there were anxious faces inquiring of each other the prospects of peace, the conditions annexed to it, and whether the Americans would respect acquired rights. Yet, among all he met, there were none of so much equanimity as Zimri, who, under the shade of a tree, was busily at work with a faith and a zeal that might have removed mountains, but as yet not quite enough to perfect the object of his ambition. Mr. De l'Eur knew him at first sight—and who would not who had ever seen him?—his hair was as long and as yellow as it had been seven years before, his eyes were no larger, and his shoulders were still smaller in girth than around his waist; his feet were as large, and his legs as lean and long as ever, and his walk was like a recruit's upon his first trial at marking time. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. De l'Eur; "if all men were as innocent as yourself, the world would have less to mourn than it has now. Good morning, Zimri," said he to him; "when did you come to town?"

"Jist come," was the reply, without raising his eyes or stopping his work.

"Had you not better go home with me than remain in this exposed place? You can work there without being disturbed."

"Well, I will," he answered, in tones almost too feeble to be understood.

Mr. De l'Eur passed on, and Zimri gathered up the complicated machine, slung it upon his back with a dexterity

that nothing but great practice could have accomplished, and followed him at but a few hundred yards between them. They were only a little way from the house when Mr. Dexter's carriage was seen at the door of the cottage, and a few paces more and Mr. Dexter himself emerged into view. A moment after Mr. De l'Eur looked round to see how far Zimri was behind, when, lo ! he was seen going in the contrary direction upon an *air* line with a steadiness of purpose which was his characteristic when he had once made up his mind to do a thing. He had seen Mr. Dexter, and with him he had always associated a kind of legerdemain that he was fearful to encounter, and there was no one else, nor any thing else, that ever disturbed his *repose*. Thin soup, a straw bed, an up-stairs apartment, and a man down stairs who would not open the door, were always connected in some strange way with Mr. Dexter.

Just before Mr. De l'Eur reached the cottage, Miss Dexter came running from the house, threw a veil over her face, and entered the carriage. They had gone, unconscious of his return, and she had no sooner been informed of it than she betrayed her emotions, although she had endeavored to conceal them. She urged her father to take her home, and he was about complying when George returned. De l'Eur stepped to the side of the carriage, passed the ordinary compliments of the day, expressed his regret that she should leave so soon, and urged her to return to the house ; but she excused herself by saying that she did not feel quite well. He cordially greeted Mr. Dexter, and said that he was sorry that he could not for the remainder of the day have his company, but added that he should avail himself at the earliest opportunity of paying his respects.

They had no sooner gone, and the inquiries answered in relation to the interview with General Dangerfield, than Edith, looking intently at her brother, said, " George, I fear Mary is attached to you ; her emotions were excessive when we told her you were here. It would, among the afflictions I have felt, be the saddest of all if I thought any

member of our family should be the means of giving her unhappiness. I fear, should misfortune overtake that bright angel, that I should almost doubt the goodness of Providence."

"I think you are mistaken, Edith; we have scarcely ever met, and I assure you my vanity would be excessive could I think for a moment, even upon my sister's authority, that such is the case. You are mistaken. I am a stranger to her. She has not been accustomed to be interrupted by a male in your intercourse with her here."

"I fear, George, that you are mistaken. Woman understands woman much better than man understands her. Would you like," she continued, "to pay them a visit to-morrow? I have made half of a promise so to do."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure; and, where that is connected with duty, promises are apt to be kept. So, sister," said he, smilingly, "you can count upon mine."

The remainder of the day passed pleasantly in conversation. The ships of war were the only things that seemed to frown upon the world. The gay soldier off duty was sauntering in the fields; the robin-redbreast was teaching her young progeny the use of their wings, and the vegetable gardens were burdened with the upturned roots of the prolific soil, and their fragrance filled the atmosphere.

The little family retired early to rest, and a clear sky and delightful temperature greeted them with its happy influences in the morning. Pleasant dreams and pleasant associations had gladdened their hearts, and three more happy faces could not be seen upon the island of the ancient Manhattoes. A large seventy-four gun ship was observed early in the morning, with all sails set, coming up the bay with a fair breeze. Her retaining her sails so long was unusual, and she had no more than half stripped herself, when a boat was put off to the shore in great haste; and as the former came abreast of the town, she let fly in the wind all her remaining sails, and immediately came to anchor. Her leviathan hull swung slowly round, and

amid the smoke of a royal salute, the French flag was seen in her mizzen. Hardly half an hour had elapsed when the bells rang, and the artillery roared from every fort and ship in the harbor. A French man of war had arrived with the glad tidings to all but a few that a peace was made. Dispatches were immediately sent to the nearest American posts proclaiming the fact. Yet among the British officers there was a disappointed and surly look; and when, a few days after, some American officers came into the town with their threadbare coats and iron-hilted swords, a look of disdain was the only welcome they received. On one or two occasions it was remarked, and the blades belonging to those hilts flew from their scabbards, and the favorite troops, which had been kept out of harm's way, were given to understand that their owners had full confidence in their arms, homely as they were.

Visitors now became frequent at the cottage, and it was no unusual sight to see several coroneted carriages standing at the door at the same time, and many a young cavalier of the best blood of England doing his utmost to make himself agreeable to the beautiful and pensive Edith. She smiled, and was so much of the lady that each was satisfied that he had succeeded in making an impression when Mr. Thurwood was not there. When he was present he generally damped their conceit. He was a privileged visitor. In their distress he had been treated with reserve, because there was no way then apparent to compensate his disinterestedness; but now he was made at home, and the kind smile and cordial grasp of the hand which he received whenever he came, no matter how many were by, made some of the young gentlemen, who were all but ready to make a declaration, hesitate lest they might be premature. The unreserve with which he returned the hearty good will, and the cool and confident manner with which he would seat himself by the side of Edith, confirmed them in the suspicion that they had over-estimated their own prowess.

Mr. Devereux, also, now became a visitor, and, to do him

justice, he was very independent in his character. He had just returned to the city, from which he had been absent for a long time; and, despite his conceit and disagreeable manner, there was something about him which pleased, and he became in a short time a favorite. He seemed to be reckless of consequences; and, of the two, he preferred courting the ill, rather than the good, will of society. Of all meanness he disliked duplicity, and his tongue was a ready lash to punish such offenders, and he was particularly severe upon his friends when they were detected. His violence appeared to be aggravated particularly on that account, for he deemed himself a sufferer; besides, he considered a fraud had been played off upon him in giving his friendship. There were always retailers enough about him, so that the accused had the benefit of the castigation. He sometimes would be cautioned by his friends, but the reply they generally got was, that "every man had a duty to perform to society, and among the most prominent of those duties was to expose and execrate vice; and," he added, "if there were not so much mawkishness among men in expressing their opinions, society would be upon a much better footing than it was." He so utterly hated deceit that he appeared worse than he really was, lest he might unwittingly be deemed guilty of that sin.

One day, as De l'Eur came in from a walk a little heated, as if it had been a long one, his mother inquired what it was that took him to town so often. His answer was not very direct. "I hope," she continued, "that you have called upon Mary Dexter. I fear you have made yourself disagreeable, as she has not been in the house since she knew of your return. I hope, my son, that you will correct any unfavorable impressions you have made upon her."

"I will endeavor to do so," he replied, as he cast a side-long glance at his mother. "A supposed traitor is not in a position to make conquests, if he were disposed, the more especially when death is staring him in the face."

"As she seems determined not to visit us on ordinary oc-

casions, Edith and myself have arranged to see a little company on Thursday evening, hoping this may induce her to come."

De l'Eur was silent upon that subject, and changed the conversation by inquiring about Sniffling, asking her opinion of General Dangerfield, and requesting an account of the strange things which had transpired the last few years. "I am really sorry for Sniffling. It is impossible to forget that he was for years with me at school."

"I hope," she replied, "that God will give us hearts to treat him better than he has us, if our circumstances should be reversed."

"I have heard to-day that he has become intemperate, and that he often indulges to excess. Brandy is the last evidence of confirmed habits in the inebriate."

Calls from ladies and gentlemen interrupted the conversation, and it was amusing to see the consequential manner of Diana when it was demanded if his lordship was in, and to hear the compliments paid to the *cottage* by some of the ladies while making their calls.

"What a love of a place!"

"Oh, how secluded it is!"

"How unpretending!"

"Ay, yes," said an unmarried lady of thirty-nine, "love in a cottage is here personified. Halcyon hours upon which the world's people never intrude. It is said," continued the latter, more quickly, "that my Lord Stevendale has immense estates in England. I wonder he does not marry!"

"He has not yet come into possession of his estates," answered a short, fat lady, dressed in green.

"Ay, yes, I now recollect," answered the allocator. "I doubt not he will then marry. It would be a pity that the fine old title should become extinct for want of an heir."

"So few old families of late are in the peerage, that it will become quite vulgar by-and-by, if the blood should run out."

In the mean time quite a crowd had assembled, and

many a star glittered upon the breasts of gay cavaliers. They were all received with urbanity and kindness. Mr. De l'Eur was as much at home as if he had been at court all his life. Some men are by instinct gentlemen, and with such it matters little how and where they received their education. Whatever they do is done with ease and without pretension, and, consequently, it is well done; and thus it was with De l'Eur. All eyes were upon him; and no matter if it had not been well, a handsome young man and a peer of the realm would have hid any want of tact or experience; and even a blunder, under such circumstances, would have been adopted as the fashion of the day.

The calls being ended, other amusements succeeded; yet in the midst of those amusements there was many a heart which throbbed for Edith, and throbbed the harder as it was whispered that *her* heart was pre-engaged. And there was much canvassing, by the softer sex, of the estates in expectancy of George de l'Eur, and he was judged the more or less elegant as his title deeds were more or less certain, and his virtues more or less extolled as his heart was supposed to be more or less unoccupied. All of this was very well, but quite understood by a family who had learned their lessons in so bitter a school.

Early in the evening of the day set aside to receive "a few friends," Mary Dexter was sitting in a corner of the room at the cottage. She was silent and pensive. She looked wistfully at the gay throng as they entered. Diamonds sparkled upon the necks and fingers of the fair visitors, and she shrank within herself as they flaunted past her. She was dressed in plain and pure white, and a single rose worn in her breast was all the artificial decoration about her person. De l'Eur had not yet made his appearance, and Edith was busy in receiving her company. She was surrounded by England's chivalry, their sisters and daughters, and she received their homage as if it were a boon she inherited. Nature had so marked her that it was an outpouring perfectly natural and due to her.

Mary Dexter sat a while unnoticed. Her breast would occasionally heave. She then became agitated, and strove to conceal her feelings; but the lip trembled, and, fearing that she might not be able to suppress her emotions, she left the room. In a few moments De l'Eur entered it, and, after paying his respects to the few persons whose faces he recollected, he inquired of his sister for Miss Dexter. She looked at the seat occupied by her a moment before. She at once went in search of her, and found her in the little library, busy with a small volume of poems. De l'Eur followed immediately after, and tenderly inquired why she was there alone, at the same time looking at his sister, to see if from her he could get at the reason of her evident appearance of unhappiness. She at once understood him, and taking Mary by the hand, in the most anxious and affectionate manner asked if she were not well.

"I am not calculated for this kind of company," she answered, and at the same time burst into a flood of tears.

The truth was, Edith had been so surrounded by others that she could not well get away. Her feelings at once were painful almost beyond endurance; her memory became crowded with recollections of the past; her very dreams—when her friend had appeared to her as an emblem of mercy—presented themselves before her as a reality. She embraced her, and, pale as ashes, sank upon the floor, and before she entirely fainted, exclaimed, "This is the worst of all! but—but—I am not ungrateful."

Mr. De l'Eur applied a restorative, and she soon recovered. Miss Dexter was alarmed, and, after embracing her, said, "What weakness have I been thus guilty of in distressing you. But, Edith, I feel that our sphere of life has changed, and that I shall soon be forgotten."

The latter gazed upon her friend in silence, and at length replied, "I do not deserve this, Mary, or if I do, it is apparent and not actual," and at the same time extended her hand to her, and with upturned eyes ejaculated, "Lord, keep me steadfast in my purpose!"

They had now been absent some time, and Mr. De l'Eur, seeing that what had occurred was in consequence of the blind devotion Miss Dexter bore his sister, led them back to the parlor; yet it was very difficult for either of them to rally. The evening had become pretty well spent, and Edith had taken her seat by the side of her friend. She had become abstracted from the throng, and other persons and other things were passing through her mind, when suddenly a tall and sunburned person entered the room in plain attire. The sleeve of the left arm hung loose by his side; he was lame in one of his limbs, and a deep scar marked his face.

"Who is this?" said one of the gentlemen, as he measured him from head to foot with his glass.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed a lady, "it must be a robber! How black he is! and he is lame!"

"As I live," said another, softly, to a gentleman, "he has lost an arm."

Mr. De l'Eur was sitting at the other side of Mary Dexter, and the company intervened between him and the stranger. As he, however, pressed into view, George got a glimpse of his friend, and at once rose from his seat. He grasped him by his hand, and with a silent pressure carried it to his heart. "Allow me," he said to his company, "to introduce my friend, General Standish, of the Continental army."

In a moment he was surrounded. The man who had excited their attention had been as a shadow to all of their plans. He had been at first despised, then hated, and after, feared; and respect had followed. Captain Devereux walked up to him and said, "Honor to the brave! You have given me the rheumatism in one of my arms; but I believe I had before given you just cause of complaint," at the same time scrutinizing the scar on his face.

General Standish bowed gravely, yet politely to the salutation, and acknowledged the recognition. He looked around and said, "Where is Edith?" She had left the room as soon as she had recognized him. She was fearful

she could not control her feelings, as she had felt nervous since what had passed between herself and Mary in the beginning of the evening.

The company soon after retired, and Edith was excused by her brother as "not feeling very well." De l'Eur was absent about an hour, which time was spent by Standish and Edith alone. When he came home he found them standing at the outer door. The night was calm, and each star stood out from the blue vault in trembling brightness; but there was one, yet, that appeared much nearer to them. It was larger and brighter. At that moment their thoughts were fixed upon it, and then it was they lived their youths over again. No scars, no lameness, no strife with the world; and as they turned their heads away, he said, "It is finished. I have kept my vow."

Edith had for the first time perceived that he had lost an arm, and she tenderly said, "The dismemberment of your limbs is nothing as long as the heart is sound and the soul unscathed by vice."

"Edith," he said, "can you love this maimed person? Does it not affright you? This deep gash in my face—oh! when I first saw it in a glass, my heart gave way, and I sought death in many a conflict. Steeped in blood, a few brave spirits followed me wheresoever I went, until we were called mad!"

She took his hand, chafed as it was, and bathed it with her tears. Her stifled sobs told him that the loss of limbs had nothing to do with her affections for him, unless it was that she loved him the more. He had deemed himself altered by his wounds more than he really was, and particularly the scar on his face.

"How was it that you lost your arm?" she tenderly inquired.

"The last engagement I was in, the enemy's magazine blew up. A fragment struck me, and amputation became necessary."

"Why did not my brother tell me?"

"Because I enjoined him not to. It would have done no good, and only might have pained you."

"Well, William, I am content. It will be my chief happiness to make up to you the loss of your members by the greater use of mine."

They spent an hour in recounting over the events of the last seven years, and before they retired they were heard to laugh at a ludicrous event that had happened when they had first become acquainted.

General Standish had been sent to the city to make arrangements for its evacuation by the English, and he had made up his mind to remain at the cottage until the time should be agreed upon. The night was a beautiful one, and they did not retire till a late hour, nor would they then had they not heard a grumbling from Diana, who would not sleep herself until the house was secured.

But a few more days elapsed before arrangements were made to evacuate the town. Standish had already laid aside the sword, and he and De l'Eur were consulting together concerning their future proceedings. It was observed, notwithstanding the former spent most of his time at the cottage, that the latter resorted more and more to the city. His mother accounted for it on the ground that as Standish and Edith were so much together, George was lonely. Edith was too much absorbed in a dreamy reverie—half conscious, and half in the delightful maze of uncertainty; enough of the former to know that she was soon to possess the object which now ensured her happiness. Hour after hour passed as they wandered upon the river bank, and when they supposed it noon, they found, on examination, that it was nearer sunset.

The autumn had now lingered almost into winter. One day, as Standish and Edith were in one of their rambles, De l'Eur came walking rapidly up to them. It was so unusual for him to depart from his slow, straight, upright gait, that when they first perceived him they were not a little alarmed lest some accident had occurred at the house; but *his placid, satisfied face* soon rid them of apprehension.

"Edith!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw her, "I have pleasant news."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," she replied, "for I remarked of late that you looked a little saddened. I was fearful," she added, as she took him by the hand, "that something unusual had afflicted you."

"Indeed it has; more, if possible, than all of my other troubles," he replied.

Edith looked at him with all of a sister's tenderness, and said, "What was it, George?"

"Why," said he, "Mary Dexter refused me, and with a steadiness of purpose which seemed to admit of no compromise."

"Refused you, George!" said she, with astonishment, and as if the idea was impressed upon her mind that it was impossible for any lady to refuse him, at the same time denoting her ignorance of his partiality. "Refused you! I do not understand."

"Then," said he, "I will be more explicit. Do you suppose, Edith, that my heart could remain passive with a knowledge of the character of that generous-hearted girl? Could I love you and not love her? Did you suppose me ignorant that her attachment to you induced her to follow me to the prison door? to seek me out when man thirsted for my blood, and to beg upon her knees of them to pity and save me? and that in your affliction she sympathized, nursed, caressed, and soothed you? No, Edith; it is well for me, perhaps, that the great world can not appreciate such worth, or I might never have obtained it. But she has at length consented, and her father loves her too well to interfere, and a short time will, I trust, make her my wife, and I trust, at the same time, you may change your name."

Edith could not express her pleasure and surprise, but breathed a faint prayer, and then exclaimed, "Blessed are the righteous, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God!"

The gay world in the city had ceased its flutterings, and

were gravely turning their thoughts in another direction ; packing of trunks, stowing of furniture, and securing them on shipboard had succeeded. The truth had, unawares, come upon them, and a stern necessity pointing to the *East*, urged their early departure thitherward.

One morning a person called at the cottage, and stated that he had purchased Oakford from Mr. Sniffling for a very small sum compared with its value, and having since determined to go to England, he would be glad to sell it for the same that he gave ; and after some little consultation with De l'Eur and Standish, it was agreed to repurchase it in the name of the latter, as it would be safer in his hands than in the hands of the former. After the settlement of a few preliminaries, the transfer was made.

It now became a matter of serious consideration whether the De l'Eur family should go to England or return to their native place. Mrs. De l'Eur suggested that it was immaterial to her where she went so long as her children went with her, and she left it entirely to them to decide. George said he would, in the first place, go home to England, and see if any thing rightfully belonged to him, before he could come to any decision, while Standish said that it would be the last place in the world that he would live in (tenderly looking at Edith for approbation).

"You say right," she replied. "My heart was with them at the first, but I regret to find that they are quite undeserving of sympathy. Your home in life is my home, and in death, I trust, your grave will be my grave."

In relation to the title, George fully coincided with his mother. He wished no honors reflected upon him from dead men, nor privileges conferred which were never earned. "If the peers," he said, "want their number increased, let them be created for their worth and wisdom, and not taken from a far-off connection, regardless of either the one or the other."

Mrs. and Miss De l'Eur lost no time in calling upon Mary Dexter. She blushed to the eyes when she found

her love was discovered ; but the warm embrace, and the affectionate name of *daughter* with which Mrs. De l'Eur distinguished her, soon made her feel its kind influence. A few moments after George came in, and the happy smile which lighted up his generally grave countenance gave a charm to all he said and did, and clearly told that there were no after regrettings, no doubtings of his affection for her. Edith, as she gently took the hand of Mary, said,

"Who can doubt that this was arranged in heaven? Who does not see the Divine hand in this agency? What else could have guided you, appareled in mercy, to a stranger's home, to mingle your tears with theirs, and then send its sunshine upon the storm-worn wayfarer?"

The mother and daughter left them alone, as happy as any are allowed to be in a world where tears make up no small part of the life of man ; tears though they be, yet there are *tears* of sorrow and *tears* of joy, and if the heart is well attuned, the former are pure prayers for relief, and the latter the benediction in answer thereto.

Diana was now busily employed in packing her young master's clothes for his voyage to England, where he expected to be gone six or eight months, at the expiration of which he was to make Mary his wife ; Mr. Dexter, of course, remaining until he should know of the decision of De l'Eur. General Standish had gone home to look after his private affairs ; after which, the thought occurred to him that he would at once rebuild Oakford, in precisely the same manner it was when he first saw it, as a surprise upon Edith ; and he, without an hour's delay, set about it, and many days had not elapsed before the architect was busy with his plans, and the hewers were at work in the forest. Standish was now prosecuting his plans with as much ardor as he had pursued his enemy, though his constitution was much shattered from seven years of constant exposure in the field, and his rheumatic pains frequently compelled him to seek relief at night by leaving his bed to repose upon the floor. Such was the force of habit with him when he

first left the army. A criminal would not have felt himself more uneasy in the stocks than he did the first night he took to his bed.

It was refreshing to see the warriors coming in daily from the army, and laying aside the insignia of their vocation, returning again to their long-neglected fields to renovate them from the weeds and under-brush that covered them. Here a soldier was to be seen who had not been near his home for seven years, trying to find some landmark by which he could designate his acres. His cot and out-houses had been destroyed; his fences were gone; his plowed lands had become a small forest, and the little meadow which had in winter supported his horse, his cow, and half a score of sheep, had, for want of drainage, been converted into a pond, where frogs croaked and reptiles hid. He would take his stand by some old oak, from whose boughs he had swung in his youth, or an old log across a rivulet where he had passed to a meadow where strawberries grew and the bobalink built his nest. From one of these he would take his range, and build up his fences as near as he could in conformity to those which had disappeared. The smoke was soon seen curling upward from a temporary hut, the meadow was drained, and the ax and hoe were busy in cutting down and destroying unfruitful trees and noxious weeds.

Never was man more busy than was Standish, and never was there one who had greater incentives to exertion: the possession of one whose constancy had never drooped, and whose heart was never made to love another; with a beauty of character which gave a luster through the darkest night, and a reverence for the good which made proselytes of those who saw the devotion with which she worshiped.

His time was passed as, above stated, except when he visited the city; then he was arranging for his marriage; and he was now looking with anxiety for the return of George, or a letter that would intimate his future intentions. Six months had passed, and nothing had been heard

from him ; and already, in the morning, attended by a servant, did Mary Dexter often go to the bay side, and stand for hours looking down it for the arrival of a ship ; but when the wind became unfair, she would pensively walk back to her father's house, and nothing could rally her until he convinced her that it was unreasonable to suppose that Mr. De l'Eur could have transacted his affairs and be enabled to return in so short a time.

Another month passed away, and another, yet no news from him, and a little anxiety was beginning to be felt by mother and sister. No portion of the day, when the winds blew from the east, was Mary Dexter absent from some point of land which would give her the first intimation of his arrival ; but, as night came on, she would retire on her father's arm, disappointed and dejected. They would then take a drive to the cottage, and Mrs. and Miss De l'Eur would console her by stating that they did not consider there was any thing to be alarmed at.

A year had now nearly passed in expectations and disappointments. The house and out-buildings at Oakford had been nearly completed. Fences were up—not *new*, but made to appear just as they were immediately before their destruction ; and the same pains had been taken with the house to disguise its *newness*. Husbandmen were at work in the fields, and pains had been taken to fill them with cattle of the same breed which Mr. De l'Eur in his lifetime had taken much trouble to procure.

It was now late in the autumn—the season of storms—and one day, after the sun had set, the clouds were scudding westward with the swiftness of the kite, and before midnight the roaring of the ocean could be heard from the breakers outside of the harbor. As the night advanced the storm increased, and the dismal sounds were sent up from the deep like wailings for the dead. The sounds as of a thousand muffled drums seemed to follow in its cadence.

"If George should be at tea to-night—" said Mrs. De l'Eur to Edith.

"The same God that has preserved him thus far, I doubt not, will protect him," the latter replied, before her mother finished the sentence.

Mary's anguish was so great that, notwithstanding the severity of the gale and the lateness of the hour, her father, knowing the influence that her friends had over her, had his carriage brought up, and proceeded to the cottage. Neither party were the least disposed to sleep. The site of the house overlooked the bay, and in a clear day the ocean could be seen from it. Mary had, unperceived, gone to the upper story, and from the window was looking into the darkness, in the direction of the outer bay. She had not remained in her situation long when far off in the distance she saw a flash, and then another and another, in quick succession. She called the rest of the party to her.

"There are signals of distress in the lower bay!" she exclaimed, as she grasped with one hand her father, and with the other Mrs. De l'Eur. "Father," she said, in a trembling and feeling voice, "can you not save those poor souls, and perhaps he—" At this moment her emotions overcame her.

Mr. Dexter was alarmed for his daughter far more than for any one else. Edith went to another portion of the apartment; the house seemed to shake to its foundation; she looked to the point she was accustomed to when her heart failed her. At first a dense blackness covered it, but a moment thereafter the clouds separated, and there was her own beautiful star, inspiring her in its beauty not to despair. With new feelings and a new spirit she went back, and in the most confident manner said to them,

"How easily we can make ourselves wretched if we construe appearances only into realities. Now I assure you I have not the least apprehension for the safety of George, although I think it quite probable that he may be there."

Her mother and Mr. and Miss Dexter looked at her with astonishment, yet as a kind of prophetess—one with whom angels communed. These few slight words renovated the

rest, and in a short time they were composed enough to retire.

In the morning it was calm, but the ravages of the storm could be seen in the prostrated trees and the scattered fences. While they were at breakfast, to their inexpressible joy, who should come in suddenly upon them but George. He had thus early come up from the ship. She had made the lower harbor before the gale set in, but had dragged her anchors, and gone ashore upon the island, but had received little damage, although, in the midst of the storm, it was feared that she would go to pieces. Never was a happier set in this world than the inmates of the cottage. Questions were asked all together. "Where have you been?" "Why did you not write?" And Mr. Dexter said that "his long absence was *prima facie* evidence that he was sick or lost."

Standish was expected in a few days, and then notes would be compared and arrangements made for their final settlement. De l'Eur found that General Dangerfield had set himself to work in claiming the title and estates of Stevendale, and had circulated among his friends that he, De l'Eur, the claimant, admitting that he was the next of kin, had forfeited his rights by treason in America, and at the same time, through his agent, had offered in cash nearly the value of the lands to De l'Eur. The honor of the title was what he particularly coveted, and what De l'Eur cared nothing about. He accordingly accepted the offer, and the proceeds he at once invested in the English funds. All this was perfectly satisfactory to the family, as it ensured that the rest of their days could be spent together.

The balance of the autumn and winter was passed in town in a pleasant and social way. Standish was sometimes at the cottage, but often in the country, looking after and putting in order his long-neglected affairs. Poor Doctor Manly was in trouble. He had been a Tory beyond all doubt, and had served a short campaign in the capacity of surgeon. His property was in houses in town, and he felt

satisfied that they were doomed to confiscation. Standish promised that he would do what he could for him, and De l'Eur said that as long as he himself had a home, he should not want one. The nuptials of Standish and Edith, and of De l'Eur and Mary Dexter, were fixed for the first of May, and arranged that they then would immediately set out for the country. Mr. Dexter, of course, would go along with them. The arrangements had all been left to Standish, without their having any specific idea as to the precise locality to which they were going, satisfied that he would arrange for them better than they could for themselves.

The time had now arrived for the celebration of the nuptials, and that day Standish, who had been in the country, was expected to arrive. As De l'Eur was walking up the avenue which led to the cottage, he saw the former coming on horseback, with a gentleman riding by his side. As they approached him, who should he see, after such a lapse of time, but his old friend Egerton. He looked as sound and as hale as if he never had had a love disappointment in his life. Standish introduced him with the prefix of colonel, and explained to De l'Eur that the house which his mother and sister had so long lived in was his, and that, being aware of that fact, he had made the arrangement with him in person, the agent in town having died a few days after it had been let to Mrs. De l'Eur. They were, of course, overjoyed to see each other, and the warm shaking of hands seemed to have no end.

"Allow me to introduce to you Colonel Egerton, your landlord," said he, jocosely. They courtesied, smiled, and thanked him for his patience in waiting for his rent.

The rest of the day was spent in pleasurable anticipations of their journey to the country. Early in the morning the affianced pairs presented themselves in traveling attire at the altar. Edith never looked so beautiful. The girl and the woman were so happily blended, that the bloom of the one gave a charm to the dignity of the other. The unity of spring and summer had met, and the mantle

of both had been lent to cover the form of their beautiful emblem. Standish, maimed as he was, appeared as a kind of Achilles on his return from the wars; yet his habit of command, which gave a sternness to his expression, was softened when he looked down upon his beautiful bride, and it was then that it could be seen that though his person was mutilated, his heart was unharmed, and that it was subject to all the finer feelings it had possessed in his youth. Mary Dexter was the personification of happiness: her lip was as rich as the ripest cherry, the down of peach defined her rounded cheek, and she looked up to her husband with an expression displaying at the same time her affection for him and her benevolence to the world.

Mrs. De l'Eur, Doctor Manly, Colonel Egerton, and Mr. Dexter were all who were present. General Standish had his scruples about being married in the church, yet he was not so ungallant as to make a point of it. Doctor Manly gave away his former patient, and poor Mr. Dexter parted with the idol of his heart. He appeared not to understand that a woman's love for her husband has nothing to do with her affection for her parent, unless it be to strengthen it.

They were speedily on their way. Carriages and saddle horses had been brought down from the country, that they might alternately adopt the one or the other, as fancy dictated. The happy cavalcade galloped from the city, without the least wish ever to return to it. Their chief associations with it were any thing but pleasurable. All that they had found there of truth and magnanimity they had with them. The great majority had so much to do in support of their own position, or those who had money to make one, that the virtuous and intelligent were overlooked in the pursuit after the shadows which were thrown from those who were supposed to exist in a better atmosphere than their own; and thus they lived on in a degradation which none but themselves could have tolerated—an incubus to all the noble sentiments of the heart. The

day had been spent in the enjoyment of the sweetest emotions. Time had softened down the sad recollection of scenes which had been enacted at their own homes ; yet, as they approached it, other hours would steal upon their memory, and the smile would then be less playful.

The evening of the second day of their journey had approached, and as they now silently rode along, an object now and then reminded Edith of Oakford. "William," said she, tenderly, placing her hand upon his arm, "is not this Oakford ? I recollect that tree."

Standish smiled, but made no answer as he drove rapidly on. In a moment more he was at the door of the house. She looked out of the carriage as the moon shone full upon it. "Do I dream ? or am I in a trance ?" said she, as she grasped his hand. "I myself saw the house in flames, and falling to the ground. How—pray explain all this."

"Why, Edith," he answered, "I have done something in building up an empire, and I am sure it is less difficult to build up a house." The mystery was all revealed, and she pressed to her heart the man who had never lost sight for a moment of her happiness.

George and his mother now drove up. They could hardly believe their senses. Every thing seemed to them as it had been before its destruction. They saw in a moment what it was that had kept Standish so long in the country, and as they entered the house, they blessed him who had taken so much pains to reconcile them to their former misfortunes, and who had, for so many years, made himself but of secondary consideration when they were concerned.

Mary (as we shall still call her) had taken a seat beside her father, as he seemed out of spirits. She caressed him, and told him how much she was pained that he could suppose a particle of her affections were alienated from him ; and she continued consoling him until they arrived. The journey had been fatiguing to the ladies, and after a hasty repast, all was silent about the house except the cricket upon

the hearth, who had reinstated himself in his new retreat, as happy and as merry as he had been in the old one.

The new comers were up betimes in the morning, and all who had occupied Oakford before were astonished and delighted. It was the same, and none other. Edith ran about from place to place. There were the same old oaks, with their long arms reaching far over the house, and she declared she saw one of her pet birds in the branches, and that she knew it by the white feather in one of its wings.

The house had its complement of servants. Many of the old pictures, by the force of large rewards offered by Standish, had made their appearance, and occupied their old stations upon the walls, looking down as complacently and as self-satisfied as if they had never been disturbed in their artistic lives.

Year after year passed on as smoothly as if this quiet nook of the world had no sins to answer for; neither had it, except those in common among the good of the earth. In process of time, Standish built himself a house near the grove which Captain Millbank had occupied the night of the contemplated attack. The mansion house was surrendered to De l'Eur and his mother, they having the best right to it. Mr. Dexter lived with his daughter, and became fully convinced that he possessed as much of her affections as he did before her marriage. He had become a great favorite with his son-in-law. When he was tired of playing with his grandchildren, he would dress himself, and proceed to the court of some justice of the peace; and when dressed, there were few more imposing men in their appearance than Mr. Dexter. The gray hair, made white with powder; his cocked hat, ample black velvet coat and small-clothes, silk stockings, and gold buckles in his shoes (the latter with a polish that would vie with a mirror), made him an object of pride to his daughter and of respect to the stranger. The poor justice, who was often a plain farmer, was frequently made nervous as the former entered the temple of justice. He was always offered a

seat beside the magistrate, and frequently interfered as *amicus curiæ*, which he translated, for the edification of the by-standers, "a friend of the court;" which hints the justice sometimes took, and too frequently for the dispensation of equity.

Mr. De l'Eur had for several years made the study of the law an amusement and pastime, to the great delight of his father-in-law, and in process of time became a judge of the highest tribunal in the state. As the family of General Standish increased, so did his industry, and he was one of the most thriving farmers in that part of the country. His neighbors induced him to take upon himself the duties of justice of the peace. He administered it according to the very right of the case; and, although Mr. Dexter often pointed out to him his "errors of law," yet he would not change his decisions.

Mr. Dexter would then take with him the party who had lost his case, and go to a lawyer in the village and procure an appeal. The decision of Standish would often go up to the court where De l'Eur presided, and not unfrequently were his decisions reversed on account of "error in law;" and in such cases, where the equity of the case was defeated, the costs would often amount to a considerable sum, though the matter in dispute was only a small one, and it not unfrequently took the poor man's lost cow in its liquidation. Although it was gratifying to Mr. Dexter to see the law in its majesty observed, yet he would always make good to the sufferer a sum sufficient to compensate him for his losses.

Zimri, in his ramblings, some little time after the De l'Eurs had repossessed themselves of Oakford, had taken up his abode in the village near by. His capital would become frequently absorbed in his numerous experiments, and on such occasions he would take his stand at a distance, but sufficiently near to the house to see the outgoings as well as the incomings of Mr. Dexter, and no sooner was he out of the way than he would present himself to his former

patroness, now the younger Mrs. De l'Eur, for the purpose of replenishing his pockets. The expression of his wants was not made in words or in tears; he would simply look at his patroness, and then affectionately at his machine. Upon being asked what was the matter,

"Nothin'," would be the reply.

"Have you made the discovery, Zimri?"

"Yes, marm."

"Then why don't it go?"

"I have broken a spring," he feebly articulated. He never failed of getting a pocket full of money before he went away, and then he made straight for the village, over hedges and ditches, regardless of the road when it did not run in a direct line.

Sniffling had returned to his father, a few years after the war, broken down in constitution and in fortune. The principal part of his property had been confiscated by the American government, the means he had used in giving discredit to the old Continental currency having come to their knowledge. His last mercantile operations were in keeping a seed store, and when business was dull at home, he perambulated the country with a wagon and horse; and not knowing of Oakford or its inhabitants, he hit upon that, and the first man he encountered was Mr. Dexter. He was older since they had last met, and he himself was much altered, yet still he recollected the lawyer, but had the satisfaction of not being known in return. It was in the spring of the year, and Mr. Dexter gladly availed himself of the opportunity to supply himself liberally with every variety of garden seeds. The purchase had hardly been consummated when Zimri hove in sight, and the vendor of the goods no sooner saw him than he made off as fast as a very lame horse could carry him. The seeds were all sown, but never came up; and upon Mr. Dexter, too late in the season to remedy the evil, investigating the cause, he ascertained that they were of wood, and a wretched garden was the result. It was subsequently ascertained by General Stand-

ish that it was Sniffling who sold the goods, and he rather wickedly asked Mr. Dexter how he liked the purchase he had made; to which he merely replied, "*ad referendum*," which, when translated, means, "to be further considered."

Doctor Manly, at the urgent request of Mrs. Standish and her husband, moved into their neighborhood, and their patronage, with that of the De l'Eurs, was a sufficient endorsement of his reputation, and he soon became the leading physician in that portion of the country.

As for Mr. Thurwood, he went home to England, where he in time became the respected head of the "Herald Office."

Time rolled on, and General Standish and his wife were frosted with age, yet it was a green old age. They would sit, on a summer's eve, in the beautiful lawn, and under the same old oaks, recounting the scenes of their youth, and of their middle life, and after they had looked upon their favorite star, they would retire, happy, to their chamber, satisfied that their lives would be renewed in some bright world where they would love as well as in this, unsubjected to its penalties.

Mrs. De l'Eur (the elder had long paid the debt of nature, and now rested in the garden beside her infant) was supplied with as much money as she wished for her charities, and there was not a poor person within a day's ride who had not reason to bless her.

Diana lived and died a slave, not to *vice* nor of necessity, but to the best feelings of the human heart.

THE END.

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